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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

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International Affairs

THE TURK AND OTHERS

It is impossible to make a reliable record of more than the general course of events in the Balkan Peninsula. The dispatches during September contained the usual reports (more or less true) of conflicts and cruelties in various localities in the course of the Macedonian revolt against the Turkish power, and of threatened war between Bulgaria and Turkey. It is now generally understood that the question is not so much one of Macedonian independence as of wresting Macedonia from the Turk for partition between Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia. The mixed Macedonian peoples could not form a separate stable government, nor do they generally desire this issue; they desire first of all to be free from the Turk, and then to become absorbed into the other Balkan states according to natural affiliations and conditions. It appears plain that, on the whole, it is not so much Turkish maladministration as Bulgarian plotting that has immediately caused the present troubles. This, however, is inevitable, for it is not to be expected that Christian populations can endure permanent subjection to the authority and peculiarities of a Mohammedan government. The conflict between the Crescent and the Cross is irrepressible and looks to the ultimate extinction of one of the contestants; at least, to the final settlement of the question whether the Mohammedan shall continue his "encampment" on the soil of Europe and to hold the Church of St. Sophia.

The Ottoman Turks invaded Europe half a thousand years ago. Long before that, first the Bulgarians and then the Magyars or Hungarians came into Europe. But these peoples after a time adopted the religion and the manners of the peoples among whom they settled. The Bulgarians became practically Slavs. The Magyars have retained more of their original characteristics, but they have long been Europeanized. Not so, however, the Turks. In the mass they are still aliens. As the historian Freeman has said, whatever degree of civilizing influence the Turks have ever undergone has been Arabian and Persian.

The dominion of the Ottoman Turks (so called from Othman, its founder) was built on the ruins of the transient dominions represented by the Saracens, Arabs, Seljuk Turks, and Monguls. They crossed the Hellespont under Orchan, the son of Othman, and seized the Thracian Chersonesos in 1356. It required a century for the Eastern Roman Empire to so far decline that Constantinople fell (1453) and the great Church of St. Sophia became a Mohammedan mosque. Mohammed II then planned an invasion of Western Europe, sent a Turkish army across the Adriatic and took Otranto from the Venetians, and it has been remarked that but for his death in 1401 the crescent might have floated from the Tower of London! The sixteenth century witnessed a fierce struggle between the Turks and the Venetians. The former met their first great check at Lepanto in 1571, where the Christian forces, under Don John of Austria, annihilated the Turkish fleet. Another century of conflict passed, and then, repulsed from Vienna in 1682, the Turks entered upon the long, gradual process of expulsion from Europe. Hungary was cleared of them in 1699. Four years later Montenegro first obtained independence.

Freeman attributes the Turkish decline largely to the abandonment of levying a tribute of children on subject nations, as they had done since the time of the Sultan Bojazet. These children were brought up in the Mohammedan faith and formed the main strength of the famous Janissaries. Thus the strength of the conquered nations was turned against themselves. But when this tribute was no longer levied, the Janissaries became a kind of hereditary caste, and their spirit disappeared. As late as 1800 Turkey still held Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro and Greece. To-day its immediate European possessions are reduced to a comparatively narrow strip of territory extending westward from Constantinople through Macedonia and Albania to the sea. Bulgaria (including Eastern Roumelia), Bosnia, Herzegovina and Novibazar are, but nominally subject to Turkey—the first being autonomous and the last three being under Austria-Hungary.

A notable expression of opinion in this connection is that of the Italian General Ricciotti Garibaldi. He affirms that without exception the Balkan leaders prefer to remain under Turkey rather than fall into the hands of the Austrians or Germans. He says: "The programme of the centers of insurrection in the Balkans—that autonomy should be obtained from the Sublime Porte for these populations, but that always the integrity of the Turkish



MAP TO SHOW THE FIELD OF THE MACEDONIAN DISTURBANCES

Turkey in Europe has seven provinces, the names of which are underscored on the map. The provinces of Constantinople and Adrianople cover much of the old Thracian territory. Salonica, Kosovo, and Monastir largely comprise the region vaguely known as Macedonia. Scutari and Janina form the most of Albania, or old Illyria. These provinces contain mixed populations of Turks, Greeks, Albanians (or Arnauts), Wallachs, (or Vlachs), Roumanians (akin to the Wallachs, but of mixed Roman rather than Greek blood), the Bulgars (Slavs), Serbs (also Slavs), Jews, Gypsies, Magyars, etc. The rivalry for the possession of Macedonian territories includes Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Serbs and Bulgarians.

Empire should be maintained as the only way of preventing the much more feared occupation by Austria and Russia—has been fully accepted by all the popular Italian organizations." The appearance of Germany on the Adriatic, it is affirmed, would be a death-blow to Italian supremacy in that almost inland sea. General Garibaldi speaks from the Italian standpoint of hostility to Austria—a feeling which he shares with his people in general. But it is not at all likely that a separate Balkan state could be formed of Macedonia. Macedonia has no homogeneity. The Christian populations there—and by "Christian" populations are meant all that are not Mohammedan—are too divided among themselves to pull together. Dissolution is the only alternative to Turkish rule, allowing Greeks to join Greece, the Bulgars Bulgaria, and the Serbs Serbia. This alternative, however, the European powers do not appear to be ready for. The Turk must have what he wants and the Macedonians must be denied, in the interests of the peace of Europe. This is the pivotal point in the situation.

The Turk, the Bulgarian, and the Macedonian have all been intermittently appealing to the European powers and representing their conflicting interests. Early in September it was reported that Russia and Austria had proposed that the powers intervene by diplomatic action at Sofia on the allegation of bad faith on the part of Bulgaria, but it was impossible to obtain united action. About the middle of the

month it transpired that Bulgaria had been again warned by the powers against entering into a war with Turkey. Rumors obtained that England, Italy, France, and Germany were inclined to favor a Russo-Austrian occupation of Macedonia until quiet could be restored. The settlement of the troubles, it was said, was left practically to Russia and Austria. The insurgents were concentrating operations in Eastern Macedonia, Melnik (see map) being besieged. By the end of the month the flames of war were burning fiercely in five districts east of the Vardar River. The reports in the newspapers contained many details relating to localities and operations, real or guessed at. Dispatches of October 2 and 3 indicated successes on the part of the Turkish troops, and proclaimed the likelihood of an early termination of the strife.

The rivalry between Russia and Austria for possessions in the Balkans has prompted the inquiry, How can two walk together except they be agreed? Austria considers the western part of the Balkan peninsula as her sphere of influence, and here she comes into conflict with Italy, which cherishes the hope of some day adding the eastern coast of the Adriatic to her domains. Russia assumes a sort of diplomatic overlordship everywhere in that part of the world as the head of the Slavic peoples and the protector of the Christian populations of the East.

Especially in Macedonia is Austria jealous of Russia, and it appears to be her determination that if ever Russia gets possession of Constantinople she will have Salonica as an outlet upon the Aegean Sea.

The United States warships, under Admiral Cotton, which were ordered to Beirut on the Levantine coast, in consequence of the reported attempt to shoot Vice-Consul Magelssen, arrived at that port on September 4. Rioting between Turks and Christians, some thirty of the latter being killed, followed their arrival. Admiral Cotton reported to Washington that he was well received by the Turkish officials and that various arrests had been made of persons suspected of being connected with the attack upon the Vice-Consul. As to the riots, he reported that they were due to local animosities and failure to control crimes. In accordance with the demand of United States Minister Leishman at Constantinople, and other diplomats, the Porte superseded the Vali of Beirut, giving the position to Kiziam Bey, the successful Governor of Palestine. Business had been seriously interrupted in the city and many Christians had betaken themselves to localities in the country. At the end of the month it was reported that the Porte had expressed a desire to have the American warships withdrawn from the port—a wish which was not likely to be granted, however, so long as affairs continued in an unsettled state.

Beirut is an important center of commerce and seat of learning. It has a past which belongs to the histories of Phœnicia and of Rome. To-day it is the most European of all Syrian cities, and a famous winter resort. In recent years French capital has supplied "a snug little port with exorbitant dues." Beirut is set on a promontory with the sea on three sides. It is "the Naples of Syria." From it a railway goes to Damascus. It is also "the Oxford of the Orient," having no less than a hundred educational institutions, with some twelve thousand students. There is situated the Syrian Protestant College—"the lighthouse of the Turkish Empire"—chartered by the State of New York. There is also the American College with its five hundred students from all parts of Syria, Egypt and the Euphrates. In 1902 the population of Beirut was estimated at 120,000.

Events are forcing a consideration of the question, What are the interests of the United States in Turkey?

The United States is the only one of the so-called world powers which does not maintain at Constantinople a ranking ambassador. It has not been supposed that the interests involved required a representative of that rank. It is stated that a low estimate of American holdings of real estate in the Turkish Empire, as presented to President Roosevelt last winter by a deputation of twenty-four eminent citizens of New York and Boston, including the late William E. Dodge, placed them at six and a half millions of dollars, invested in

American educational and religious properties. Besides this, some millions of dollars are invested there in business enterprises of American firms. American trade with the Turkish Empire is almost doubling every year. This consists, however, principally of imports. Including all the possessions of Turkey, our total commerce with it last year was, in round terms, twenty-three million dollars, of which \$1,313,407 was exports and \$21,233,453 imports. It is declared that if the Macedonians and Armenians were freed from the Turk, and were the other parts of the Turkish Empire put under the supervision of the powers, the foreign trade of the redeemed provinces would increase to such an extent that American imports into Macedonia and Armenia would swell by many million dollars annually.

THE FAR EAST

The leading question relating to Far Eastern matters during September was, Will Russia evacuate Southern Manchuria on the eighth of October according to promise? It is understood that Russia is to retain control of the military telegraph line and that China shall not alienate, except to Russia, any of the restored territory; but will Russia, indeed, evacuate Newchwang and Mukden Province and confirm the Chinese agreement to open Mukden and Tatingtao to foreign trade?

This writing closes before the event is known, but it must be recorded that according to dispatches, apparently authoritative, before the middle of September Russia had sought permission of China to postpone evacuation (at least to some unknown extent) for several months after October 8, and that Japan and Great Britain had decided to protest separately to the Peking government against such postponement. It appeared that Russia had formulated some new conditions respecting the evacuation which conditions were regarded by the powers as of a kind not to be complied with. It was reported on and just after October 1 that Japan was sending troops into Korea, not, however, as an unfriendly act, but as "part of an experimental mobilization," there being no intention of smiting Russia in case of evacuation of Manchuria did not occur. Up to the sixth of the month it was stated in London that no apprehension existed there that the Far Eastern situation would bring any immediate serious developments.

IS THERE A YELLOW PERIL

The history of mankind begins in Asia. For ages the progress of the race was chiefly there. Then it was in Europe. To-day it is largely in America. But all men are looking toward Asia as affording a field for future operations second in importance to none in any other portion of the globe.

The pre-eminence of Asia as a geographical fact is seen, as says a newspaper correspondent in China, from the fact that it has a land mass reaching from the latitude of the mouths of the Amazon northward with such amplitude of territory that above the latitude that fixes the boundary of Canada it

presents an area a third larger than the northerly region of the American continent. On the west, Asiatic Turkey approaches within twenty-five degrees of Greenwich, while Shanghai is 122 degrees east, Vladivostok 132, and East Cape 168. Asia contains three tenths of the territory of the globe and supports three-fifths of the world's inhabitants. "The population of all Australasia could be added to Asiatic provinces of which the world has hardly ever heard without greatly increasing their density per square mile." Six of the eleven great river systems of the globe are in Asia. In northern forests and in the varied features of temperate and tropical zone life, it exceeds any other continent. From it have come a surprising number of the cereals and domestic animals of present-day utility.

No wonder, says the writer referred to, that, re-awakening under the stimulus of modern trade and exploitation, Asia is becoming the object of an intense struggle for the mastery between rival powers. The trans-Siberian railroad offers a considerably shorter route between the Asiatic ports on the Pacific and London than any by sea. The fast mail lines of England, Germany, and France have adopted a uniform schedule in their Asiatic service. Between Hong Kong and the ports of Southern Italy the time is now four weeks. The German mail steamers are fifty-three days in going between Yokohama and Hamburg.

There is no more important possibility in the affairs of the Far East than that of the alliance of Japan and China for defensive and perhaps, offensive, purposes. This constitutes what is known as "the Yellow Peril," concerning which Augustine Heard, formerly United States Minister to Korea, and a widely recognized authority upon East Asian matters, says that "there is a Yellow Terror," and that it "lies in the close alliance and friendship of China and Japan."

In a recent discussion of present tendencies Mr. Heard says that nothing would give Japan more heartfelt satisfaction than a triumph of the East over the West under her leadership, and that to this end she needs only China. Japan has a large and rapidly increasing army and a powerful navy which has been built up largely under English influence and advice. "One can see at a glance what a formidable combination would be the countless millions of China with the trained intelligence of Japan." Mr. Heard declares that sooner or later this fusion is bound to come. China appears to be preparing herself for another attempt to free herself from foreign intrusion and Japan is whispering to China: "Why shouldn't we work together? I hate the foreigner as much as you do. Together we can do great things. Separate, we are feeble." Whenever the intellects of the East and West have been pitted against each other, it is not the Eastern which has shown inferiority. When the East has failed it has been in material power, and Japan supplies in that element what China lacks. Japan has surprised the world by the rapidity and thoroughness with which she has assimilated Western methods. When these two nations come together frankly and freely, what European forces can stand against them on their own soil? Of course the

Eastern men would endeavor to profit by a moment when there is dissension among the Western powers. When that time comes Europe may well beware. There will then be no question of dividing China, but Europe may shudder at the thought of being overrun herself. So says Mr. Heard.

An article in the Nineteenth Century presents important information respecting the Japanization of China. A large number of young Chinese are being educated in Japan. During conversation one of them remarked that he believed that China would soon go in for having an army just like the foreign armies. The volume of trade between China and Japan has very considerably increased during the past few years and there is talk of a Japanese-Chinese bank very much on the same lines as the Russo-Chinese bank. In many branches of manufacture, Japanese goods have taken the place of British goods. In dozens of ways a significant approachment between the two countries is seen. The idea has taken hold of the Japanese mind that it is the mission of Japan to bring China into the sphere of her intellectual, moral, and social influence. At Peking the Japanese have established an Imperial University in which all the professors are from Japan. In military matters, up to 1900 the Chinese had German, English, and a few French instructors. It is said that these have now been entirely given up, and the instruction of their soldiers and the reorganization of their army, so far as outsiders are concerned, have been completely handed over to the Japanese. Gunboats are being constructed in Japan for the rehabilitation of the Chinese navy. Quantities of arms are being quietly imported from Japan into China. "Throughout this quiet invasion of China by the Japanese there is little to attract attention or arouse alarm; everything is done unobtrusively, and there is no jubilation over their progressive steps towards achievement." This writer remarks that in contrast with the increasing diplomatic influence of the Japanese in Peking is the loss of British prestige there. The Japanese are working from "the underlying feeling that blood is thicker than water, that community of color and race and religion makes them and the Chinese natural allies, and the great dream is in the background of their minds of an awakened China which following in their footsteps shall unite with them in declaring a Monroe Doctrine for the East, and, with the power to make the pronouncement good, shall tell Westerners that they must go no further, that China must remain undivisibly and forever for the Chinese as Japan for themselves."

Distinguished Japanese have made expressions which do not appear to accord with the expectations of those who talk of "the Yellow Peril." The present Japanese minister to the United States, M. Kokuro Takahira, says that "it is no part of the ambition of Japan to combine with her neighbors for aggression, or even for defense. We are in duty bound, and in interest forced, to do all that lies in our power to assist our neighbors in the path which we have followed; and in performing this task we esteem peace and cordial relations with all as an indispensable pre-requisite to success." Other Japanese leaders have emphatically disavowed any national tendency toward territorial aggrandizement, but the highest commercial ambitions are freely avowed. China is regarded as the legitimate commercial field of Japan.

In connection with the above it is remarked that while the present movement by European powers in Asia has been more successful than any previous movement, neither Russia nor Great Britain has as yet obtained deep and permanent influence over the millions of Asiatics. There is no evidence that the British have accomplished more in India than the Romans accomplished in Britain: The separateness of the Asiatic mind from that of the West is not essentially diminishing. Though adopting much of Western inventions and methods, Asia, so far from submitting to the guidance of Europe, shows an apparently fixed determination not to accept it.

IN AFRICA Is France to take possession of Morocco? The reports near the end of September are that an international agreement has been concluded, whereby France is to support the Sultan in suppressing the troubles within his dominions (which troubles have also given France a good deal of concern along the Algerian border) and to assume a protectorate over the country. It is stated that Italy will give up any claims she may have in Morocco in return for a free hand in Tripoli. Great Britain is to obtain recognition of her possession of Egypt. Germany is to receive satisfaction in the shape of the open door in these territories. And Spain is to be compensated in some way by France. This interesting programme needs official confirmation, at this writing, but it accords with the declarations of some English papers that the danger of Morocco's loss of independence is imminent.

Says the London Standard: "Morocco is being pawned. For two years no taxes have been collected, except at the ports, and the cost of carrying on the war against the pretender has been met by loans. Great Britain, France, and Spain are creditors to the amount of £300,000 each, and France is about to make a further advance of 20,000,000 francs. The security for this support is the customs dues—the only sure revenue of the Sultan. This generosity on the part of the powers is not disinterested, and, though cloaked with the pretence of maintaining the status quo, can have but one effect—to place Morocco at the mercy of the highest bidder. France is resolved not to be outstripped in this race for control of the Barbary ports, and sets no limit to her offers of assistance. Seeing that the customs are valued at only \$200,000 a year, another loan or two will give France the control of the ports.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that he is able to confirm the report of an impending French protectorate on unimpeachable authority. At the same time the officials of the French Government are quoted by other writers as denying that anything more is likely than that France will exercise her right of assisting the Sultan of Morocco in policing the frontier districts.

In times past England has been to some extent a protector of Morocco, and less than ten years ago the British authorities would not have hesitated to

make war with France, if necessary, in defense of the integrity of Morocco. And the London Standard, quoted above, now says that the military interests of England in Morocco are vital, that "the power which holds Gibraltar and requires free access by the sea to the East cannot allow the ports of the Sultan to pass into the hands of any European State. Gibraltar is largely dependent on the Moorish markets for supplies, and the range of hills from Cape Spartel to Ceuta is capable of being fortified in a manner that would threaten our access to the Mediterranean. To keep the straits open is even more essential to the security of the British Empire than the unobstructed passage of the Suez Canal."

It transpired during September that the United States Government has taken steps toward negotiating a commercial treaty with King Menelek of Abyssinia. Mr. R. B. Skinner, United States Consul-General at Marseilles, France, is in charge of the negotiations. Leaving Marseilles for Port Said, probably during October, he will proceed to Abyssinia by way of Port Said and Jibuti on the western coast of the Gulf of Aden. He says:

Our goods have filtered into Abyssinia for many years almost without the knowledge of our own people. As our manufacturers are not in the habit of dealing directly with foreign customers, we have a real interest in ascertaining accurately the conditions under which business is being transacted in that region, with a view to retaining our hold and increasing our commerce. We now supply Abyssinia with cotton sheeting, petroleum and other staples, and we are buying hides, carpet, wool, ivory and civet. Our relations are important and reciprocal, but not direct.

London dispatches indicate that the United States is regraded as not indifferent to the action of the European powers in parceling out the African continent by establishing exclusive spheres of influence over areas touching the coast, with claims to vast hinterlands yet unoccupied. Of the desirable regions in Africa only Morocco and Abyssinia are now independent. France aims to take Morocco. England seeks paramount influence in Abyssinia. The United States is in danger of seeing the whole African continent permanently closed to its commerce and influence.

German newspapers aver that the mission to King Menelek indicates the "imperialistic mood" of the United States, and that it is a fresh indication of American ambition abroad.

In connection with Consul-General Skinner's errand it is reported that Mr. William H. Ellis, representing a strong backing of American capital, is on his way to Abyssinia to discuss business matters with King Menelek.

It is perhaps natural that the Belgians should suspect that England, in her activity respecting the alleged cruelties against the natives in Kongoland by Belgian officials, is coveting the territory on account of its prosperity and strategical importance. But, according to the agreement made by the powers when the Kongo Free State was set up under

Belgian control, France has a claim on the territory prior to any that can be made by England. It is of some significance that the Belgian King early in September made a visit to President Loubet of France. He is said to have sought the co-operation of France in maintaining the present status.

It is not generally believed that the recent note of Great Britain to the signatory powers will lead to any active interference with the Belgian authorities in Kongo. As says the Brussels correspondent of the London Times, the questions involved are delicate, and cannot be raised without compelling certain powers to sit in judgment upon themselves.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

So strong is the sentiment in parts of the United States in favor of reciprocity with Canada, that there can scarcely be doubt that something would very soon grow out of it were it certain that Canada would make ampler concessions respecting manufactured products than her representatives have heretofore favored.

The pressing problem with the United States is to find sufficient outlet for excess of manufactured products. And yet it is possible to demand more than consists with the ultimate advantage of national interests as a whole. President McKinley's warning against "undue selfishness," and his plea for "a broad and enlightened policy" are the expression of true practical statesmanship. So also is President Roosevelt's declaration in his first message that "the natural line of development for a policy of reciprocity will be in connection with those of our productions which no longer require all of the support once needed to establish them on a sound basis, and with those others, where either because of natural or of economic causes we are beyond the reach of successful competition."

Replying to the contention by some politicians that the tariff question would be opened up at an improper time for the United States if a reciprocity treaty with Canada be urged before the election of 1904, Mr. Campbell Shaw, Chairman of the National Committee on Reciprocity with Canada, says that there is the chance of abandoning the control of the Canadian market or dealing tenderly with political expediency. The effect of delays respecting such a treaty is seen in the emphatic condemnation by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (at Toronto on September 18) of any attempt to accomplish a reciprocity arrangement with the United States.

There can be no question that the trade figures for the last fiscal year between Canada and this country show that truly enormous interests are involved and that it would be greatly to the advantage of both countries to establish closer commercial relations under a temper-

ately drawn reciprocity treaty. In deference to local and immediate demands it is likely that some are overlooking the fact that Canada is fast advancing to a position where she may have great possibilities for bringing harm to United States interests. Canada's foreign commerce is proportionately much larger than that of the United States and is growing much faster. In her great Northwest Canada is developing one of the most extensive wheat growing regions on earth. It is of much significance that despite existing conditions the trade between the two countries has become so great. If the Joint High Commission shall meet again it will have a session of momentous importance.

The precise figures of the commerce between Canada and the United States for the year ended June 30, as issued by the Washington Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics, are: Exports to Canada \$123,472,416; imports \$54,660,410. In this are included British Columbia, Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Of the imports of the year, \$38,000,000, in round terms, were from Quebec and Ontario, \$10,000,000 from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and \$6,000,000 from British Columbia. Of the exports \$110,000,000 were to Quebec and Ontario, \$7,000,000 to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and \$6,000,000 to British Columbia. These figures are larger than in any preceding year. A Canadian official publication presents the following table of imports into Canada from the United States and Great Britain from 1896 to 1903—each year ending June 30. The figures for the last year are estimated from the official figures for 11 months.

| | Total Imported From | | Percentage | |
|-----------|------------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| | Great Britain | United States | Great Britain | United States |
| 1896..... | \$32,079,742 | \$58,574,024 | 20.8 | 52.9 |
| 1897..... | 29,412,188 | 61,649,041 | 26.4 | 55.4 |
| 1898..... | 32,500,917 | 78,705,590 | 24.9 | 60.2 |
| 1899..... | 37,060,123 | 93,007,166 | 24.1 | 60.4 |
| 1900..... | 44,789,730 | 109,844,378 | 24.3 | 60.8 |
| 1901..... | 43,018,164 | 110,485,008 | 23.7 | 70.0 |
| 1902..... | 49,206,062 | 120,814,750 | 24.3 | 59.6 |
| 1903..... | 56,000,000 | 129,000,000 | 25.2 | 59.0 |

The question whether the possible annexation of Canada to the United States is back of the reciprocity agitation in the United States is answered by Mr. Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts, a prominent reciprocity advocate, as follows:

Nothing has so prejudiced the cause of reciprocity with a large and very influential element in the community as the ill-advised cry for annexation as a more desirable alternative than reciprocity. The supporters of such an idea wholly misunderstand Canadian sentiment, and, while advocates of reciprocity, they at the same time are unconsciously using a mighty lever with which to turn Canadian favor away from it. Reciprocity is a commercial proposition.

Speaking at Detroit last December the Hon. John Charlton, M. P., "as loyal a Canadian as ever drew breath," said: "If the reciprocity of 1854-1866 had continued till 1902, I don't know whether the Stars

and Stripes would be floating over Canada or not, but I do know that you would not know the two countries apart."

As things are, it is evident enough that the Canadians have a national feeling that is steadily growing in intensity, and, as Mr. Foss says, annexation talk is repugnant to Canadian opinion to-day. "If time should work a change, very well; if it should not, just as well."

**THE ALASKAN
BOUNDARY
COMMISSION**

As previously announced, the Alaskan Boundary Commission met in London on the third of September. The British member of the Commission, Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, was made chairman. The other members of the Commission are A. Baylesworth, K.C., and Sir Louis Jette for Canada, and Secretary of War Root and Senators Lodge and Turner for the United States. The date of September 15 was set for the beginning of the oral arguments, abstracts of the cases having been previously prepared by the American and Canadian agents and printed.

It was on the 24th of last January that provision was made for the settlement of the disputed boundary of Alaska, the only serious question at issue between the United States and Great Britain, in a treaty signed by Secretary Hay and the British Ambassador Herbert. The question involves the ownership of some four hundred miles of the Pacific Coast (see the record in the May number of this magazine), and has been vexatious to the relations between the United States and Canada ever since the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867.

Ratifications of the above-mentioned treaty were exchanged at Washington on the 3d of March. It provided for a commission of six eminent representatives of the United States and Great Britain. This joint commission was to listen to arguments presenting the two sides of the question and then proceed to a vote. Should one commissioner on either side vote in favor of the contention of the other side, the boundary dispute would be settled permanently under the terms of the treaty. There was no provision for the breaking of a deadlock.

It may be said in general that the commission was charged with construing the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825. When the United States acquired Alaska from Russia it succeeded to all the rights and possessions of Russia under that treaty.

On the 15th, the argument was opened for Canada by Attorney-General Finley. He continued his argument in ensuing sessions, concluding on the morning of the 23d. He is said to have made it clear that Canada wants, above everything, access to the sea. The American counsel, as reported, stated that every effort would be made by them to convince the tribunal that the question of territory is not important, provided the shores and inlets remain in the possession of the United States. The argument for the United States was opened by

David T. Watson. It was concluded on the afternoon of the 28th, having during its course won the frankly expressed praise of Lord Alverstone. On the 29th, Christopher Robinson spoke for Canada and Hannis Taylor opened his speech for the United States. He was followed the next day by Sir Edward Carson. His address was interrupted by the announcement of the death of Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador to the United States. After appropriate recognition of the sad event, the Commission adjourned.

**NEWFOUNDLAND
AND THE
FRENCH SHORE**

According to Hon. W. B. Morine, leader of the Newfoundland Opposition, the sentiments of Newfoundlanders are growing against any political alliance with the United States and in favor of federation with Canada. But trade relations with the United States are most amicable.

For the first time in the history of the French Shore question has occurred a French protest against the operations of an American company on the western coast of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland belongs to England, but by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 France was granted fishery privileges which gave her a degree of control of eight hundred miles of the western coast. By the treaty of Washington in 1818 the United States received equal fishery rights with both England and France along those waters. Frenchmen claim that the establishment of American copper mining operations at York Harbor is inconsistent with their prior rights. The advice given to the York Harbor Mining Company by shrewd local observers is to pay no attention to the French protest and continue quietly at work, trusting to their American nationality to save them from active obstruction by the French warships. Should operations be interrupted, however, the company will have a claim for damages against the British Government.

Along the eight hundred miles of coast of which France claims the practical control, there are between three and four hundred Frenchmen occupying some sixteen stations. One of these stations is twelve miles from York Harbor where the American miners have built a pier. It is claimed that the building of that pier is an infringement upon French rights and a menace to French industry. The French naval commander in those waters some time since ordered the demolition of the pier.

**IN THE WEST
INDIES**

Will the United States Congress grant reciprocity to Cuba? President Palma is quoted as saying that he feels confident that this will be done. He believes that President Roosevelt's efforts will not fail. Cuba has discharged all her obligations under the Platt Amendment and will make no special effort to secure reciprocity, confiding in the fairness and fidelity of the

American people. What will follow the failure to grant reciprocity is suggested by our waning trade with Cuba.

The annual report of Consul-General Steinhart, at Havana shows a decreasing commerce between Cuba and this country and an increasing one with the countries of Europe. There was a time when Cuba got more than eighty per cent. of her imports from the United States. Now she gets little more than forty per cent. from us. As an independent republic she is buying from us proportionately only half as much as she did when she was a Spanish colony. It is possible that with the higher price now ruling for sugar, Cuba is less in need of reciprocity with the United States than some suppose.

The Cuban Commission to negotiate a loan of \$35,000,000 to pay the veterans of the last Cuban insurrection against Spain came to New York and began inquiries in this country during September. The uncertainty of obtaining the loan here was said to be very damaging to Cuba's interests.

The plan in San Domingo to establish neutrality of Dominican waters and make certain ports free is not approved by the United States.

Minister Powell at San Domingo City has made it clear to the Dominican authorities that this country cannot consent to any course that would give to European powers privileges inconsistent with the interests of this country whether in war or in peace. It cannot allow any portion of Dominican territory to be classed as neutral, or permit any section of the country to conflict with the concession granted to the Clyde Line, according to which all vessels arriving from the foreign ports are compelled to pay port dues, excepting the Clyde steamers.

According to advices from Copenhagen, the Danish West Indian Commission reports the people of the Danish West Indies as satisfied to remain under the rule of Denmark.

The failure of the negotiations looking to the transfer of these islands to the United States is doubtless due in an unknown degree to German influence. Germany's only hope of obtaining territory in America lies in the retention by Denmark and Holland of their American possessions and the ultimate incorporation of one or both of those small European powers into the German Empire.

IN SOUTH AMERICA

The time limit for the exchange of the ratifications of the Panama Canal Treaty between Colombia and the United States expired on September 22 and it was stated at the State Department in Washington that no new proposition had been received from Bogota. Nevertheless, expectation survived that something would yet be done by the Colombian Congress to bring about the end aimed at in the treaty.

It appears that the exigencies of Colombian politics account for the defeat of the treaty, and that the Presidential election to be held in December is looked forward to as likely to afford opportunity

for reopening the negotiations with prospects of success. It is said that if President Marroquin can be succeeded by General Reyes the way will be opened. The Panama Canal is seen "in the sweet light of futurity."

The Venezuelan Arbitration Court to pass upon the points in contention between Venezuela and the European powers opened at The Hague on October 1, all the arbitrators appointed by the Czar of Russia having been accepted. The mixed commissions which have been in session at Caracas to determine the extent of the claims of the powers against Venezuela began to make decisions public on the 11th. A judgment condemning Venezuela to pay two million dollars to the Belgian company owning the Caracas water works was received with much bitterness by the Venezuelan press.

The *Pregonero* is quoted as declaring that "the foreign arbitrators conspire to pronounce iniquitous, evidently unjust and clearly partial awards, as if they were in partnership with the interested parties, and to raise the amounts of the claims to an inconceivable extent, without pausing to reflect on the illegality or fraud which renders them void in their inception." *El Nacionalista*, said to be the organ of General Hernandez, the Venezuelan Minister at Washington, is exceedingly severe in attacks made upon the umpires and foreigners generally.

It has been reported that American mining companies at work in Venezuela are to be excluded by a Government decree suspending the operation of the mining code for an indefinite period. The reason given is that Venezuelan politicians wish to obtain mining monopolies without foreign competition.

Rumors of renewed conflict between Venezuela and Colombia have lacked confirmation.

It was reported from Panama in mid-September that Señor Herbosa, the Chilean Minister to Colombia, was going to Caracas to induce the Venezuelan Government to join Colombia and Ecuador in acquiescing in a probable alliance of Chile, Argentina and Brazil for the purpose of absorbing Bolivia, together with the northern territory of Acre, which has been such "a bone of contention" between Bolivia and Brazil. The report is interesting as suggesting the plots and counter-plots which grow rankly in the international soil of South America. It is the more interesting because it immediately succeeded a report from Rio Janeiro that all difficulties between Brazil and Bolivia over the Acre territory had been finally adjusted.

The basis of the new arrangement was given as follows: "Bolivia will acknowledge Brazil's sovereignty over a great part of Acre territory, while Brazil will pay an indemnity for military expenditures made by Bolivia, and will build a harbor on the River Madeira and a railway from Mamore to Madeira."

The estimates for the Chilean budget for 1904 show a considerable reduction in the appropriations for the building of new railroads, the maintenance of the old roads, and for educational interests.

The strength of the Vatican in Chile, however, is shown by the fact that the estimates present large increase of expenditure for the ministry of public

worship. A hundred thousand pesos (a peso amounting to ninety-one cents and a fraction) are allotted for completing the cathedral at Santiago.

The new United States Minister to the Argentine Republic is John Barrett, who has completed his work in connection with the St. Louis Exposition.

Affairs in America

THE UNITED STATES AND ITS DEPENDENCIES

The general prosperity of the United States seems assured, notwithstanding a continual decline of the stock market, particularly in steel and other industrial outputs. The reports of railway earnings have been showing great gains. During August, thirty-six new national banks were organized, the greatest increase being in the Middle Western States.

The total number of national banks organized since the Act of March 14, 1900, went into effect, has been 1,677, with capital aggregating \$100,273,000, and with bond deposits aggregating \$24,095,350. Only nineteen of these banks have been organized in New England, with capital aggregating \$3,900,000, and only sixty-six, with capital aggregating \$6,395,000, have been organized in the Pacific States. The Middle Western States have led in the number of banks organized and in the amount of capital added to the system, a total of 518 new banks, with capital aggregating \$30,596,000. The Southern States come second in the number of new banks and third in the amount of new capital, with 402 banks, with capital aggregating \$20,778,000. The Western States are third in the number of banks and fourth in the amount of new capital, with 362 banks, with capital aggregating \$11,725,000. The Eastern States come fourth in the number of new banks, but second in the amount of new capital, with 307 banks, with capital aggregating \$26,254,000. On August 31 there were in existence 5,070 national banks, with bonds deposited to secure circulation to the amount of \$381,486,430, and with aggregate circulation outstanding amounting to \$418,587,974, including notes to the amount of \$38,511,653, for which lawful money has been deposited in the Treasury.

Figures and statements issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics in September indicate generally normal conditions for domestic trade in different parts of the country. The beginning of the new commercial year in the grain movement was marked by some unusual features, among which were (1) extraordinary lightness of receipts compared with last year; (2) a demand of the Northwestern milling centers for winter wheat on account of the shortness in the supply of spring wheat, even to the extent of checking the movement of Southwestern grain to the Gulf for export; (3) the practical suspension of the grain-exporting trade on the Pacific Coast, owing to the requirements of flour milling and to the wide difference between prices of Pacific Coast grain in England and the prices at which producers held their product; (4) the exceptional

demand of China and Japan for the flour output of the far Northwest, facilitated, no doubt, by the cut of Oriental steamship lines from \$3 to \$5 per ton in ocean freights.

Commercial insolvencies in the country during the nine months ending September 30 were, according to Dun & Co., 8,176 in number, with assets of \$53,109,285 and liabilities of \$101,655,855. As to number there appears a most encouraging decrease of exactly 500 as compared with the corresponding months last year, when the aggregate was 8,676, but liabilities this year have been very much heavier than the \$85,407,490 reported a year ago. In manufacturing lines there were 2,005 defaults, involving \$43,683,702, against 2,055 last year for \$33,764,818. Trading failures numbered 5,761 and the defaulted indebtedness was \$40,273,821, as compared with 6,147 failures in the corresponding nine months of 1902, when the sum involved was \$40,726,920. Other commercial defaults, not properly included in the two chief divisions, such as brokers, agents, livery, laundry, etc., were 410 in number and \$17,698,332, against 474 a year ago, when the amount involved was \$10,915,752. Banks and other similar fiduciary institutions suspended to the number of 66, with \$8,721,611 of liabilities, whereas there were forty-seven last year involving \$28,027,198.

In the field of national politics it may be noted that the Republican State Convention of Maryland met in Baltimore on September 17 and indorsed the administration of President Roosevelt, favoring his nomination in 1904. Ex-Senator Butler, of North Carolina, chairman of the National Populist Committee, says that the Democratic party will be controlled by the gold men and that "their candidate and platform will be such that Populists who voted for Mr. Bryan can never go with them." It is said that the main feature of the Populist platform will be a demand for the Government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines. The St. Paul Pioneer Press has affirmed that Minnesota and the Northwest generally "are to-day almost unanimously in favor of tariff revision," and that the only way they can be held in line—that is, kept in the Republican column—is by the ratification of the Kasson reciprocity treaty and the offer of reciprocity to Canada.

Investigation into the National Post-office

scandals continued through September. Secretary Moody, speaking at a Republican convention on October 2, made further declaration that every man, Republican or Democrat, found guilty as a result of the investigation would suffer punishment. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is engaged in the prosecution of the postal fraud cases, has been appointed also to conduct a thorough investigation of the irregularities and frauds in the disposition of Indian lands. His inquiry "will cover the acts of the Dawes Commission and the interests of members of that commission in land and financial companies."

The New York World sees a remarkable similarity between the postal and Indian scandals, Secretary Hitchcock being accused of the same apathy that marked Postmaster-General Payne's attitude when charges were first brought against his subordinates.

Walter S. Logan, attorney for the Delaware Indians, has filed a petition in the Court of Claims on behalf of the Delawares against the United States, asking that damages of \$1,000,000 be awarded because of the expenses to which the Indians have been subjected in defending title to their lands. In this petition they make some sensational statements. One of their accusations is to the effect that members of the Dawes Commission are interested in oil leases and companies holding leases made on their lands by Cherokees claiming title.

In the fields of trade and commerce various facts of general importance and interest are obtained from the department of Commerce and Labor at Washington and other sources.

The remarkable growth of the protective sentiment now going on the world over is occasioning some disquietude for the future of the American export trade. France has increased meat duties. The new German tariff represents a marked increase in the same direction. In Switzerland we are paying higher tariff than most of the European nations. In Russia nearly all the American exports pay the maximum schedule. The drift toward protection in Great Britain is evident. In South America the tendency is toward higher duties, not so much on protective ground as because of the need of increasing revenue. The constant raising of foreign tariffs against the United States will sooner or later have an effect in checking the current of exports and so producing that glut at home which is the sure forerunner of depression. This is the fear which President McKinley voiced in his famous Buffalo speech.

During the past ten years the imports of the United States have grown from \$866,000,000 to \$1,025,000,000, an increase of \$159,000,000, and exports have grown from \$847,000,000 to \$1,420,000,000, an increase of \$573,000,000. About \$92,000,000 of the increase in imports comes from Europe, \$55,000,000 from Asia, and about \$5,000,000 each from North America, South America and Africa. The figures for Oceania show an apparent falling off of about \$5,000,000, but this is due to the fact that the merchandise brought from Hawaii is no longer classed as imports, Hawaii being now a territory of the United States. If this were included

in the figures of imports in 1903, it would show a growth of imports from Oceania about \$20,000,000. On the export side the showing is equally interesting. Of the \$573,000,000 of increase, \$367,000,000 was to Europe, \$94,000,000 to North America, \$41,000,000 to Asia, \$33,000,000 to Africa, \$26,000,000 to Oceania, and \$8,000,000 to South America. In case the shipments to Hawaii were included, the increase to Oceania would be about \$36,000,000. In case those to Porto Rico were included, the increase to North America would be over \$100,000,000.

Since the Cunard Steamship Company has secured a contract from the British Government under which the former is to receive a large loan from the latter and annual subsidies to run for twenty years, attention has been called to the Transatlantic trade and the proportion of it carried in American vessels. Of the total exports to Europe from the United States during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1902, amounting in value to \$997,614,762, but 1.76 per cent., valued at \$17,524,815, was carried in American vessels. Of our imports, valued at \$474,927,159, but 6.49 per cent., valued at \$30,821,548, was carried in American vessels. Of our total imports from and exports to Europe, valued at \$1,472,591,921, but 3.28 per cent., valued at \$48,346,363, was carried in American vessels. Our trade with Europe constitutes all but a small fraction of 70 per cent. of our total foreign trade with all the world. The total shipping entering American ports from Europe during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, amounted to 13,046,417 net tons, of which 273,859, or 2 per cent., was American. Of the latter 261,563 net tons was steam shipping, and 12,296 net tons was sail shipping.

A new industry is offering itself to the farmers and manufacturers of the United States. Twenty-five million dollars' worth of goat skins are now annually imported into the country, largely coming from India, China, Arabia, and Southeastern Russia. It is suggested that the farmers of the country have a great opportunity to put a large share of this sum into their own pockets, and that the entire sum may be divided between our producers and manufacturers.

The phases of the race issue remain unaltered. The lynching mania constantly threatens new complications. In Arkansas, on the night of September 18, negroes lynched a negro. In fact, the question of color appears to be less and less considered when, in various parts of the country, what is regarded as a sufficient reason for lynching occurs. As to the right of suffrage the tendency in the South is seen in the announced purpose of Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, to introduce a bill into the United States Senate for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

And yet, Representative Richardson, of Alabama, says that he is not at all in sympathy with such a thing, declaring that the colored vote can best be regulated by the methods which have been wholly successful in Alabama, restrictions operating against unworthy blacks and whites alike. Condemnation of peonage formed an important part of Governor Jelk's message to the Alabama Legis-

lature on September 1. Ex-Governor Northen, of Georgia, has recently paid a tribute to the better class of negroes, saying: "I will trust them far more confidently than I would the mongrel population of self-announced Socialists, Anarchists, and outlaws who do the menial service of other sections."

The following facts are briefly chronicled:

The National Irrigation Congress at Ogden, Utah, has shown how widespread and earnest is the interest in arid-land reclamation. Work in this line is being done under Government direction in many localities of the West.

The United States cable ship, Burnside, is engaged in the work of laying the cable along the Pacific waters from the head of the Lynn Canal by way of Sitka, the capital of Alaska, to Seattle.

The pension roll of the country now contains 996,545 names, a slight decrease as compared to last year. Spanish war pensioners, who already number 12,862, may carry the roll above the million mark. Civil War pensioners, of course, form the bulk of the list, there now being over 950,000 invalids and dependents. In the past thirty-eight years the Government has paid out for pensions the immense sum of \$2,942,178,145, of which the Spanish War "veterans" have received about five and one-half millions.

The attempt made by Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the well known explorer, to scale Mount McKinley, in Alaska, has failed. He and his companions succeeded in reaching an altitude of 11,000 feet on the southwestern side, where they were stopped by a vast barrier of granite extending five thousand feet above them.

The attention of the country is again drawn to the struggle for good government in New York City. Mayor Low is to be the leader again of the fusion ticket against Tammany. The opposing parties are alike full of conflicts within themselves and the political lightning flashes in all directions. The new leader of Tammany, Mr. Charles Francis Murphy, is young and energetic. An interesting fact about the metropolis is the statement that it now has a larger Jewish population than any other city in the whole world.

The second report of the Philippine Civil Service Board was received in September. Governor Taft says: "The amount of worry and solicitation that we are saved by the Board it would be hard to exaggerate, and we all agree that we could not possibly carry on this Government without it." The total population of the Philippines is now given as 6,976,574, of which number about 650,000 are included in what are termed the wild tribes.

The extent to which the fires of war still continue to burn in the islands is suggested by the fact that in the northern provinces alone during the past five months some twelve native towns have been destroyed by fire. Local rebellions begin, end, and begin again. Some time ago Captain Pershing said that there would be no more uprisings among the Moros. Since then, General Wood, now residing at Zamboanga, reports "a feeling of unrest" among the Moros. But with the coming of railroads and all the other works to which the Americans have

set their hands, disorders must gradually come to an end.

It is announced that the Government is about to construct a canal from Lake Taal to the sea as an outlet for the products of Batangas province.

On October 1, the new Philippine coinage received the official approval of the War Department at Washington. Up to the present time about thirteen million dollars of the new money have been coined and shipped to the islands. It will take about sixty millions to furnish the proper amount of the medium of exchange.

A recent dispatch from Manila states that the negotiations between the Vatican and the United States Government regarding the sale of the land held by the friars and the removal of the native monks from the islands have been called off by Pius X. Mgr. Guidi has been recalled to Rome, in order that he may be assigned to some European nunciature. The general opinion in Rome is that Mgr. Guidi's mission has failed principally because he would not accept the price offered for the friars' lands by the American Government, owing to the claim of the religious orders interested that they are entitled to a larger sum. It has been decided at the Vatican that hereafter Philippine Islands questions must be dealt with directly by the Pontifical Secretary of State and the Government at Washington, or, what is still better, through a special representative of the Holy See sent to the United States from Rome.

President Roosevelt has approved the proposition of the Hawaiian Territory to secure a loan for various public improvements. The United States Grand Jury is holding sessions at Honolulu to investigate the scandals which have been of late stirring respecting Territorial officials and their doings. The Japanization of the islands continues to be the theme of much thought and discussion.

CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

The freedom with which some British statesmen and newspapers have predicted that, unless something is done speedily to strengthen the ties of empire, England will lose her hold upon her largest dependencies, naturally awakens attention to the tendencies in this respect in the Dominion of Canada.

The London Saturday Review remarks that the growth of Canada in recent years is not due so much to British as to United States enterprise; that Canadian immigrants come in far greater numbers from the United States than from the United Kingdom, and that it must be obvious to all who study the problem that if the English fail now (referring in particular to the plan for British protective tariffs and preferential rates to the colonies), nothing can stop the separation of Canada from the United Kingdom and its ultimate absorption into the United States. "If Canada goes," says the Review, "other colonies must follow, and the disintegration of the British Empire will be the distinguishing feature of twentieth-century history."

According to the Ottawa correspondence of the Boston Transcript, the trend in the Dominion is

simply for independence. "Nothing more distinguishes the English breed, whether in its Frisian beginnings, in Great Britain, in America, or in Australia and New Zealand, than the spirit for self-government. Against that natural, inbred, language-and-literature cultivated spirit no sentiment for the old country or the crown or tradition has any permanent force. The connection with Great Britain, the loyalty to the crown, exist because they are consistent with self-government, and will probably persist so long as they are so, and no longer." The loyalty of the English Canadian to Great Britain is generally of the same quality as the loyalty that the Englishman who never was out of Kent feels toward the Canadian at Calgary or the Australian at Bendigo. It says in its heart two things—"Thou art my brother" and "Thou shalt want ere I want." A third thing also: "Thou shalt be backed by me against anybody else—whenever I feel like it." The utterances of Sir Wilfred Laurier and of other Canadian leaders, both Liberal and Conservative, appear to have made it plain enough that the Dominion will not go to war merely at England's request; will not consent to British control of any of Canada's affairs, and will not—though probably favoring on the whole imperial preferential trade—approve of anything propounded by Joseph Chamberlain, unless he is able to persuade Canadians in general, and especially the French, that his scheme neither now nor hereafter will involve them in any compromise of their self-governing powers. Mr. Laurier has repeatedly declared that the dependence of Canada on Great Britain "is not to remain forever." He says: "I hold out to my countrymen the idea of independence. If we are true to our record we will again exhibit to the world the unique, the unprecedented example of a nation achieving its independence by slow degrees, and as naturally as the severing of the ripe fruit from the parent tree." "I have again and again repeated that the goal of my aspiration is the independence of Canada—to see Canada an independent nation in due course of time."

The Dominion population is now about five and a half millions. The French Canadians make up something over a million and a half. There are nearly a million Irish and over three hundred thousand Germans. There is little or no talk of annexation to the United States. The situation on the question of reciprocity neutralizes that.

A company of Chinese who sought to enter the United States by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been sent back to Hong Kong. Admission was denied them at Richford, Vt. The railway authorities, in returning them, acted in accordance with the agreement with the United States Immigration Bureau. Appeals to the Canadian court to restrain the authorities from sending them back proved unavailing.

In making its ruling, the Canadian court considered the question of the agreement between the United States Immigration Bureau and the Canadian Pacific Railway only incidentally. The real question on which the court based its decision was as to whether the Chinamen in question had made false representation to the Canadian Pacific

Railway in claiming the right to enter the United States as native-born citizens thereof. As the immigration officers at Richford had decided that this was not the case, the Canadian court upheld their decision, and ruled that as the Chinamen had obtained their transportation from Hong Kong under false pretenses, they had no right to expect to be allowed to land in Canada. As precisely this same question will be involved in every case in which the agreement in question may be called into dispute, officials of the Immigration Bureau see in the decision of the Canadian court a practical recognition of the validity of the agreement. If the court had ruled otherwise, there would have been no alternative action for Commissioner-General Sargent than to have closed every port of entry for Chinese along the Canadian border.

The partial failure is recorded of the Labrador Exploring Expedition organized by Col. Villard Glazier of New York. The attempt to enter the unknown territory toward Ungava Bay had to be abandoned.

It is reported that Captain Reid of the Government steamer Tyrian has discovered an extensive deposit of hard coal of excellent quality at Fortune Bay on the Labrador coast. The existence of coal so far north has until now been unknown.

Accounts have been placed on file at Washington, D. C., by Government ethnologists of weird cannibal rites practised by a tribe of Indians on Vancouver Islands. The cannibals are said to be banded together in a very exclusive society called the Hamatsa.

An American expert has been engaged to co-operate with the Newfoundland geological officials for the scientific exploration of coal areas of the colony, under the joint auspices of the Government and the Messrs. Harmsworth, London publishers. It is said that the future of mining enterprises on the island depends very largely on the outcome of this research.

MEXICO The ambition and energy of Mexico are seen in the fact that she is preparing to enter the

manufacturing field against European concerns which have been so long masters of the situation. "The idea," says President Diaz, "of one of the Latin republics seriously entering the manufacturing field is unusual and may be considered ridiculous by some, but it is really a matter for grave consideration." Following the rapid building of railroads and large investments of United States capital, development along many lines that are essential to the growth of national solidity and prosperity may be confidently expected. With the settlement of financial questions and the secure establishment of sound money,

there will be such an influx of capital into the country as will guarantee immense operations. In his recent message, President Diaz says:

The measures instituted by the Department of Finance both at home and abroad, in connection with the variations which the gold value of our money is constantly undergoing, aim at bringing about such stability as is possible in the rate of foreign exchange, and at placing our currency on a basis which will enable it to satisfy the internal needs of the country and to facilitate the development of public wealth.

Mexico is rapidly developing its sugar interests. During the past two or three years, unprecedented attention has been paid to the agricultural possibilities of the country—perhaps even more attention than to the mining and other industries for which the country is noted. Old plantations have been revived and new ones opened, especially in Tehuantepec and all through the southern part of the land. A good deal of capital has been invested in rubber planting. Sugar and rubber have attracted more attention from foreign agricultural investors than any other products. It is reported that there is as yet comparatively little activity in the timber market, due probably to the fact that large tracts are being held for purely speculative purposes.

The following table shows the value of United States exports to and imports from Mexico at decennial periods, and annually from 1900:

| Year. | Exports to Mexico. | Imports from Mexico. |
|-----------|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1850..... | \$ 2,012,827 | \$ 575,200 |
| 1860..... | 5,324,713 | 1,003,431 |
| 1870..... | 5,850,700 | 2,715,005 |
| 1880..... | 7,866,493 | 7,200,593 |
| 1890..... | 13,285,287 | 22,600,915 |
| 1900..... | 34,974,061 | 28,646,053 |
| 1901..... | 36,475,350 | 28,851,035 |
| 1902..... | 39,873,606 | 40,382,596 |
| 1903..... | 42,257,106 | 41,313,711 |

Early in September news was received at New Orleans of the entire destruction of the town of San Miguel, on the east coast of Yucatan, by a hurricane.

CENTRAL AMERICA

A somewhat remarkable action by President Cabrera of Guatemala was reported in September. Plantation laborers in that country have been receiving only about twelve cents a day, and the Government issued an edict that the sum should be raised to twice the amount. This intervention has greatly disturbed the plantation owners, who appear to think that food and clothing are only slightly necessary, so to say, to the field workers. Yet they profess less disinclination to pay the increased rates than fear that demands will grow out of the new law which will mean much more to them.

The Government professes to be actuated only by the interests of all classes and the weal of the republic; and it has taken various forms of action designed to demonstrate this. According to the *Diario de Centro-America*, President Cabrera re-

gards it a natural function of government to give protection to all classes of society, having regard not only to their welfare, but also to their very existence, doing for them what neither the spirit of equity, nor justice, nor kindness of heart, nor religion has yet been able to accomplish for them.

IN THE WEST INDIES

To the stand taken by the Haytian blacks against their French masters and their proclamation of independence a hundred years ago, the colored people of the West Indies owe their freedom to-day. Ever since emancipation in the English, French, Danish and Spanish possessions, says a St. Thomas correspondent in the New York Tribune, the career of the negroes has been one of progress toward happier conditions.

The present status of the colored man is largely due to his willingness to avail himself of every opportunity for his advancement. In the towns which he has helped to build he is a merchant, clerk or mechanic, his wife and daughters very often helping him in commercial pursuits. Some of the most successful traders in the West Indies are women. In all the colonies the negroes are the real workers and it is pretty safe to affirm that this will remain so. The racial distinctions between whites and blacks which occasion so much trouble in the United States are but little urged. In church and school, in theaters and other places of amusement, whites and blacks tolerate one another and "their hands meet in as friendly a grasp as if both were white or black."

In Cuba, President Palma has recently made a tour of the eastern parts of the island. He was everywhere received with great enthusiasm. During a speech by him at Santiago, the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of a guard caused a brief panic during which a few persons received slight injuries. On the 17th of September it was reported that the Government had been officially informed that the leaders of a small Santiago insurrection had been captured and their followers dispersed. The people of the province had generally disapproved of the proceedings of those rebelliously inclined.

The most violent earthquake known in Cuba since 1885 occurred at Santiago, and in its vicinity, on the morning of September 15. The earth shook for fifteen seconds but no important damage was done.

The devastations wrought by volcanic eruption and prolonged droughts in the British islands of St. Vincent, St. Kitts and Nevis have induced an appalling amount of poverty and suffering, and much complaint is expressed because the British Government has done too little to relieve the distresses.

**THE SOUTH
AMERICAN
STATES**

The Colombian Congress, having failed to ratify the Panama Canal Treaty within the time allowed for ratification, has great possessions in the shape of mingled praise and blame. The threat of secession on the part of the province of Panama is not at all likely to be carried out. The election of Senator Obaldia, as Governor of Panama, is said to be the part of a general plan which means the election of General Reyes to the Presidency of the Republic next December, and the subsequent approval of a canal treaty satisfactory to the United States.

It is generally assumed that the course of negotiations with a South American power like Colombia can not be expected, any more than the course of true love, to run smooth, and that somehow in the near future "Uncle Sam" will have his way.

In his recent message to the Congress of Ecuador, President Plaza praised the action of the United States Government in fulfilling its promises to grant independence to Cuba.

The mining industry in Peru has received new impulse from the extension of the railroad from Oroya northward to Cerro de Pasco and into the heights of the Andes.

The road is the outcome of the operations of the Haggin copper syndicate. In its entire length it starts from Lima, runs eastward to Croya, and then northward to an elevation of about 1,700 feet above the level of the sea. United States syndicates are said to be doing more in the way of acquiring mining properties in the land of the Incas than has been reported.

United States money is discounted in

Uruguay. The American dollar is worth about ninety-six cents.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that the reason is to be found in the fact, as stated by a Montevideo banker, that the theoretical dollar, or peso, of Uruguay had little more gold in it than the actual coins of the United States, and when the banks issue a five-dollar note it is against a reserve that would be equivalent to \$5.20 in American gold. Similarly, the English pound sterling is worth in Uruguay only \$4.70.

The writer quoted above, writing recently from Rio Janeiro, says that, according to the testimony of the foreign element there, Brazil has, under the administration of President Alves, the best government the country has known since the empire was displaced by the republic. The President and his associates "bid fair to put their country a long way forward." Despite the superabundant paper currency, it is appreciating to gold and the burden of the Government is thus becoming less. Foreign residents are receiving their salaries in gold. Some of the gravest fiscal problems relate to the tariff. The Government must have more income. It appears evident that with proper effort the manufacturers of the United States can surpass those of Europe, in Brazilian trade. German cheapness can not generally compete with the superior qualities of American goods.

The population of Brazil is now perhaps about twenty millions—a fourth larger than has been generally supposed. The number of North American residents is very small, probably not over five hundred.

Affairs in Europe

**GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND**

The British Premier, despite the differences in the Cabinet, as in the country at large, over the proposal of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain to establish an imperial protective tariff, managed, as heretofore seen, to keep his administration together till the prorogation of Parliament on August 15; and it was not till September 17 that the break came. Then it was announced that following several meetings of the Cabinet the resignation had been offered and accepted of Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies; Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord George Hamilton, Secretary for India. On the 20th it transpired that Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, had also

retired. And Mr. A. R. D. Elliot, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, but not a member of the Cabinet, resigned his position. There was, therefore, a total of four Cabinet posts and one Secretaryship at Premier Balfour's disposal. Though many reports were afloat as to the personnel of the reconstructed Cabinet, no official announcement had been made at the end of the month.

Mr. Chamberlain retired from the office which he had held for eight years, in order that he might, as he explained, be in a position to advocate the cause of protection without embarrassment to the government, recognizing fully that "for the present, at any rate, a preferential agreement with the colonies involving any duty, however small, on articles of food hitherto untaxed, even if accompanied by a reduction of taxes on other articles

of food equally universal in their consumption, would be unacceptable to the majority of the constituencies." The free traders who have retired from the Cabinet have acted because of their disagreement with the views of the Premier, who is largely in sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain. The Unionist party of England to-day is said to consist of four distinct camps: (1) the retaliators under Premier Balfour—those who believe in free trade but who hold that as other countries put up protective tariffs against England she must do the same in self-defense; (2) the preferentialists under Mr. Chamberlain; (3) the free traders under Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Ritchie; and (4) the wobblers. The first two elements together make up about three-fourths of the Unionist party. Mr. Chamberlain is credited with the purpose of forming a party of his own and with the belief that all but an insignificant part of these two elements will come under his banner. As to the program, a writer of the *Fortnightly Review* for September says that "food taxation will not be dropped, but it will be whittled down into a mild two-shilling duty on corn, or something of that kind; and the strong item of the program will be the threat against alien "dumpers" and cheap foreign competition. The adoption of this program would really be a surrender for Mr. Chamberlain, since it will mean the abandonment of the most salient features of the scheme which he produced in outline in May. Nevertheless, if the Unionists, as a whole, can be induced to fight on that basis, the election will be Mr. Chamberlain's election, for he will assuredly be the most conspicuous figure in the fray; the victory, if it be achieved, will be Mr. Chamberlain's victory; and the party, if it comes back to power, will have to follow Mr. Chamberlain's lead, and do his bidding."

The Cabinet crisis above described was precipitated by the publication (two days after the Cabinet meetings had begun) of a pamphlet by Premier Balfour in which he for the first time made known to the public his precise views on the question of the hour. In this pamphlet the principle is clearly stated that England must have freedom to negotiate in order that freedom of exchange may be increased. The British tariff must be revised so that fiscal inducements can be offered which protectionist nations will thoroughly understand. Mr. Balfour's reasoning points to a tariff on manufactured goods rather than the taxation of food as a means toward forcing a reduction in foreign tariffs. And so the Premier differs in important respects from both the free traders and Mr. Chamberlain, though on the whole more in accord with the latter than with the former. In a speech at Sheffield on the evening of October 1st, which is described as the first heavy gun fired in the fiscal reform campaign, Mr. Balfour elaborated the positions taken in his pamphlet. He said that England must have a tariff to protect her against the competition of other nations and of her own colonies as well. The speech seems to have satisfied nobody and considerable disappointment is expressed in the English papers because the Premier made no reference to the Cabinet crisis and failed to explain with sufficient definiteness the policy to be pursued. The fact seems to be that Mr. Balfour, while endeavoring to influence the public mind in certain directions, is awaiting developments before declaring fully a definite line of action.

In the present temper of the British public such an attitude is not likely to give stability to the Government. In contrast with it Mr. Chamberlain's definite aggressiveness may win the day.

A recent set-back for "Chamberlainism" in a bye-election in Argyllshire is offset by a still more recent victory of the Unionists in Rochester. The victorious candidate for Parliament there, however, holds the views of Mr. Balfour rather than those of Mr. Chamberlain. While repudiating any duty on food or raw materials, he advocates a duty on cement.

Among the important expressions against "Chamberlainism" is that of the Trades Union Congress at Leicester, which has condemned in plain terms the taxation of imported food products as opposed to the welfare of the working millions.

It is interesting to note that in the political crisis which now agitates his realm, King Edward is described as "Cabinet maker" and "no mere figurehead." He acts "not unconstitutionally or beyond the powers vested in the crown, but, in the exercise of his prerogatives, to an extent never dreamed of in the Victorian era." The degree to which Government leaders defer to his judgment and wishes is a tribute to the remarkable tact and knowledge of human nature which have always characterized him.

The death, on September 30, at Davos Platz, Switzerland, of Sir Michael Henry Herbert, British Ambassador to the United States, has been followed by strong tributes on both sides of the Atlantic to his merits as a man and as a public official.

The statistics of the Government Blue Book show that exports from the United Kingdom to the United States declined from \$145,000,000 in 1890 to \$97,000,000 in 1902, while the imports from the United States rose from \$485,000,000 to \$635,000,000. The total exports to all foreign countries in this period declined \$90,000,000. It is said that while the yearly imports are about \$800,000,000 in excess of the exports, this is balanced by the income from foreign investments, calculated at \$312,500,000, added to the earnings of the British merchant fleet engaged in foreign trade, calculated at \$450,000,000.

The inefficiency of the British universities and the illiberality of the British public toward institutions of learning were Sir Norman Lockyer's text in an address delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He contrasted the number of richly endowed or State-supported universities of Germany and the United States with the handful of English colleges which languish without either private benefactions or Government aid.

Recently collected religious statistics have prompted the query whether London is "a Christian city."

It appears that the Church of England in London has dropped off in attendance some 150,000, while the free churches have barely held their own. The worst possible picture of the general situation would seem to be that of the London correspondent of the *Chicago Standard*, who has enumerated "the fatal defect in the children's bill, the legal decision regarding the drunkard's act, the impending compensation fight, the growing desecration of the Sabbath, the decline in church attendance, the moral apathy of the nation, the spiritual dearth of the churches, the rapid and alarming increase of drunkenness, insanity, vice and crime, the manifest physical degeneracy through drink, the deplorable condition of the poor, the wicked and wanton waste of wealth in the public-house, the grave commercial and industrial situation, the fearful and fatal increase of drunkenness among women, as well as the spiritual loss and eternal ruin wrought by this 'hurricane of hell'." In connection with this it may be mentioned that the annual report of the Lunacy Commissioners has shocked England with figures which show a very large increase of madness, due, it is alleged, chiefly to strong drink.

The "Garden City Association" is the name of a new organization backed by interested philanthropists, socialists and capitalists, the object of which is the building of an experimental city in England in which the whole of the land is to be owned and controlled by the municipality.

All increase of values is to be to the common advantage. Only a sixth of the land is to be built upon, large park spaces being thus provided for, with the houses facing upon broad avenues and boulevards. A site of four thousand acres has been secured not far from London and committees of specialists are now preparing plans.

Steps have been taken in Ireland to form an anti-emigration society. During the past fifty years the population is said to have decreased more than one-half. Forty thousand emigrants departed last year.

Sir James Thomson Ritchie, brother of the late Chancellor of the British Exchequer, has been chosen Lord Mayor of London for the coming year.

At the unveiling of a statue to
FRANCE Ernest Renan at his birthplace
 in Tréguier, Brittany, Premier

Combes recently made a speech in circumstances of some disorder. Brittany is one of the strongholds of the Church, and the Premier's well-known anti-clericalism made him anything but a welcome visitor to the province. On the way to Tréguier he was frequently hissed and greeted with threatening cries. In his address at the unveiling, where

the peasantry, armed with clubs, had to be quieted by a body of soldiers, he referred to the hisses he had heard as comparable to the melodies played on flutes behind the conqueror's chariot in olden times to remind him that, raised by the people, he must govern by the people. The Premier ventured to predict that the time was not far ahead when the Brittany peasants would shake off the yoke of the churchmen.

According to report, the bill prepared by Socialist Deputy Braind for submission to the Parliamentary Committee on the relations between Church and State provides for absolute respect for religious liberty, the application of the common law to religious associations, and the maintenance of the complete laicization of the State.

That among the French are not many people having large incomes, according to the multi-millionaire standard, is shown by a comparison of the inheritances declared to fiscal agents last year in France and in England, says the *Boston Transcript*.

In France, out of 363,612 inheritances, there were only twenty-seven of more than \$1,000,000 each. In England, out of 61,303 inheritances, there were sixty-nine of more than \$1,125,000 each. Or, taking the comparison at the other extreme, in France fifty-eight of the total number of inheritances were of sums under \$400, while in England only thirty per cent. were of sums under \$1,500.

The French death rate is no higher than that of the rest of Europe. This being so, the decrease in the birth-rate, of which so much has been said, is seen in the fact that during the last half of the nineteenth century, while the population of Germany increased twenty-one millions and that of Great Britain fourteen, that of France gained but three and one-half.

The prominence obtained by the
GERMANY Social Democrats in the affairs
 of Germany was emphasized once

more by the great Congress which met in Dresden on September 13, and by the reports of the assembly, which was attended by about five hundred delegates from various European countries. One of the questions which has been agitating the Socialists is whether the party shall assert a right to one of the vice-presidencies of the new Reichstag as a matter of party tactics. This was successfully opposed by Herr Bebel, the veteran leader, who maintains that the Socialist party will "rot" if it is drawn into participation in existing institutions, instead of struggling uncompromisingly for their destruction.

He is in opposition to the younger elements of the party led by Herr Bernstein, the so-called revisionists, who are in favor of adopting the plans and methods which the Socialists have successfully worked in France and Italy. By a very large majority, Herr Bebel carried the assembly with him against allowing members of the party to be drawn into an exchange of courtesies with the Emperor, and also against *weltpolitik*, militarism, and the naval and colonial policies. The question that fundamentally divides the party is whether it shall continue its policy of stubborn hostility to the Government, or whether it is to become a progressive opposition, capable of formulating and carrying to the front constructive measures for the betterment of existing conditions. Shall it become a great Liberal party, postponing insistence on its theoretical views of government until conditions ripen, or shall it stand steadfastly by Socialist principles without yielding to conventional practices and compromises?

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

The Emperor, Francis Joseph, refuses to comply with the demands of the Hungarian party for the use of their own language in those sections of the army which are composed of Hungarians. The sessions of the Diet at Budapest are frequently characterized by tumultuous scenes. Should a Kossuth revolu-

tion break out, it is rumored that Germany will aid Austria in its suppression. Francis Kossuth, the Opposition leader, however, is said to be in favor of a peaceful policy; but Herr Barabas, who heads the majority of Kossuth's followers, is inclined to extreme measures.

RUSSIA

Russia's want of civilization is seen in the fact that the situation of the Jews there is almost identical with that which they occupied in England six centuries ago. While the ears of the world still tingle with the tidings of the Kishineff massacre, they hear of further similar outbreaks and bloodshed. The tragedy at Gomel, in September, was less bloody than that at Kishineff, but it is no less disgraceful to Russia. It is said to have begun in a petty quarrel between a Jewish shopkeeper and a woman who refused to pay for a herring. The soldiers and the police openly sided with the rioters who assailed the Jews. The latter are said to have stood their ground, "fighting fiercely." On the 29th, the town was reported as under martial law.

Affairs in Asia and Oceanica

CHINA

The revolutionary movements which during the past few years have produced such a ferment in the Chinese Empire mean, according to M. Pierre Nogent in the *Paris Figaro*, that, stung in their national pride, weary of the dissimulating or brutal yoke of the foreigners, and aware of their own intellectual and material resources, the Chinese Reformers and Boxers alike wish (with or without reliance upon Europe, and necessarily in opposition to it) to regenerate the Empire, to modernize it and establish a new régime.

The humiliating lesson which Japan taught China in 1895 has had much to do with the awakening now going on. It was in June, 1898, that the Emperor Kwang-Su had his first interview with Kang-Yu-Wei, in which the latter urged imitation of the example of Japan and breaking with the traditions of the past. The Emperor went too fast to suit the old mandarins and so, under pressure from the venerable Empress Dowager he was forced to abdicate, and Kang-Yu-Wei went into exile from which he is expected to return whenever the Dowager shall die, as, according to reports, her German physicians says she will within a short time. The new "Young China" party has adopted the maxims and methods of the Boxers. It is headed by Sun-Yat-Sen, who is described as "still young, of middle height, lean and nervous, looking more like a European than a Chinaman. He has

long since discarded the customs and habits of his race, and, dressed in the western style and wearing his hair cut short, he gives the impression of a rather solemn, well-behaved shop-keeper." The slogan of the bands of Sun-Yat-Sen is the same as that of Prince Tuan in the assault upon the legations in Peking: "China for the Chinese!" That cry is heard from one end of the empire to the other although, says M. Nogent, "in Europe we stupidly affect not to hear it." "Meanwhile, secure in her palace, with a hideous grin on her lips, the old Empress, not in the least disturbed, seals death warrants and slowly dictates decrees which fan the embers of insurrection."

JAPAN

The progress of Japan in the various lines of national prosperity is one of the leading facts in the world's history at the present day. Her competition with other nations for the trade of China shows great intellectual acumen and abundant resources. She has certain great advantages to begin with in the facts of racial similarity and territorial nearness, and she very well understands how to make the most of these advantages and also how to meet the less easily handled conditions of success. Her cotton spinning industries received some check during the latter part of last year, according to an exhaustive survey in the journal entitled *Chugai Shogyo*, owing to a drop in the value

of silver and the consequent unfavorableness of exchange with China, and also to a shrinkage of the domestic demand, in consequence of a bad rice crop; but the Japanese know how to deal with temporarily unfavorable conditions as well as any people on earth. Present indications are that all the mills of the country will soon be brought under the control of a few large companies, a consummation which seems to be one of the essential conditions for the success of Japanese competition in China with the products of the highly organized capital and labor of her rivals in other lands. There is a marked increase in the number of female operatives in the mills of Japan. The comparative statistics relating to the products of the mills for the past eleven years show about four times as much output to-day as in 1892.

Mail advices from Yokohama in September stated that the carefully planned Japanese efforts of the last two years to secure a larger share of Chinese commerce are bearing fruit. In the particular of river gunboats the Japanese builders are securing Chinese orders despite competition by foreign ship-building firms. Among other significant facts it is stated that Japanese jobbers have been stocking up heavily with saltpeter, alcohol, lead and other materials used in the manufacture of the munitions of war. It is believed that following the expiration (on September 25) of the two-year period during which, by treaty with the Powers, China could not import firearms and ammunition, Japan is to supply the Celestials with large quantities of the wherewithal to fight.

PERSIA

Information, chiefly from Russian sources, indicates that the anti-foreign feeling in Persia is sufficiently strong and active to awaken grave apprehensions. It is especially manifested by the powerful Shia'h sect of the Mohammedans which numbers some eight millions of adherents as against less than a single million of the adherents of all other religious sects.

The Mohammedan world is not fond of having its rulers incline much to the fashions and fellowships of Europe. This it is which has produced the revolution in Morocco against the young Sultan and brought the country to the possible loss of its independence. And the Shah of Persia, like the Sultan of Morocco, is a man who has inclined to talk in the speech and walk in the ways of the hated *giaour*. Moreover, he has contracted heavy loans and used the money apparently for other than public ends, resorting to added taxation in order to meet the service of those loans and so increasing the poverty of the people. These things are, at least, alleged. It is said that the persecution of the Babists, referred to last month, was allowed and perhaps encouraged as tending to divert popular attention from the shortcomings of the Government serving the same purpose in Persia as the persecution of the Jews does in Russia.

In reply to the demands of the Shia'h sect respecting favors to foreigners the Shah appears to have so unsatisfactorily expressed himself that the Shia'hs have threatened to ask the Sultan of Turkey to take the country under his protection. The Shia'h Mohammedans differ somewhat in doctrine and more in historical belief from the Mohammedans of Turkey, who are called Sunni. The Persian priesthood is very powerful and works steadily against progress. The chief priest is the Muijtahid, who resides at Kerbela, near Bagdad, and some consider him the vice-regent of the prophet. The Shah and the Persian Government have no voice in his appointment.

That things are not going smoothly in Persia is seen also in the fact that, according to the Russian correspondents of the London Times, some time since the chief rival of the Grand Vizier died in suspicious circumstances, and that in consequence the Grand Vizier has been banished and succeeded by another.

AUSTRALIA

That influences are working for an independent Australia is well enough known to students of the affairs of that Far Southern Commonwealth. In framing their commonwealth, the Australians chose to follow the example of the United States in important particulars. Its spirit is essentially that of this Western Republic, and it is confidently predicted that while for a period, longer or shorter, both Australian and British statesmen feel that Australia must belong to the Empire, ultimately she will walk alone. Mr. J. Grattan Grey, author of "Australasia, Old and New, is "convinced that long before this century draws to an end Australia will be an independent nation, politically and in all other respects."

A correspondent of the London Times refers to the Bulletin newspaper as the most important and "dangerous" of the influences working toward an independent Australia. He says: "Some will think, no doubt, that this is making too much fuss about a single newspaper—though no one will who knows the bush. . . . We in England are apt to think that the expressed loyalty of legislatures and the daily press is the unanimous voice of a continent, and that the cry for separation may be neglected as mere socialist and demagogic bitterness. At any rate, we believe, nothing can alter such patriotism as the commonwealth displayed during the late war. But the history of that outburst has yet to be written. It was a spasm of intense feeling, preceded by—and likely to be succeeded by—a period of growing indifference to things outside the Southern Pacific; and all through it, like the voice of a sort of devil's conscience, the bushman heard his Bulletin murmuring persistently 'Yes, yes, you're a little excited now, but you will get over it, and then you'll see what a fool you have made of yourself.' No Briton likes to think he has played the fool rampantly, and the Australian is already uneasy about his recent behavior."

Tumut, situated half way between Sidney

and Melbourne, which has been chosen as the site of the permanent capital of Australia, might be translated into American dialect, remarks one writer, as "Way Back" or "Podunk." It is a rural town, lying twenty miles from the nearest railroad line and having but 1,300 inhabitants. But what it lacks in prosperity and in accessibility it makes up in salubrity and in the picturesque beauty of the surroundings.

The town as now constituted, says a writer in the New York Tribune, has four banks, four churches, curiously placed, as if they were the reflection of the pointer stars of the Southern Cross; a few schools, a lecture hall and three inns. The principal build-

ings are of red brick, while the others are of the weather-board, veranda-fronted, corrugated-iron-roof variety, as common in the small Western towns of this country as in Australia, and are perched on the slope of the hillside along the banks of the River Tumut, from which the town takes its name, and which, unlike most Australian rivers, does not become infinitesimally small during the hot weather, but remains at the high water mark always, thanks, perhaps, to the melting snows of the neighboring mountains, the loftiest of which is Mount Kosciusko, the culminating point of the entire continent. It is difficult to conceive of political strife taking any acute form at Tumut, where the mountain air, cooled by the snows of towering Kosciusko, will always be at hand to soothe the heated passions and to calm the fevered brow of the Australian legislators.

Affairs in Africa

MOROCCO

The fires of rebellion in Morocco still burn. In mid-September, dispatches contained reports of the defeat of the imperial troops by insurgents and the narrow escape of the Sultan from being taken prisoner. Word was cabled from Tangier on the 25th that the Sultan had directed all foreigners save the Consuls to leave Fez and betake themselves to Tangier, the danger being too great for them to remain in the capital. The prolonged unsettled condition of the country has made very pressing the question of foreign intervention. The insurgents came into conflict, not long since, with French troops on the Algerian border and many lives were reported lost. Rumors that the French are to be allowed to establish a protectorate over Morocco are noted in the department on International Affairs.

LIBERIA

According to a writer in The Independent, of New York, the negro state of Liberia presents two fundamental problems, one being the racial and social antipathies among the people, and the other the lack of stable, uninterrupted industry. The lines of cleavage in the population, rendering present harmony impossible, are formed by mulattoes against pure bloods and American born against natives. The lack of steam roads and even of common highways (the trails being practically under the control of savage tribes) makes impossible any considerable development of business. It appears inevitable that the country will some day become the prey of European powers, whose spheres of influence are constantly nearing its borders.

BRITISH AFRICA

The declining popularity of Lord Milner, High Commissioner of South Africa, and the reasons for the same were touched upon in the record for last month. Lord Milner is, at this writing, in England. Before leaving South Africa he wrote a letter to a prominent Western Transvaaler which is said to have done something toward restoring him in the estimation of many who have been offended with him. He expressed pleasure that the farmers were realizing the identity of interests of the mines and agriculture and paid a tribute to the Boers as allying themselves with the Government to seek a solution of existing problems. At a meeting of Roodvaal farmers his name was enthusiastically cheered. Respecting the labor question, Lord Milner says that Asiatics should not be introduced if adequate provision can possibly be made without them. The recommendations of the Labor Commission must be awaited.

From a resumé of a statement made by the Chamber of Mines to the Labor Commission, the following is taken: The total permanent available supply of native labor for South Africa is estimated at 325,600 laborers, coming from Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, Basutoland and the southern provinces of Portuguese East Africa. The number at present employed is 198,900, exclusive of those employed on public works at Pretoria and in Cape Colony and of those engaged in domestic service and in the employ of private manufacturers outside the Transvaal. Present requirements are estimated at 350,700 laborers, exclusive of the above-mentioned classes, but inclusive of all the native labor required by the Central South African railways. The shortage to-day is 115,100. Five years hence 650,000 natives will be required, including 368,000 for the Transvaal mines. The Chamber of Mines reached the following conclusions: That, for the proper working and development of the mineral fields and of the present and future industries of

the country large numbers of unskilled laborers are required; that, in order to enable these fields and industries to be profitably worked, these laborers must be found at a rate of pay not beyond a certain limit; that the rate of pay is at present already so high that it operates against the low-grade propositions being profitably worked; that all the information submitted to the Chamber shows that the want of unskilled labor is felt not only in the Transvaal, but in the whole of South Africa; that the present recruiting fields for African native labor are almost or quite exhausted, and new fields are either not open or else cannot be developed for a period of years; and that, under the present conditions and cost of living, the use of white unskilled labor economically is impossible. The Chamber was therefore convinced that there is no other solution than to allow the importation of suitable unskilled labor.

According to Holland advices, the Boers have been constructing a new anti-English party organization under Generals Botha, Delarey and De Wet and former Vice-President Schalkburger of the Transvaal. The strength of the movement lies in distrust of the professions of the British Government.

The plan of the new campaign for the suppression of the Mohammedan tribes of Somaliland that are in revolt, under the "Mad Mullah," against British authority is similar to that which failed last year. The base of operations is Obbia in Italian Somaliland. The first campaign failed in consequence of insufficient transport facilities. The British forces, in command of General Egerton, will be aided by those of Abyssinia. Large bodies of King Menelek's troops are to hold the wells at Galadi and Mudug.

Naturally, considerable uncertainty exists as to the Mullah's plan of operations. He has been moving from point to point in the interior and, if reports are trustworthy, committing depredations in various localities.

The discovery that supplies of arms and ammunition had gone from an English exporter to be sold for use by the Mullah against the British and Abyssinian soldiery created considerable indignation in England some time since.

The "preposterous conceit" of the Somali natives is shown by the translation of a song or chant which has been published in an English paper. It runs as follows: "Will you see a man? Then behold me! I am a Somali, as perfect in size and form as Adam was after God had breathed into him his immortal soul. Look how beautiful my curly hair is, and how majestic I look when wrapped from head to foot in my snow-white or jungle-colored robe, although there is sometimes only one pie (a small piece of money) tied to it. My house is the desert, and I am born a free man. Free as the wind! I know neither king nor master. I am as Adam was, my own master and king. In the jungle I tend my camels and sheep: my only labor is to watch them feed. In my kerrier, my wife, my dear slave, does all the manual work, while tending my offspring, and woe to her if she forgets to prepare my evening meal. The jedal (whip) shall then have its turn to make her remember for next day. In such a state is any man happier than I?"

The territory in Uganda, British East Africa, where England has offered a home for the Jewish people, is some two hundred miles square.

Uganda has been made accessible to the world through the Uganda railway, which has cost British taxpayers some \$35,000,000. Though in Equatorial regions, this promised land has almost a temperate climate. The elevation is so high that the thin air does not hold the heat of the torrid sun. The Zanzibar coast is about two hundred miles away, and by means of a railroad to ports on the Indian Ocean the dwellers in Uganda may be able to ship their products to all parts of the world. As stated last month, a committee was appointed at the Zionist Congress in Basel to go to East Africa and examine the situation.

FRENCH AFRICA

The protectorate of France over the island of Madagascar was recognized by Great Britain in 1890, but there was opposition to the French by the Malagasies themselves so that it was not till six years later that it became fully a French possession. The results in the island for the past few years under French rule have been set forth by Professor J. Q. Bracq in the Outlook.

By a law promulgated in 1896 the island and its dependencies were declared a French colony. In 1897 Queen Ranavalona was deposed by the Resident-General. There is an Administrative Council at Antananarivo and the island is partly under civil and partly under military administration. Natives are largely employed in both administrations. Slavery has been abolished together with an iniquitous system of compulsory labor. Bribery has been largely suppressed. The State Church has been dis-established and religion has become so free that the Malagasy may remain a heathen if he wants to. The island knows a peace that probably it has never known before. The native warriors of past days are building houses, huts and roads; they have become telegraphers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, joiners, shoemakers, tailors, gardeners, and farmers. Cities have been transformed. Tamatave, for example, the chief seaport in the east, has been practically rebuilt, and is provided with boulevards, sewers, a circular railroad, etc.

The future of Madagascar is said to depend upon its agriculture. The old Hova government claimed absolute ownership of the soil. The French have introduced individual ownership and an admirable system of land registration. The Department of Agriculture is introducing all modern improvements and methods. A good banking service has been established. The credit of the island is excellent. Great philanthropic and humanitarian advances have been made. Hospitals have been built to cope with leprosy. Much has been accomplished in educational lines. Professor Bracq says that all fair-minded men acquainted with Madagascar recognize that the large body of missionaries, English, French, Norwegians and Americans, are a stupendous force of moral, intellectual and religious action in their island.

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

The International Conference on Wireless Telegraphy recently held at Berlin was productive of great and worthy measures. The countries represented were Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria Hungary, Italy, Spain and the United States. All the great maritime countries were represented by their officials best qualified to carry out the object of the conference, which was to "propose to the governments bases of regulations for an international convention." The great principle brought out by the conference was that wireless telegraph companies are common carriers, and must, therefore, receive from any source and transmit to any destination all messages offered to them. This conclusion forestalls any monopoly.

On August 14, says the New York Tribune, the congress adopted a protocol of eight articles as groundwork of a general treaty, all of them being of minor interest except the following: "Coast stations are obliged to receive and transmit telegrams going or returning from ships, without distinction as to the system of wireless telegraphy employed by the ships." Under this rule "radio-grams," as wireless telegrams were termed at the conference, are to be placed in the category of merchandise, and radiograph corporations, as common carriers, compelled to co-operate in delivering them at their destination. Other sections of the protocol relate to definitions, to minor details and to extending the rules of the St. Petersburg telegraphic convention, to which the United States is not a party, to wireless communications.

The congress dealt solely with pacific conditions, recognizing that each nation would take care of its own wireless messages in time of war. In this connection it became known that Germany, as a war measure, was prepared to take care of her own coast by sending such powerful inference waves from Helgoland as would prevent any enemy from carrying on any communication in the North Sea, and that all the European powers were ready to exercise absolute control over all wireless stations within their own borders.

The common carrier declaration, which is aimed against monopoly, was adopted at the instance of the American delegates, who were familiar with the United States statutes and Supreme Court decisions on that general principle, and was warmly espoused by all the delegates except those from Great Britain and Italy, who pleaded lack of authority in their instructions.

SOME POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Probably no other modern scientific discovery has had so much romantic coloring

about it as wireless telegraphy. The essential idea belongs to realms of romance, and from the day when the world heard with wonder, approaching almost incredulity, that a message had been flashed across the Atlantic through ether to the present time, the wonder of the discovery has never decreased. In an interview reported in several newspapers, Signor Marconi is quoted as proposing to equip the intended Peary expedition with apparatus. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch reports an interview with the scientist:

It will not be necessary in the future for Arctic explorers to die from starvation because they are lost from civilization. By means of the wireless telegraph it will be very easy for an exploring party to keep in daily communication with their home people. Every Arctic expedition hereafter, probably, will be equipped with a wireless telegraphic outfit. Should an explorer be so fortunate as to reach the North Pole he can announce the fact at once to the civilized world. If he is in need of supplies he can direct how these shall be forwarded to him, and of what they shall consist. All what applies to the Arctic explorer applies with equal truth to the explorer in the jungles of interior Africa and Australia. Had the wireless telegraph been invented in Dr. Livingston's time, it would not have been necessary to send Henry M. Stanley to find him. He would have been able to wire for help when he first fell a victim to the jungle fever. It is quite likely that future African explorers will consider a wireless telegraph equipment as necessary as a medicine chest.

Another interesting invention reported from Belgium is a wireless automatic fire-alarm telegraph devised by M. E. Guarini, of Brussels, Belgium, which will send in its own alarm when fire occurs within such distance as will heat the mercury thermometer to the operating point.

Whenever the temperature around the thermometer rises above a certain degree an electric circuit is closed, starting a notched wheel. On the face of this revolving wheel is a brush, which closes a circuit with a wireless telegraph sending apparatus. By properly spacing the notches on the face of the wheel, it is obvious that the opening and closing of the circuit through the medium of the brush will send out waves from the air wire of the transmitter, and by varying the position of the notches, a definite signal may be sent, such, for instance, as a number representing the building in which the alarm has been located. If it should be possible to use this telegraph apparatus in connection with a series of thermostats, located in different parts of a building, the invention may prove invaluable, as the fire station will automatically receive notice of a fire and be able to respond without depending on some

one chancing to see the fire and giving the alarm. This is a feature of the wireless telegraph which is yet to be applied to practical use on a large scale, and its introduction will be awaited with interest.

THE STEAM TURBINE TO THE FRONT AGAIN

There has been considerable written these last few days concerning the steam turbine. Newspaper gossip has it that the Cunard Steamship Company is seriously considering its use in two forthcoming liners. These liners are designed for speed and comfort. It is the desire of the company to cut twenty-four hours off the record with them.

According to the *Herald*, at the suggestion of Lord Inverclyde, a special commission has been appointed to investigate the economy of steam turbines and their suitability. The work of designing the vessels will be delayed until the commission makes its report, which will probably be two or three months hence.

Lord Inverclyde, who is a stalwart believer in the future of the steam turbine, is responsible for the decision to appoint an examining commission. The Admiralty fell in with the idea and appointed as its representative Admiral Oram, Deputy Engineer in Chief of the Navy. Lieutenant Wood, an engineer who has had much experience on the naval committee which investigated the merits of the various types of boilers, will act as secretary of the commission, the other members of which will be Mr. H. Breck, son of a partner in Denny Brothers, who has been associated with the trials of the turbine steamers built by that firm; Mr. J. T. Milton, engineering surveyor of Lloyd's registry; Mr. J. Bain, general manager of the Cunard Company; Mr. Andrew Laing and Mr. T. Bell, engineering managers of two of the great Wallsend and Clydebank works.

Lord Inverclyde's action is regarded as of the highest importance, and the commission is held to be a most representative and practical one.

This investigation is full of importance, and bids fair to settle the practicability of the steam turbine, an invention which has for a long time been widely and diversely discussed and experimented with. The number of manufacturers of the turbine is small, England and America having but one each. In American waters there are few examples of them.

In the discussion of this subject, which is likely to be heard during the coming months, it might be well to have in mind some idea of what the steam turbine is. The *Boston Herald* thus gives, in brief and simple summary, a description:

The word turbine is from a Latin word meaning that which spins or whirls. The first came into common use in connection with a form of water-wheel. The form in use for ages was a large wheel not unlike that of a sidewheel steamboat. In the steamboat the wheel is turned and the impact of its

paddles on the water drives the boat along. With the old-style mill wheel, the water from a stream or reservoir was directed upon or against the paddles or buckets, turning the wheel, the extended turning axis of which formed the shaft from which power was communicated to machinery by cogs or belts.

This has been generally superseded by the turbine wheel, which has various forms, the most common one being a horizontal wheel with perpendicular axis, which has curved troughlike paddles on the periphery, against the concave surfaces of which the head of water is conducted through channels occupying the interior of the wheel in a way to strike all these paddles at once, and so set the wheel turning. The water fell upon or pushed against only a few paddles of the old-fashioned wheel.

In steamships the steam which, instead of water, is the motive power, is made to drive pistons which, by means of cranks, turn the shaft operating the sidewheels or the screw propeller. The application of the turbine principle to steamships does away with the pistons. The steam is forced against the "paddles" of the turbine in a manner similar to that in which the water is forced in a turbine wheel operated by water-power.

This style of steam vessel is yet in the experimental stage. One called the *Queen*, was the first fitted with turbine engines to ply regularly across the English channel. She has been running for more than two months between Dover and Calais, and, according to the report of the United States consul at Calais to the State department, she has proved herself to be a wonderful boat. In good weather she attains almost the speed of the best ocean liners, and it is claimed that the pounding noise of the machinery and the annoying vibration of the hull, of which those who travel in steamers can hardly escape the consciousness, are almost completely absent.

A SUCCESSFUL SHIP BRAKE

The Canadian Government has been experimenting with ship brakes. According to the *New York Evening Post*, recent tests of the invention showed that in the St. Lawrence River near Montreal the steamer *Eureka*, equipped with the brakes, was driven ahead at an indicated speed of eleven knots. Steam was then shut off, and simultaneously the brake on each side was opened. The vessel came to a full stop within a distance equal to her own length. The brakes were then closed, the vessel sent ahead until the original rate of speed was attained, when the engines were reversed, and the brakes opened, with the result that all headway ceased after she had gone only fifty feet—about one-half her length. In maneuvering the *Eureka* at full speed, she was turned within her own length with one brake open. An examination of the hull and brake mechanism after the tests showed apparently no harmful strain or other damage, and in operating the brake no jar or vibration was observable by those on board. This new form of brake is described as follows by the *Scientific American*:

It is placed on the sides of the hull, and in its construction and method of attachment to the ship resembles somewhat an ordinary rudder. It extends downward from the extreme load-line of the vessel to the bilge keel, convenience of stowing and handling the necessary area being secured by making the brake relatively deep in proportion to its width. The "gate," as it is called, consists of a stout plate of steel, heavily reinforced, which is hinged vertically to the vessel, and normally, when not in use, is folded snugly against the side of the ship. A series of heavy steel struts are pivotally attached to the back of the gate near its outer edge, and also, to a series of sliding plates which are arranged to move horizontally in covered ways, built into the structure of the hull. When the gate is folded forward against the side of the ship, the sliding plates are, of course, at the forward end of the covered ways, but as the gate is released, and thrown open by the pressure of the water as the ship travels forward, the sliding plates travel backward in their pockets and compress the water that is contained within the covered ways.

At the rear end of these ways are a number of orifices, which allow the water to escape gradually as the gate, in opening, pushes the slides backward. The forward edge of the gate is secured in place, when the break is not in action, by a series of catches arranged on a vertical shaft. The rod on which the gate is hinged is provided with a bevel gear by which the gate may be started to open. The method of operation is as follows: When it is desired to stop the vessel suddenly, as in the event of a collision, or when making a landing, the catches that hold the forward ends of the gate are released, and by means of the bevel gear, the gate is slightly opened. The pressure of the water then catches on the forward edge of the gate, swings it out to the full-open position, sudden jar or shock being prevented by means of the water cushions at the back of the slides. The movement of the brake can be controlled entirely either from the bridge or from the engine room, as may be desired.

TESTING WINE BY TELEPHONE

An Ingenious Frenchman, M. Maneuvrier, has discovered a clever way of testing wine—by telephone. Says the London Telegraph;

Unscrupulous venders will not bless M. Maneuvrier, assistant director of the laboratory of researches of the Paris Faculty of Sciences. He has just discovered an infallible method of ascertaining by the use of the telephone how much a given quantity of wine has been watered. The principle upon which the invention rests is the variable conductivity of different liquids, notably of wine and water.

The originality of M. Maneuvrier's ingenious application is his use of the telephone to determine to what degree the liquid under observation is a conductor. He has constructed an apparatus which achieves this object satisfactorily and accurately. By means of a chart, on which are set down in tabular form the results of various necessary calculations made by M. Maneuvrier for the purpose, an operator with the telephone can easily and in a short while read out the exact proportion of water in the wine which he is testing, whereas the chemical analysis processes hitherto employed are lengthy, laborious and costly.

The apparatus works as follows: Two vessels, one containing wine known to be pure, the other the same quantity of wine to be tested, are placed on an instrument outwardly resembling a pair of scales. The telephone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparison, no sound is heard; if, on the contrary, it contains water, the telltale telephone "speaks," and the greater the proportions of water the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone.

To ascertain the proportion of water in the wine tested the operator moves a hand on the dial until the telephone, which has been "speaking" all this time, relapses into silence. The hand has thus been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then looked up in a chart, which the ingenious and painstaking inventor has drawn up, and corresponding to it is found indicated the exact proportion of water contained in the quantity of wine.

M. Maneuvrier's remarkable invention can, he says, be easily applied to the testing of many other liquids and even solids, which may be adulterated by the addition of foreign matter possessing a conductivity different to that of the original substance.

AN AUTOMATIC KINDLER.

Even more unique and clever than the above is an automatic fire kindler, the operation of which is regulated by an ordinary alarm clock. Says the Saturday Evening Post:

With this new contrivance installed in a house it is necessary, upon retiring, simply to assemble the fuel in the stove or any fireplace, connect an attachment to the clock, and set the latter at any required hour. When the alarm sounds a fulminate is ignited, which, communicating with an inflammable substance in the stove, range, furnace or grate, immediately starts the fire. By the time the householder or servant is up the fire is burning briskly, and the water is boiling.

It is claimed that these new devices may be so set that they will automatically start fires whenever wanted, and thus have a home heated before the occupants stir from their beds. From the back of the clock used in connection with the automatic fire kindler extends a shaft, on which is mounted a rotary friction disk or pulley, the periphery of which is milled or designed to create friction when rotated in contact with a relatively stationary member. By the operation of a pivotal arm, a lug and spring and other attachments in connection with the rotary disk, this entire external mechanism is set in motion when the alarm is released.

Instantly a fuse, with an easily ignitable fulminate at its end and held in place in a slot opening against the friction wheel, is set afire. The flame, properly confined within the metallic slot, travels over the inflammable strand, which is saturated with a free burning ingredient. The clock may be set on a nearby shelf or on the back of the stove or a furnace projection. As even a small and cheap alarm clock may be utilized, and as the tube-incased fire strand may be safely controlled, that part of the problem is very simple. Moreover, any kind of kindling substance may be utilized. The fuse may be employed merely to ignite paper under the regulation kindling wood fire, with coal or cordwood on top.

Madame Adelina Patti

Admirers of Madame Patti in this country will shortly have an opportunity of hearing her, as she is soon to make her farewell tour in America in a series of sixty concerts, embracing all of the most important cities. Madame Patti's operatic and concert triumphs have been so many that her forthcoming visit to these shores where she first established her reputation is full of interest. While it is doubtful if her voice to-day can rival the voice of twenty or more years ago, it is nevertheless probable that her tour here will be marked by much enthusiasm and signalized by a hearty greeting from the people who have long accustomed themselves to consider her as one of their own.

Although the principal facts in the life and career of Madame Patti are fairly well known to Americans, it is well, on account of her coming visit, to recapitulate the more important incidents in her operatic career.

Adelina Patti was born in 1843 in Madrid and of Italian parents who were opera singers and from whom the later *diva* first acquired her predilection for the stage. When she was barely three weeks old her parents started for Italy, placed their two eldest daughters at a school in Milan, and, with Adelina, set their faces for the New World with the hope of bettering their fortunes in promised lands across the sea. The girl's early life was spent in New York. But opera here in those days was not a financial success, and things went from bad to worse in the home of the little family of expatriates. But at this time Adelina's voice had begun to attract attention among the friends of the family, and when an opportunity arose for her to sing at Niblo's Theater her parents gave their consent. Her concert *début* was thus made in New York eleven years before she was to appear in grand opera. Her success at this appearance, where she sung selections from *La Sonnambula* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was pronounced. A concert tour for her was decided upon and months of travel ensued. Tour after tour followed. It was even planned to send her to Italy to go into grand opera there. Her earnings, of course, helped her family, and they were able to build a house in New York. Their days of poverty were over.

But these tours proved trying to the young singer's voice, and at one time she was almost on the point of breaking down. Happily at this decisive moment her brother-in-law, Max Strakosch, prevailed upon her parents the necessity of a long rest for their daughter. They acquiesced, and for a space of two years Adelina was not allowed to sing. This happy decision undoubtedly saved her voice, which had already begun to show the effects of the constant demands made upon it.

Madame Patti's *début* as a singer in grand opera was made in New York in 1859 at the Academy of Music. She appeared in Lucia di Lammermoor. The success of the occasion was pronounced—a success that was duplicated two years later in London in *Sonnambula*. Her career was now firmly established and the following years saw her at the zenith of her fame. Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg and all the great continental cities were soon loud in their praises. It is interesting to note that the vehicle of her efforts was Italian and French music. Although a sincere admirer of Wagner, she has refused to sing his operas. She considers him a composer who had small consideration for the human voice, and one who pursued his ideals in pure defiance of vocal possibilities. A pure melodist, she was more in sympathy with Italian music. She has, however, occasionally sung selections from Wagner in her concerts.

Madame Patti has been married thrice—to the Marquis de Caux, to Signor Ernesto Nicolini and to Baron Rolf Cedestrom. In private life she is the Baroness Cedestrom to-day. For some years she has severed connections with the operatic stage and has lived in retirement at her castle, Craig-y-Nos, in Wales. She has, however, appeared in concerts for the sake of charity. For some years, also, she has been accustomed to give an annual concert in London.

Madame Patti has been nearly fifty years before the public with only short intervals of leisure. Self-command and devotion to her art have been characteristic of her. Coming to this country where she made her first success, she will awaken old memories and carry away the impression of a cordial and unanimous welcome.



MADAME ADELINA PATTI

Contemporary Celebrities

LORD ALVERSTONE

The Alaskan Boundary Commission at the present time of writing in session at London is made up of distinguished jurists representing England and the United States. The chairman of the commission is Sir Richard Everard Webster, First Baron Alverstone, whose career in England has been distinguished.

Lord Alverstone was born in 1842. He was educated at King's College, the Charterhouse Schools, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1868 he was called to the bar and became Q. C. only ten years after. He was appointed attorney-general in June 1885 in the Conservative Government, and in spite of the fact that he never held the position of solicitor-general and did not at the time occupy a seat in Parliament. He was elected for Launceston in the following month and later exchanged his seat for the Isle of Wight which he continued to represent until his elevation to the House of Lords.

Except under the brief Gladstone administration of 1886 and the Gladstone-Rosebery Cabinet of 1892-1895, Sir Richard Webster was Attorney-General from 1885 to 1899. In 1890 he was the leading counsel for the Times in the Parnell inquiry. In 1893 he represented Great Britain in the Bering Sea arbitration, and five years later he discharged the same function in the matter of the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. In the House of Commons and outside it he was associated

prominently in church work. In 1899 he succeeded Sir Nathaniel Lindley as Master of the Rolls, at the same time being raised to the peerage as Baron Alverstone. In October of the same year he was elevated to the office of Lord Chief Justice upon the death of Lord Russell of Killowen.

Lord Alverstone looks every inch the Lord Chief Justice. He is of commanding stature,



Courtesy of the N. Y. Tribune

LORD ALVERSTONE

with a massive intellectual head and an expressive countenance. He gained the high post he holds today by his great natural ability and his still greater capacity for hard and unceasing work. While at Cambridge he stood high among the scholars of his time, and after his admittance to the bar he early won considerable reputation. It is doubtful if any advocate at the English bar ever had the variety or amount of legal business which was thrust upon him. In all branches of law he was equally at home—common law, chancery courts, admiralty, in the ecclesiastical courts, etc. He was an acknowledged authority in the lucrative work of condemnation and compensation, while in patent law and in

those subjects requiring a special knowledge of science he was supreme.

Like Lord Russell, Lord Alverstone is a great friend of America, and many members of the American bar have enjoyed his hospitality. By common consent also he was acknowledged the fittest man at the bar or upon the bench to succeed his predecessor.



MISS MAUDE ADAMS

MISS MAUDE ADAMS The reappearance on the metropolitan stage of Miss Maude Adams after a year of absence will be hailed with pleasure by the friends of this clever actress. She is to appear this season in *The Little Sister of Don José*, Mrs. Burnett's play.

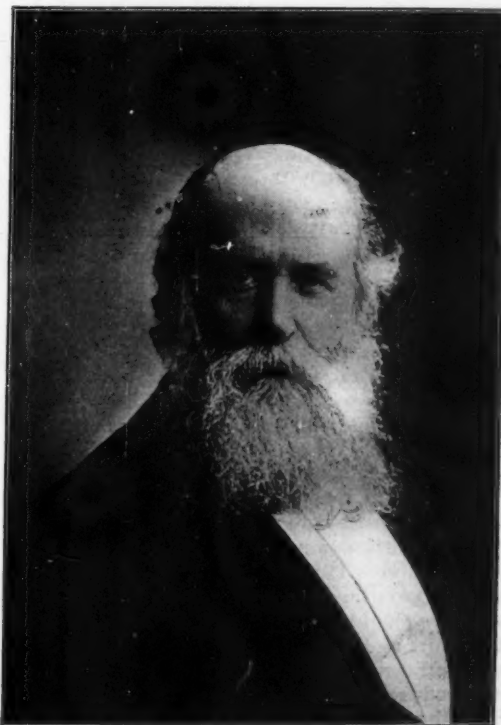
Miss Adams was born in Salt Lake City in 1872. Her stage career began when she was a child, and at the age of sixteen she joined the E. H. Sothorn Co. She has been a member of Charles Frohman's Stock Company and for some years supported John Drew. The most recent of her successes has been attained in *The Little Minister* and *L'Aiglon*.

Miss Adams is probably the most popular actress on the stage to-day. Her unique personality and charm, coupled with conscientious work, have won deserving public favor. There is a certain glamor attached to the memory of the various rôles with which she has identified herself. She has thus a host of admirers. For them her forthcoming appearance will be a matter of great interest and pleasure, as well as importance.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

John Alexander Dowie, who claims to be Elijah and that this is his third time on earth, his second reincarnation being John the Baptist, has arrived in New York with his invading army entitled the Restoration Host of Zion, to reform the Empire City and to show it the error of its ways. Brought into conflict with the law more than once in Chicago, the prophet has lost no prestige in the eyes of his followers, and they look forward to wholesale conversions to his faith in this city. Unfortunately, New York has never taken kindly to reformers, and is likely to be more amused than converted.

The prophet, whose success in what he has attempted to accomplish has been scarcely less than marvelous, was born in the mundane sphere of the unco guid—Edinburg, Scotland. Taken by his parents in his youth to Adelaide, Australia, he returned later to the city of his birth and completed his studies for the ministry. Finishing these, he went back to Australia, where he in time



Courtesy of the N. Y. World

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

deserted the ministry to take up evangelistic work and started a new religious sect which had as its principal tenet unceasing warfare against medical science. Then he came to this country where his fame had preceded him. He was able to convince many that he cured by prayer and laying on of hands. He established himself in Chicago, but that city did not take kindly to him. Accordingly he founded and built Zion City on the shores of Lake Michigan, midway between Chicago and Milwaukee. The city is beautifully laid out and has some 12,000 inhabitants. A magnificent temple has been built there. Dowie is president of the bank, and he is also at the head of a large lace factory from which it is claimed he derives his great income. He is reported to be worth five millions to-day.

The prophet is said to be a great orator and possessed of rare personal magnetism. His career in New York will be interesting to watch.

BORIS SARAOFF Probably the most romantic figure in Europe was the late Boris Saraoff, one of the leaders of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee and a man whose daring exploits against the Turk are matters of current history. While it is not true, as some have said, that he held the destiny of the Balkan States in his hands, it is nevertheless true that he was largely responsible for the uprising against Turkish oppression and cruelty, and that he was regarded with apprehension by European chancelleries which recognized that he was capable by his acts to involve certain countries of Europe in a war in the East. That such was his intention seemed evident, for he was reported to have declared that if Europe would not notice Turkey's atrocities in Macedonia, he would manufacture atrocities to attract its attention and intervention. Hence it arose that the fear of the Sultan in Macedonia was not much greater than the fear of Saraoff. Hence, likewise the term "Saraoffism" in Europe.

It must not be supposed that Saraoff was an ordinary peasant with only a knowledge of guerilla warfare, for such was not the case. He was born in a Turkish village and was of Bulgarian parentage. For two hundred years his ancestors had been leaders in uprisings against the Turks. He was consequently born with a hereditary hatred against them. Cruelties suffered by his parents at the hands of the Turk had made the dominant ambition of his life one of revenge. Accordingly at the age of eighteen he entered the military academy at



From La Vie Illustrée

BORIS SARAOFF

Sofia with the idea of becoming a soldier and to be able to fight his enemies more efficiently. He even served in the ranks as a private for six months. At the age of twenty he secured a commission as lieutenant in the First Bulgarian infantry regiment. Three years of garrison life sufficed for his restless spirit, and when the Macedonian question began to attract the attention of the world in 1895, he resigned his commission and took up the cause of the revolutionists.

Saraoff at the time of his death was thirty years of age and it is said that his ambition was to organize a great rebellion, seize Constantinople, dethrone the Sultan and become dictator of a new Macedonian State. Those who were conversant with present European history and diplomacy recognized the utter futility of such a scheme, for Russia and Austria have interests to maintain in the Balkan States diametrically opposed to any such procedure. Nevertheless, Boris Saraoff was a man to be reckoned with.

At the recent Socialist Congress in Dresden, Herr August Bebel re-established his authority in the socialist party, and his absolute leadership is now firmly established. The power thus placed in his hands can be imagined, as the Socialists in Germany muster 3,000,000 votes, more than one-quarter of the entire German electorate, and control eighty-one seats in the Reichstag, thus constituting, next to the Centrists, the most powerful party in the House. As the socialists grow stronger every year, it is not too much to suppose that eventually they will control the reins of government, and that Germany's militarism, naval increase, colonial expansion and world policy will come to an end.

Herr August Bebel, the leader of this great party, is the most interesting man in the Reichstag to-day, and is considered the most forcible orator in that body. His powerful physique, his earnestness and the great force of his arguments win him deserved attention. And yet this is the man who has suffered insult, degradation, fines and imprisonment for preaching what the government considered seditious doctrines. However, calumny, oppression and chains could not down him, and he is to-day the man most feared by the Emperor in his entire

German nation—feared not because he stands for anarchistic principles which some have wrongly attributed to him and his followers, but because he stands diametrically opposed to that theory of the divine rights of kings, which finds its most conspicuous example in modern Germany.

Of the people, Herr Bebel is for the people, especially for the working people whose condition he desires to better both socially and economically. He is a poor man and has none of the advantages of birth and education to help him along in the world. That he has, in

spite of these restrictions, risen to the commanding position he occupies to-day is nothing short of marvelous. He was born at Cologne in 1840 and he was early apprenticed as a turner. In time he became a skilled artisan. He was elected a member of the North German Parliament in 1867 and in 1871 he entered the new Reichstag, where his power was immediately felt, especially by Bismarck and others who sought to combat him. In this year he made his famous statement that for Germany to retain Alsace and Lorraine would be a supreme act of folly. His career in the Reichstag ever since has been brilliant. When the

Emperor denounces him and his followers as the parties of subversion and the enemies of order, he replies that it is neither the Emperor nor his ministers who rule Germany to-day; it is the Junkers, and they will make short work of the Emperor's proposed reforms.

It is interesting to note that when Herr Bebel entered politics in 1867 he was not in sympathy with socialism. But in 1872, under the influence of Herr Liebknecht, he adopted socialistic views. It is told of him that during the years he has sat in the Reichstag he would hurry home to his lathe when the debates were over, and during the recesses he worked hard so as to

have money in hand for the expenses of the next session. And, meanwhile, he was striving with all his force to educate himself and his followers, for he was fully aware of the disadvantages due to a lack of training. With all his labors in the cause of socialism, he has found time to write a novel and other works of a socialist character.

Such in brief is the career of a man whose shadow on the stage of German politics looms large and significant and whose future will be watched by all the world with the keenest interest.



Courtesy of the Literary Digest
AUGUST BEBEL



From The Moorish Empire

"POWDER-PLAY"

Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

Morocco And The Powers

Much speculation concerning the Moroccan Question has recently arisen, due to a report in the public press that an international agreement had been arrived at among the great powers whereby France would support the Sultan of Morocco in suppressing the troubles within his dominions, and would assume a protectorate over the country; Italy would give up any claims she might have in Morocco in return for a free hand in Tripoli; Great Britain's possession of Egypt would be recognized; Germany would receive satisfaction in the form of the open door in these territories, and Spain would be compensated for exclusion from or future expansion in Morocco by France. Shortly after the publication of this remarkable note, the French Foreign Office emphatically declared that any negotiations with Great Britain on the subject of Morocco did not go beyond the question of a general good understanding, and in its turn the British Foreign Office characterized the story as "groundless nonsense." This story and its denial stimulates interest anew in the Moslem Empire and the place it occupies in the question of European diplomacy. France, being the power most concerned in the fate of this empire, has long been increasing her influence there. Morocco lies in the path between Algeria and Senegal, her other possessions, and she seeks to weld the entire North African coast into a Greater France in Africa. In view of this fact, it is well to remember that diplomatic denials do not always alter facts. Still, but a short time ago, Eugène Etienne, Vice-President of

the Chamber of Deputies, and the head of the Colonial Party in France, declared that France was not seeking a protectorate, but only those rights to which her contiguous regions and endeavors in the country justly entitled her. He set forth the claims of the rival powers in regard to Morocco and drew some very interesting deductions therefrom. In his article entitled *The Colonial Controversies between France and England*, published in the *National Review*, notice what he says:

The conclusion to which one is led with regard to Morocco is as follows: In the Shereefian kingdom the only solution which can save us from the worst of complications is the maintenance of the *status quo*, but this general phrase needs to be put more clearly. By "maintenance of the *status quo*" I do not mean that we should take no heed of what is passing in Morocco, or that we should assist unmoved at the internal trouble and the anarchy which threaten to destroy what little organization and regular authority exist in that country. The phrase, "maintenance of the *status quo*" does not mean from the French point of view, that we can tolerate whatever intrigue may seek to insinuate itself under the cover of disorder, or that we can let any who choose cast their

nets into these troubled waters. The policy I advocate is not a policy of inaction. Were we to stand by with folded arms, events might move too quickly for us, and that same "*status quo*" might disappear while we were proclaiming the necessity for its maintenance. The solution of the question which I put aside is that of a partition of Morocco. The solution which I advocate is the consolidation of the Sultan's power, which is just now so shaken. I advocate the reform of his administration (the methods of which are, at present, both rudimentary and restricted in their field of action), not by an armed intervention, but by more sober efforts which shall be accepted by the Sultan himself. Before saying how and by whom such a result may be obtained, let us consider first those projects of partition which crop up periodically in the newspapers, and whose only serious object, it would seem is to beguile the weary leisure of diplomats who may, for the moment, be unemployed.

It is easy enough to draw up a list of the European Powers which have interests in Morocco. Spain, England, and France come first, with interests both political and commercial; next Germany, whose commercial interests are not negligible, and who, moreover, is determined not to be neglected; finally, Italy, whose position one should mention as a matter of form, for her principal preoccupation is elsewhere.

Spain, established as she is at Ceuta and the *presidios*—isolated districts without agriculture, commerce, or future, bare memories of her old struggle against the infidel—has long regarded Morocco as the necessary and natural prolongation of the Iberian peninsula. "Spain," in the words of one of her great ministers, "ends at the Atlas." She drives a trade of seven million francs a year with Morocco; hardly a million francs more than Germany; far less than England or France.

England's trade amounts to thirty-five millions of francs. She held Tangiers in the seventeenth century up to 1684, twenty years before setting foot upon Gibraltar. Time and again—notably by her cession to the Sultan of her establishments at Cape Juby; by her good will in the matter of the Courfamine incident; by her disavowal of the authoritative methods of Sir C. Euan Smith; more recently by the activity which her official, or quasi-official, agents have shown at the Court of Abdel Aziz—time and again by all these acts England has shown that, though she might not desire any territorial conquest, she thought it her right to take a certain rôle at the Shereefian Court, and to have with it the credit of a trusted and influential adviser.

Germany also has followed with marked interest during these last few years the affairs of Morocco. She has shown energy and promptitude in obtaining justice for her own nationals; the forces she displayed in Moroccan waters in 1895 led some to think that she might have wished to lay hands upon Casa Blanca or Rabat by way of guarantees. It was but an empty rumor; as empty as that other more recent fable which attributed to Germany the concession of a considerable territory along the Moulouya. What one

can say with certitude is that she aims at extending her commercial relations with Morocco and at absorbing the coastwise trade.

If I put France last in this list it is not, as I need hardly say, because I regard her claims at the last in importance. On the contrary, it would seem incontestable to any impartial observer that our country possesses in Morocco a position whence proceed rights and duties superior to those of all other nations; even to those of Spain, strong as are the Spanish historical titles attaching to the masters of Ceuta and of the *presidios*. As a Mediterranean power, France cannot dissociate herself from whatever takes place upon the shores of that



From *The Moorish Empire*
A MOORISH

Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.
GOVERNOR



MOORISH WOOD CARRIER

inland sea, whereon her fleet and her sailors occupy so great a place. That is a claim which Spain and Italy might also advance, and England, too, but France has a special claim arising from the proximity of Algeria, from the common frontier which runs for 750 miles between our great Moslem colony and that quick center of Islamism represented by the holy cities over which the Shereef rules. From the very beginning of our occupation of Algeria we have had to reckon with the neighborhood of Morocco, in connection with which fact I have but to recall the battle of Isly, and the bombardment of Mogador and Tangiers by the French squadron, under the Prince de Joinville. No doubt it was impossible, at that period, to draw from these successes, though they put Morocco at our mercy for the time, more advantages than those with which the Government of King Louis Philippe was satisfied. But at the very least France might, as the price of her moderation and restraint, have acquired a marked influence at the Shereefian Court. She did nothing of the kind. The treaty of 1844-45 delimited a frontier between Algeria and Morocco, but that frontier was ill-defined. Hence followed a continual stream

of difficulties, which were used, cleverly enough, against our interests. While the marauding tribes astride of our vague frontier kept our troops perpetually on the alert, and while every operation directed against some Bou Amama or other was represented as threatening the territorial integrity of Morocco, the Maghzen, powerless though he was to police his own frontiers, received with suspicion or with lassitude such demands for reparation as our diplomacy (correct, indeed, but a little simple in its tenacity) was perpetually presenting to the Sultan. Our excess of prudence in the matter of Twat did but strengthen the resistance of the Shereefian Court. In 1891 our Minister for Foreign Affairs declared in the Chamber that "the question of Twat was not a Moroccan but an Algerian question." The phrase was terse and exact, and after the use of it there was nothing left but to go forward. Instead of doing so, we thought it our duty to negotiate with Tangiers. We did negotiate (a course of action which seemed to admit that Morocco had a right to say something upon a question which regarded Algeria alone), and moreover we did not advance, or rather we only advanced long after; a proceeding which may have given the Sultan the impress on that he had rights over those cases of the Sahara which are separated from his sphere of action by the snow-mountains of the great Atlas.

It will be understood, how, under such conditions as these, credence was found for the legend that France contemplated the conquest of Morocco. Hence, doubtless, arose those fallacious schemes for a triple or a quadruple partition, to which I alluded above, and which, for my part, I repudiate as illusory and dangerous.

They are dangerous because combined action on the part of France and Spain (the common theme of these plans) would immediately, by way of counterweight, produce the occupation of Tangiers by England; and it seems to me inadmissible that an English fortress should be permitted to arise on the other side of the strait as a support to Gibraltar.

They are illusory, as a dual protectorate in Morocco could breed nothing but anarchy. They are also illusory because this kingdom, disintegrated as it now is, and so little obedient to the authority of its nominal sovereign, cannot consolidate, or be pacified or developed, on its economic and commercial side, save by the conservation of that keystone which alone forbids the fall of the who'e edifice: I mean



MOORISH WATER CARRIER

Religion, and the respect which attaches to the sacred person of the Shereef.

Now, even supposing that Spain, should she desire to take up the rôle of eventual legatee to this "sick man" of the West, did not by so doing undertake a task beyond her powers, how could she discover in the conditions of her own past, and the yet living memories of her secular struggle against the Moor and the Saracen, those lessons and that necessary experience which would lead her to practise in Morocco the supple, tolerant, and fruitful policy which is necessary in dealing with Mussulman?

France alone can fulfil this task, and Europe should confide it to France. The attitude France took during the recent incident of Figuig should furnish sufficient proof that she would undertake such a task without any underlying thought of annexation. Did she, once so established, desire to assure the peace of the Algerian frontier and the repression of the raids that trouble it, she would do so in the name of

the Sultan of Morocco, and relying upon his moral support. France and Algeria have the right to expect some return for the sacrifices they have made during the occupation of the advanced posts toward the south and the opening up of roads which will soon have other than purely military interests; they have a right to expect a return for these sacrifices in the form of a peaceful development of their commerce.

The task which France would have to undertake (not in a day or a year, but through a wise and prudent advance), the task she would undertake were she intrusted with the confidence at once of the Sultan and of Europe, would be the introduction to the people of Morocco of those economic advantages with which she has endowed Algeria and Tunis. She would develop the wealth of a soil which these people now leave fallow; she would fortify the authority of the Sultan by a better organization of his army. She would put some order into his finances and administration. She would give the country roads.

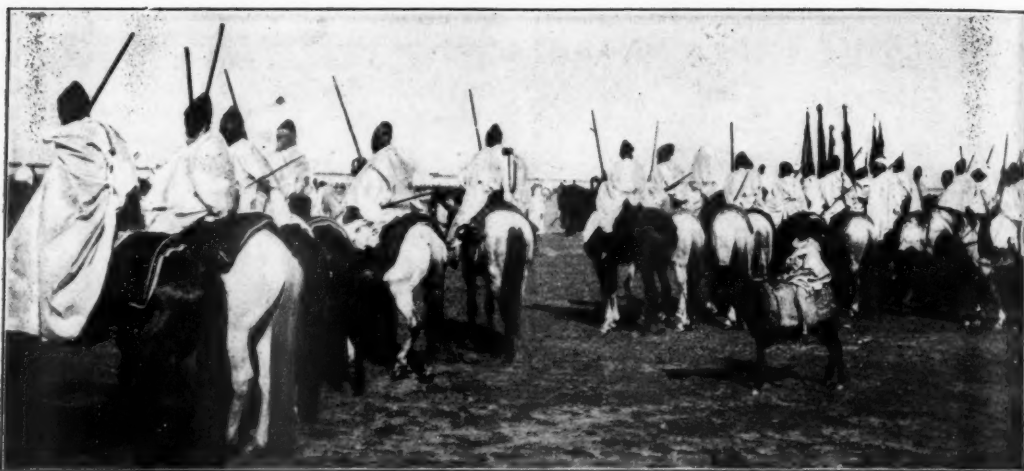
Would such an action benefit France alone?

Naturally enough I count the advantage of my own country first. I will not call myself a Quixote and I discover such an advantage. From the political point of view this policy would suppress, upon the flank of Algeria, a focus of conspiracy, of unrest, and of intrigues hostile to our well-being. The necessity of this solution strikes me with so great a force that I do not hesitate to say that any other arrangement, such as might exclude France from the influence she should exercise, and which she alone can exercise, seems to me inadmissible. The commerce and the industry of my



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

THE BODYGUARD OF MULAI ABD EL AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO, DRAWN UP FOR REVIEW ON THE PLAINS OUTSIDE THE CITY OF FEZ

country would gain by the agricultural and economic transformation of Morocco. I believe my country would take her share of it, but she would not be the only one to benefit by the change. England, Germany and the other countries of Europe would certainly discover such a change to be to their advantage.

That guarantees should be demanded of France, I take for granted. There should be liberty of commerce; there should be no differential tariff; Tangiers should be neutralized and become the emporium of European trade.

Such conditions would be just, and I would subscribe to them in their entirety. I repeat, the solution of the Moroccan question, as I see it, lies in the integrity of Morocco; in the maintenance of the sovereignty of the Shereef; in the giving of a mandate to France to strengthen the country and to protect it against its own weakness; in the neutralization of Tangiers, and in the guaranteeing of commercial freedom.

From those ancient days when Hanno (500 B.C.) made a colonizing expedition beyond the Herculean Pillars until the present the history of Morocco has been extremely interesting. But the Morocco of to-day is not the great Mauretania of the past. Successive dominations mark the history of the country. There was first the Phœnician era. Then followed the Roman and Vandal eras. In time came the great Mohammedan invasions and the conquests in Spain. Then came the foundation of Empire in the Idreesi Period (788-1061) and its consolidation under other dynasties, and finally, its contraction and stagnation. Its history has been one of romance, intrigue and spoliation. From an article by A. J. Dawson, in the *Fortnightly*

Review, we quote the following short pen-picture of the country and its people:

Mauretania, Land of the Sunset, of the Afternoon, of the Far West, Morocco; in its very names, past, present, native and European the realm of his Shareefian Majesty Mulai Abd el Aziz IV, is instinct with romance, compact of mystery, and picturesque, distinctive charm. And that this is not merely that glamor with which men are apt to drape the things and places they do not know is evidenced by the fact that few who visit it (having souls above the banality of the ridiculous type of tourist) fail to return to its shores, once and again, and yet again, just so often as their circumstances permit. For, be it said at once, Morocco is no wanton lover, careless or free with her favors; but rather a somewhat sphinx-like mistress, with eyes voluptuously half-closed, and a personality which reveals its charms gradually, obscurely, and, to the uninitiate, quite sparingly. Here is no glittering Casino, or incontinently smiling Plage. "Admire me, court me if you will," murmurs the Afternoon Land; "or—leave me and go hence no wiser than you came. You will in any case do the thing which is written, and that only. One thing is not written, and shall not be: you cannot disturb me; for I am Al Moghreb of the Believers; upon my left breast lies the Garden of Hesperides; my garland is of the lotus flower; as Carthaginian Hanno found me five centuries before the coming of the Nazarene Mahdi,



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

A MILITARY PARADE

or ever Mulai Idrees raised upon my shoulder the green flag of Islam, so am I to-day and shall be to-morrow. Bism' Illah!"

So one might imagine the essential spirit of Morocco addressing that remote antithesis which the maps assure us is its near neighbor: the spirit of Europe. So the mass of Moors may be said to feel and think. The error is scarcely less grotesque, and not at all less pathetic, than is many another feature of this absolutely old world and barbaric country, from whose shores one may hear the firing of modern guns in very modern Gibraltar, and see the cliffs in the shadow of which Britain's greatest admiral met his end.

During the past thousand years Morocco and the Moors have influenced Europe shrewdly. Yet it may fairly be said that Morocco and the Moors have made no more response than has Tibet to any one among the influences and events which have molded modern Christendom and the mighty civilization of the West. The stately mosques of bygone Moorish warriors (Christendom has nothing to excel them in dignity) are now the cathedrals of Christian Spain; but you shall look vainly in Morocco for traces of European growth and change, or even for a genuine convert (in full possession of his mental faculties) to any European faith. Upon the coast you may happen upon some few moderns among Moors who have added certain European vices to their own sufficiently comprehensive list. Modernity and decadence beyond the average acute are synonymous in Morocco. But this scarcely touches the broad fact, which is that

in all Northern Africa Morocco remains the one corner as yet unexploited, uninfluenced, unappropriated by civilization.

Regarding its intrinsic value, one can affirm little, beyond the obvious facts that it is abundantly fertile, richly endowed as to climate and coast, hill and river, and, that rarest of all things to-day, a virgin land, unravaged by the miner, and no more than idly coaxed and cozened by the agriculturist. As the granary of some overcrowded European country, it were hard to find the equal of Morocco. Gold, silver, antimony, copper, iron, these are among many treasures which the Sunset Land is known to hold in her lap, stores upon which no man has drawn to any appreciable extent.

Turning to the people, the race which occupies this still veiled shoulder of the continent that civilization has for the most part made naked, one finds traces and to spare of change and movement, but never a hint of a step toward Europe, or its standards of progress. The cave-dwelling Berbers discovered in possession—and used with consummate generalship as soldiers by the men who, fleeing from the Mecca of Mohammed's day, founded a Moorish dynasty—remain to-day the same hardy, rock-scaling, semi-savages who resented the Muslim intrusion of a thousand years ago. They are precisely the same men, living in precisely the same way, and they are occupying themselves at this moment as they were occupied then; the same blind, fierce resentment, the same dogged, savage insurrection, the same methods of making both felt.



Courtesy of The World's Work

HARVESTING WITH AMERICAN MACHINERY ON AN ESTATE IN HUNGARY

American Achievements in Foreign Lands

In the history of very few countries is there record of such remarkable and quick development, both political and commercial, as that to be witnessed in process now in the United States. We have literally leaped from a lowly position in the roster of nations to one very near if not at the top. No longer can Europe look toward us as a mere market for her manufactures. Not only is she dependent upon us for our soil products, but she finds that it requires all her effort to meet in her home markets the competition of our manufactures. American goods and American endeavor are to be found in the four corners of the globe. Take, for example, the last few issues of the government Consular Reports. There is no need to go into figures and details—the headings of a half-dozen chapters tell the story: "American Trade in British India," "American Shoes in Bogota," "American Investments and Trade in France," "American Cement Machinery in Spain," "Americanizing Scotland's Industries," etc., etc. Like Puck we have put "a girle around the globe."

There is an element of romance in this "American invasion," or, as it is known across the ocean, "American peril." The newest country of the world is now sending its manufactures to the oldest. Our farm machinery

has almost revolutionized agriculture and has enabled us to compete with the cheap labor of the Continent. Mr. W. B. Thornton, writing in *The World's Work*, says of it:

"American agriculture gratefully acknowledges its debt to American inventive ingenuity and enterprise. It has solved the problem of successful competition with those countries where labor is cheap. The European, the Canadian, the South American and the Australian farmers acknowledge the facts and are hastening to meet the American farmer with his own methods and his own machines. France and Germany are the largest foreign buyers of American agricultural implements and machinery, each having taken nearly \$3,000,000 worth during the last census year. Canada and Argentina come next with close to \$2,000,000 each, Russia, the United Kingdom and British Australia following. The total exports of this kind in 1900 reached the great sum of \$16,099,149, a splendid tribute to the superior efficiency of American farming tools and machinery."

It is interesting to watch certain effects brought about by this introduction of American machinery into foreign lands. With this American machinery go American ideas and American ideals. And there is

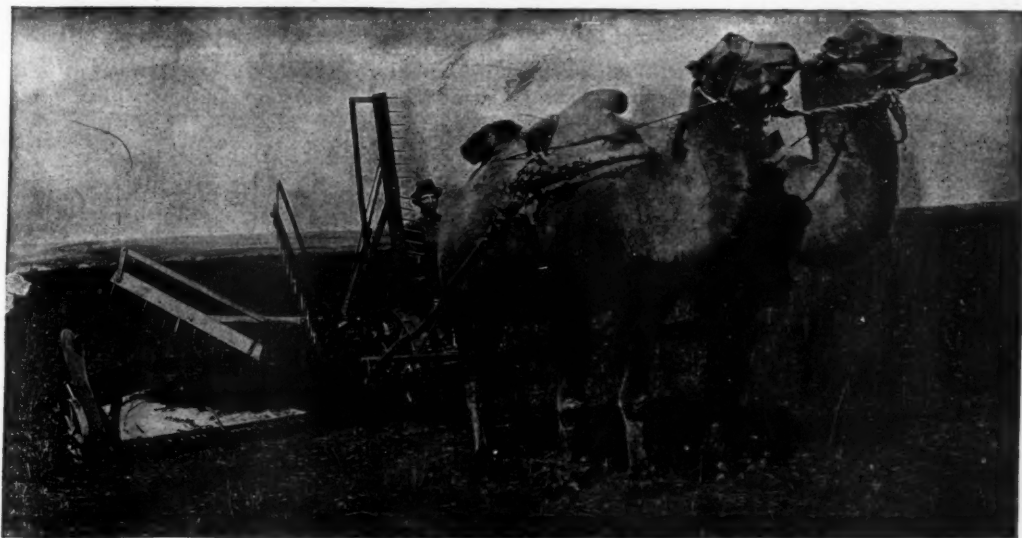
not a country of the Old World where these have gone that has not felt the effect of them. The influence is not so apparent in the larger European countries. But consider what we have done for Mexico. It is at bottom the American spirit that has lifted Mexico from the barbaric to a modern civilization. Mr. Stephen Bonsall, in an excellent article in the New York Herald entitled *The Yankee in Asia Minor*, traces much of the present discontent and turbulence in that unsettled quarter to the infusion of Western ideas—the latter-day crusade to the Orient.

"It is unostentatious, without the blare of trumpets or the panoply of arms. In it the schoolmaster and the schoolman and the com-

naval demonstrations on the part of the Powers, than the fact that there are at least fifteen large modern printing and publishing offices in Beyrout, of which perhaps the best is American, with that of the Jesuits a close second."

Here is a case where the commercial and religious elements work hand in hand. We have sent missionaries to Syria, but we have also sent machinery, the meeting-point of the two diverse elements being the printing press.

But we have gone farther than mere farm machinery. A Milwaukee firm has placed engines and machinery in Glasgow, in Middlesboro, in Sidney, N. S. W., Buenos Ayres, Barcelona, Berlin, Bristol and Dublin. Consider what this means: this firm was able not only



Courtesy of The World's Work

HARVESTING IN SOUTHEASTERN RUSSIA

mercial traveler play the important parts, and they are doing more to undermine the power of Saladin than ever did Richard the Lion Hearted or Louis the Saint. Great steamers come into the harbor every day receiving and discharging freight. They bring machinery and books and oil to lighten the darkness; but particularly machinery and agricultural implements.

"To put it in a sentence—nothing better explains the situation why Syria is seething with discontent and seeks something higher than what is possible under Turkish rule, even when tempered by occasional remonstrances and

to compete with the large firms of England and Germany, but was able to do so in spite of the fact that the machinery had to be shipped from Milwaukee to the seaboard and thence across the ocean—a distance of some four thousand five hundred miles. This is the type of competition which shows the real strength of a country. It is such things, too, that make other countries alive to our importance and greatness. Says Mr. Alexander Hume Ford in *Collier's Weekly*:

That Americans thoroughly enjoy startling foreigners by the immensity of their undertakings is one of our unquestioned traits that has contributed much toward the general Americanization of the world.

In London, the world's greatest city, we are erecting, on the Strand, the largest office building ever projected in either the Old or New World. Having but recently completed the enormous power plant for the London Underground electric system—also American, and, like the power plant, the greatest thing of its kind in the world—we now invade the continents of Europe and Asia with our plans to build everywhere something "bigger" or more imposing than anything of its kind ever before attempted.

In Rotterdam the building of an American life insurance company is the largest and most conspicuous object in the city. Yankee skyscrapers are being erected with American capital, not only in other European cities, but even in India and Australia, while in St. Petersburg, Russia, the finest office building on the Nevsky Prospect is the New American Bank; and so successful has this enterprise proved itself in the one or two years of its existence that branches are being established in all the larger cities of the Czar's domain, and doubtless their surplus capital will be employed,



Courtesy of The New York Herald

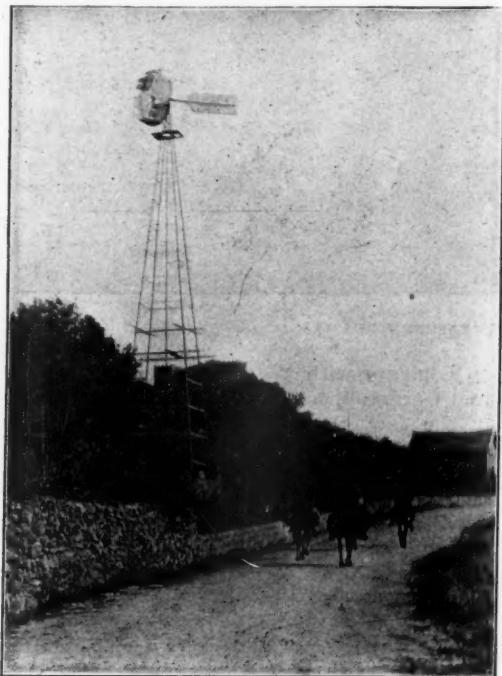
AMERICAN THRESHING MACHINERY IN SYRIA

as at home, in erecting additional skyscrapers to astonish the natives.

Since we sent watches to Geneva that undersold the Swiss article in its own home, the people of the little republic have not ceased to wonder at our mechanical genius, and now that they are having the greatest tunnel in the world, one end of which is in Switzerland, the other on the other side of the mountains in Italy, America has been called upon to supply the tools and machinery with which to complete the great undertaking. So it is that the most powerful air-compressors and largest steam rock-drills in the world are to be found in the Simplon tunnel, which, when completed, will be one more triumph of American ingenuity abroad.

Unquestionably, America's most fertile field for commercial expansion is Russia, the great undeveloped land of natural resources. It is from Russia that, for the first time in the history of American commerce, a Yankee company receives a foreign subsidy. For erecting the most perfect electric equipment plant in Europe, the Czar pays an American company three million dollars a year cash bonus, besides granting twenty-eight acres of land needed for the erection of the workshops now in course of construction at St. Petersburg. This is probably the largest plant in the world for the manufacture of electrical apparatus and equipment, and with its completion Russia hopes to be made independent of Europe—and America—in one more field of industry.

We owe much of the rapid growth of our commercial conquest in Russia to the fact that Prince Hilkoﬀ, Minister of Rail and Waterways, is a graduate of an American machine-shop. He studied our drainage ditch in Illinois—the greatest canal in the world—and sent to Chicago for a young engineer, who has built for the Russian rivers the largest dredge ever constructed. Consuming twelve thousand gallons of naphtha an hour, this monster dredge goes down stream excavating a channel fourteen feet deep by eighty wide; and so successfully is this dredge now working on the Volga, where the American steamer is all the vogue, that both India and Australia have sent for the young



Courtesy of The New York Herald

AN AMERICAN WINDMILL IN LEBANON

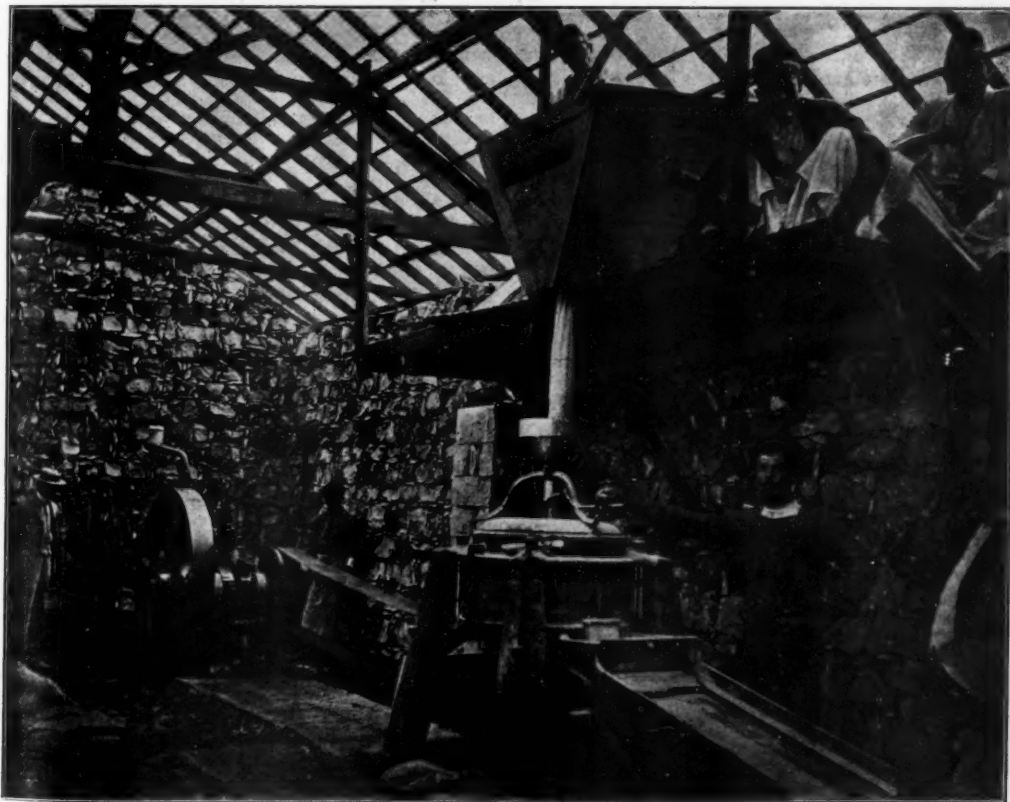
American engineer to come and deepen their shallow rivers.

Prince Hilkoﬀ hopes this summer to establish a fast steamship line between St. Petersburg and New York. A line from America to Odessa is already in operation, brought about by the marvelous doubling every year of our export of agricultural machinery to the Czar's great wheatfield. A recent shipment from a single Chicago firm aggregated over ten thousand tons, completely loading the largest tramp steamer ever built. This was the largest cargo of machinery of any kind ever moved from one port to another.

American big steel bridges made at Pittsburg and hurried to every part of the world, on cable order, are still hastening the completion of railways in Africa, Australia, India, and Manchuria; and now every American transcontinental railway is seeking to bridge the Pacific with steel steamships larger than any afloat on the Atlantic, that the threat of the subsidized European ship owners to raise freight rates, and thus prevent the New World from competing with the Old in far-off places, may react upon themselves. For with an American commercial fleet once more powerful upon the ocean, the world is ours. To such an extent is this recognized by our

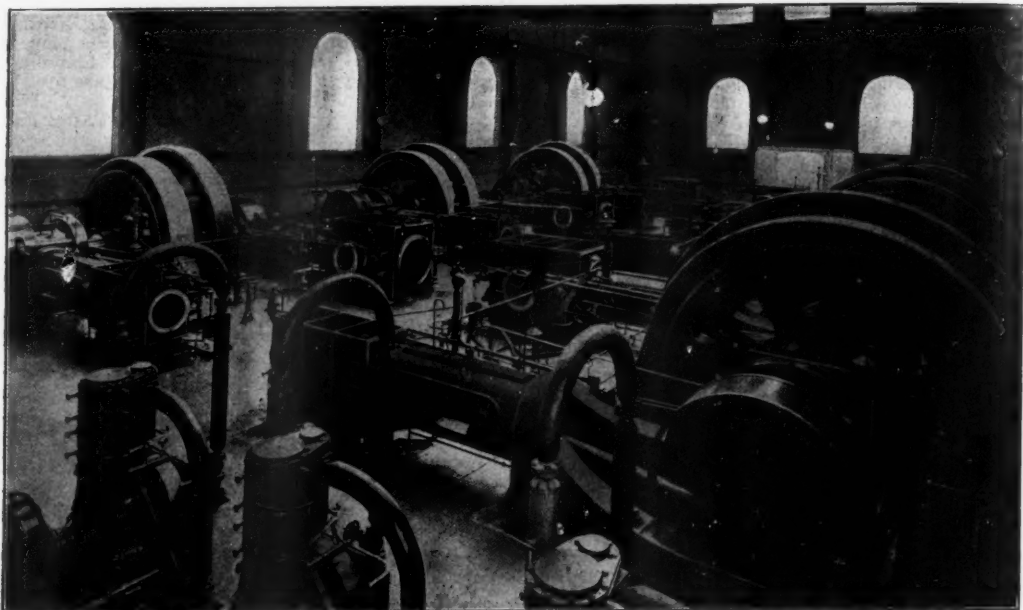
competitors that merely upon the laying of the keels of what are now earth's largest steamships, freight rates on flour from Seattle to Hongkong dropped from eight dollars to three dollars a ton, and our exports of flour to China now take all the surplus wheat the Pacific States can raise; and this withdrawn from European markets, has sent the price of Eastern wheat upward. Sometimes in our efforts to astonish the world we surprise ourselves.

A word more should be said about our success in bridge building—for therein we have truly distinguished ourselves. As Mr. Ford says, American bridges have gone to all parts of the world, and their construction has often called for the most difficult of engineering feats. There are twenty-seven American bridges on the Uganda Railway which runs from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza in British East Africa. The Oroya Railroad of Peru, "a marvel of engineering" and a railroad which cost \$311,594 a mile to build, making it one of the



Courtesy of The New York Herald

MILLING BY MACHINERY IN SYRIA WITH AMERICAN OIL MOTOR



CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY, LONDON, ENGLAND, WITH AMERICAN ENGINES

costliest in existence, was built by two Americans. American brains aided too in the construction of the Canadian Railway. Here is a typical feat, the bridge over the Gokteik Gorge in Burmah. Our description is from Harper's Weekly;

The spanning of the Gokteik Gorge in Burmah is considered one of the greatest engineering feats ever accomplished by Americans outside of their own country. The Burmah Railroad Company officials let the contract to an American company only after the bridge-builders of Great Britain and the Continent had declined to take it, saying the bridge could not be completed in the time specified. An American company asserted that it could be completed, and offered to put up a forfeit if their word was not made good. As a result they were given the contract, and a little band of thirty-five Yankee workmen went to the other side of the world to execute it. In ten months from the time the first girders were put in place, two locomotives met in the center of the structure.

The towers supporting the center of the railroad track are about three hundred and twenty feet in height, and in some places the sides of the gorge are so steep that a plumb line may be dropped one hundred and fifty feet without grazing the rock.

Five thousand tons of steel were riveted and bolted into place before the work was completed. In constructing the towers a temporary bridge about one hundred feet high was built in the deepest part of the gorge. This was used for a tram-road, on which car-loads of material were carried and elevated to the top of the viaduct.

The viaduct carried a gigantic arm which did the work of a thousand men. It contained a machine-shop with tools and forges; an office for the engineer

in charge; a telephone exchange, where the men on it could talk to those at either end of the gorge; and a station where signals could be made to the valley below.

Not long ago the Philadelphia Public Ledger published an article on Foreign Contracts for American Firms. Space will permit of quoting but a portion of it. It will at least suggest something of our endeavor.

An American syndicate proposes to construct and operate a 500-mile electric railway across Nicaragua, Central America. The Nicaraguan National Railroad Company has been incorporated in Washington, D. C., for the purpose. Its capital is \$20,000,000. Pittsburg men are chiefly interested in the enterprise. The line, which is estimated to cost about \$10,000,000, will connect with the existing one at Managua and extend to the Atlantic Ocean, having terminals at Monkey Point and the Perlas. The Nicaraguan Railroad will be converted from narrow to standard gauge.

Americans are to construct and operate an extensive telephone system in the State of Sonora, Mexico. Lines will be built in the cities of Guaymas, Hermosillo, Nogales, etc. The Sonora Telephone Company has been organized under the laws of Arizona to carry out the enterprise. The company has also power to operate elsewhere in the Southern Republic.

The American electrical engineering and contracting firm of Bagnall & Hilles, Yokohama, is figuring on some important Japanese contracts. Russell & Co., of Massillon, Ohio, secured a large contract for engines through them. The General Electric Company, of New York, also obtained some orders for small machinery.

Considerable equipment is now being purchased

in this country for installation in the Thames Paper Mills, at Purplet, near London. These mills were lately acquired by Americans, principally resident in Chicago.

The Westinghouse interests have secured the contracts for the generators and engines to be installed in the power house to furnish current for the operation of the new eight-mile electric traction system to be built in the city of Aguas Calientes, State of Aguas Calientes, Mexico. The contract was awarded by the Western Electrical Supply Company, of St. Louis, which concern secured the contract for the complete equipment of the road.

The Tabor Manufacturing Company, of this city, has secured an order for seven large molding machines for shipment to England. The American Pulley Company, of this city, has some large orders in hand for its specialty to be shipped to Australia.

Europe, China and Japan were the chief purchasers of wire nails in August. Six hundred and fifty-three tons went to the first-named part of the world, practically all of which was taken by Great Britain. The receiving ports were Belfast, Dublin, Bristol, Liverpool, Hull, London and Glasgow. They took 585 tons in all. The exports to Continental Europe went to Genoa, Hamburg and Copenhagen. Australia was shipped 315 tons. China and Japan were consigned 286 tons. To South America—Argentine Republic and Chile—142 tons were sent. Minor exports went to Manila and South Africa.

Pipe exports last month aggregated 1,540 tons. The shipments to Continental Europe were the largest, 692 tons going there in nine lots.

Such is the type of endeavor that has placed us at the head of the commercial nations of the world—for there is where we stand. "We lead all other countries in the value of our exports," says the *World's Work*.

The relative importance of the foreign trade of the principal countries ought to be a part of every man's knowledge. The following table presents the facts briefly. It shows the exports in millions of dollars at four different periods.

EXPORTS IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

| Countries | 1902-3 | 1890 | 1880 | 1870 |
|---------------------|--------|-------|-------|------|
| United States | *1,392 | 845 | 824 | 377 |
| United Kingdom..... | 1,379 | 1,282 | 1,085 | 971 |
| Germany | 1,113 | 792 | 687 | †552 |
| France | 818 | 724 | 669 | 541 |
| Netherlands..... | †696 | 435 | 251 | 154 |
| India | 408 | 347 | 272 | 255 |
| Austria Hungary.... | 388 | 309 | 275 | 192 |
| Belgium | 358 | 277 | 235 | 133 |
| Russia | †369 | 388 | 248 | 216 |
| Italy | 284 | 173 | 213 | 146 |
| Brazil | †197 | 141 | 97 | 89 |
| Switzerland | 169 | 139 | §120 | — |
| Argentina | 173 | 97 | 56 | 29 |
| Spain..... | 142 | 181 | 125 | 77 |
| China | 135 | 111 | 106 | 87 |
| Japan | 127 | 49 | 25 | 15 |
| Sweden..... | †95 | 82 | 63 | 41 |
| Chile | †63 | 51 | 52 | 27 |
| Norway..... | 46 | 35 | 29 | 22 |
| Mexico..... | 42 | 18 | 26 | †28 |

*1903. †1872. ‡1901. §1885. ¶1877.

"It is an interesting review sent out by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, bringing the figures down to the end of the fiscal year, June 30th.

"In 1870, we stood fourth among the exporting nations, for the United Kingdom, Germany and France exceeded us by much. In 1880 we had got the lead on Germany and France, but the United Kingdom was still first, and it remained first till 1893. But since then the value of our exports has exceeded the value of the exports of any other country; and in the last fiscal year they were greater than in any preceding year, except 1900."

Such then is our endeavor and for it we deserve fitting praise. We are doing big things in many climes. Still this very prosperity may have its ill effects. It is not therefore unfit to close this article with a note of warning rather than a eulogy. In an editorial in the *World's Work* the writer points out room for greater expansion of our foreign trade. The source of these words is so high and so intensely American that they should be read by everyone.

We sent abroad last year \$400,000,000 worth of manufactures, half of which went to Europe. We sold one-fourth of our exported manufactures to the United Kingdom and another fourth to the British Colonies. The English-speaking countries buy half the things that we make and sell abroad. Common language has much to do with this direction of our trade. But our trade takes this direction because we know better what our kinsmen want than we know what people of different habits want.

The weakness of our foreign trade, in fact, is yet our inability or unwillingness to make things as other nations want them. We haven't studied foreign trade as carefully as the English and the Germans have studied it. The foreign trade that we have built up has been in those things that must come from us—things that we make peculiarly well for our own market—such as locomotives, electrical machinery, sewing machines, typewriters; and we have thus far regarded foreign trade as a sort of overflow of our home trade—a way to dispose of our surplus. How little we have done in a scientific way to cultivate some of our foreign markets is shown by these facts: Only about six per cent. of our manufactured exports went to South America last year; and only about three per cent. to Africa; and only about eleven per cent. to all Asia. That we sold only about \$43,000,000 worth of manufactures to Asia and about \$24,000,000 to South America shows how little pains we have yet put ourselves to to get the trade of these countries and to adapt our wares to the needs of these peoples.

There is, therefore, not only good reason why our foreign trade in manufactures should have grown so fast, but there is good reason why it ought to have grown faster with South America, Asia, and such countries. Our salesmen in foreign lands and our selling facilities are not as good as our ability to make things.

Play as An Education

By Woods Hutchinson*

Few things are more striking than the apparent wastefulness of nature. But, like all other blemishes, the more closely we study it, the clearer it becomes that the waste is only apparent, and the more plainly the good beneath it stands out.

The fierce ordeal of war is the stern nurse of all the manly virtues, drunkenness the constant and effective eliminator of the unfit, gambling but the noble daring of the empire-builder, the explorer, the trade prince run wild. The loss involved in all these is but a fraction of their gains; the waste, a stepping stone to future economy.

Philosophers and transcendentalists in all ages have mourned over the fearful amount of time wasted in feeding, resting and caring for this dull body of ours—my brother the ass, as Francis D'Assisi tersely put it. To-day we are beginning to grasp the conception that mental gifts and spiritual graces are the perfect flower of our modest body-plant. Aiming at the finest possible blossom, do we waste time in cultivating and feeding the roots?

In the field of education we find ourselves face to face with a striking instance of apparent waste of energy. This is the phenomenon of play, the irrepressible instinct of the young human animal to waste his precious time in frivolous and utterly unprofitable pursuits.

This is the tendency which makes the child a rebel upon instinct. It is a born foe of authority, in whatever guise, the enemy alike of both Church and State.

For ages this was accepted as one of the conflicts of nature, the natural enmity of the carnal mind against everything that was good. But in these naturalistic times the mere strength of the impulse begins to command respect. We feel it to be entitled to at least a fair investigation and study. We are coming to the conclusion that whatever the natural man uniformly wishes to do has a decided element of good in it. One of the first—the silliest—uses man made of his reason was to look down upon instinct. Until quite recently, all that was necessary to condemn an impulse or action was to say that it was the

result of "mere brute instinct." The moment we begin to investigate the pedigree of instinct we find that it is the crystallized result of the experience of millions of generations.

So that, instead of distrusting the play-impulse, its very strength should prepossess us in its favor. We should conclude that it must, at least, have been of high value to the race in the struggle of the past. And we should certainly, as pedagogues, endeavor our utmost to "hitch our wagon to this star" and enlist it upon our side in the process of education. Our point of view has changed entirely. No longer do we strive to fit the child to an education, but rather to fit education to the child.

Education has consisted altogether too much in training the child to do just what he didn't like to do—often for little or no better reason than to discipline him, to "break him in," to teach him that there was "no nonsense" about real learning. We can probably all remember when we counted no study meritorious unless it was hard. If we enjoyed work it wasn't study.

This presumptive confidence of ours is supported at once when we turn to the pedigree of the play impulse. If there be any one character whose degree of development distinguishes man from the animals, and the higher animals from the lower, it is play. With the birth of infancy, helplessness, comes parental care and all that this implies, on the one hand, and intelligence on the other. Play signifies possibility of education. It is the mother of intelligence in the offspring, as love is in the parent. The one physical character which varies absolutely and constantly *pari passu* with the degree of intelligence of the animal form is the length of its period of dependence. And this means the length of its period of play. Play is simply the voluntary rehearsal and practising, under parental protection, of the actions and accomplishments upon which, later, existence itself will depend.

It is educational in the highest sense of the word. The joy of the child's heart is to mimic the pursuits of its parents and ancestors. Formal education is but a feeble imitation, often a counterfeit, of Nature's great School of Play. When the child plays it is not merely

*From the Contemporary Review. Justice to the author demands that it be stated that this article has been necessarily much curtailed.

relaxing itself, getting an appetite, getting health, it is literally building and organizing its body, nay its brain and mind. A quaint old story used to run that bear cubs were born shapeless lumps, and licked into shape by the mother bear. Children are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities and *played* into shape. The reason why we educators—even Froebel—have never recognized play at its full value is that the child's imitations begin with pursuits of its ancestors. The child of to-day is not born in the twentieth century, but in the Glacial Epoch, on the edge of the receding ice sheet. It is born not an Anglo-Saxon, but a Cave-dweller. Its mind is contemporary with the mammoth. Hence, its earliest play impulses have no apparent practical bearing whatever. The child's mind begins where that of the race did, and passes through parallel stages in its development.

From this point of view all his plays become strikingly "prophetic" and rehearsal in character. Basing the division into stages of human progress, in both the child and the race, upon the methods of food-getting, a basis which for numerous reasons, of which space forbids discussion here, seems both most convenient and most fundamental, we find five stages through which, roughly speaking, every civilized race and child has passed. These I have ventured to designate as the "*Root-and-Grubs*," the *Hunting*, the *Pastoral*, the *Agricultural* and the *Commercial*.

Into the first of these our dear little twentieth century Neanderthal manikin is born. To him everything movable is a possible article of diet. At whatever hazards he will test it; his one and only criterion of everything is his tiny mouth.

The moment he can crawl he starts on foraging tours of exploration. This lands him in the *Hunting* stage. Even before he can walk the instinct of ambush awakes within him.

From the *Hunting* stage he rapidly graduates into that of *Warfare*. His darling ambition is to be a "pirut." He demands a gun, a sword, a drum, a uniform, and proceeds to organize an impromptu militia.

Side by side with these martial movements has gone forward the development of the peaceful arts: he early becomes a centaur, inseparable from his horse, whether of the wooden or playfellow variety: driving and coaching is his delight. He acquires garden plots and covets adjacent vineyards of table-cloth size as eagerly as Ahab did Naboth's.

Last of all he emerges into "Time's noblest product," the *Commercial Stage*, in which we are so proud to be living in this twentieth century. Marbles, checkers and shells become his wampum, the swapping mania possesses his soul, games are played "for keeps" or for prizes. He loads himself down with articles of barter, till his pockets bulge like potato sacks. He is now qualified for Wall Street, for "success in life," and what more could any one ask of any system of education?

In short, the School of Play in fifteen short years has brought him from the root-digging cave man to the "Bear" of the Stock Exchange, the modern Captain of Industry.

But this objection will at once be raised: even granting for the sake of argument that play will furnish a valuable training in physical development, in the bread-winning crafts, and in the arts of war and politics, what bearing has it upon intellectual development? Can it ever be regarded, from the point of view of education in its narrower sense, the training of the mind, as more than a mere necessary relaxation, a simple interlude in serious pursuits, a sort of safety-valve for the mental engine?

Here again our point of view has shifted enormously of late years. We have little hesitation in claiming for play well-nigh as important an influence in brain building as it obviously has in body building. It is a question of origins. Both ontogenetically and phylogenetically, there can be no longer any possible question that nerve-tissue, with all its wonderful possibilities, is merely a specialized form of ordinary protoplasm; and that every ganglion cell in the entire brain came into being in response to the economic needs of some part or tissue of the body. Physiologically considered, the brain is the creature and servant of the body. It is a mere telegraph system or telephone exchange, capable of *transmitting* messages, seldom of *originating* them. It receives impressions from the sense-organs and transmits them to the muscles. It is the veriest "middle-man." It usually discriminates between the stimuli messages it receives by obeying the strongest.

It is of course true, as may be objected at once, that the child is born with a brain most distinctively human in shape, and far larger in proportion to his body weight than that of the adult. So that at first sight it appears all ready-made, a blank check for the mind to sign at its leisure. But the brilliant researches of Flechsig have shown that this

huge and apparently "prophetic" aggregation of nerve stuff is simply so much virgin soil, a mass of mind pulp. Probably every ganglion cell, every nerve fiber, which will be found in the adult, is already present, but the fibers are not isolated from each other and organized into systems and association groups. They are a close-packed tangle of naked wires, "spilling" the nerve currents in all directions, until they undergo a process of insulation and organization, enabling them to carry impulse currents in certain definite directions and without spilling, known as "myelinization." This is an actual physical change which can be followed under the microscope, and goes steadily forward until the seventh or tenth year of age, *but if any area of the brain be cut off from its sense organ or muscle group, or the latter prevented from developing, it remains unmyelinized, as at the day of birth.* When the child plays it is literally organizing its brain, myelinizing its mind machine.

If then play be such an important factor, in not merely bodily but also brain development, is it not time that it was more formally and extensively recognized in our systems of education?

I say recognition, and official at that, not mere indulgent and supercilious toleration. Is it wise to continue to regard it as merely an interlude in the "serious" work of education, a necessary but regrettable safety-valve, by "blowing off," through which children will be able to absorb larger quantities of Latin conjugations, rules of grammar and arithmetic? Why not frankly recognize that, when the boy or girl is engaged in vigorous, joyous play, he or she is carrying out an important part of the actual "work" of education, in the broad sense of preparation for life, and give "course credits" accordingly?

This was the idea which was glimpsed by the wonderful, though fitful, genius of Froebel, and which he crystallized into that charming institution, a monument *perennius* are, the Kindergarten.

My only criticism of the system is that it has become a system, almost a cult, a religious ceremonial, and that, enormous advance as it is, it does not go far enough. It does not trust nature quite sufficiently yet. It is a little inclined to load the natural play of the child with certain "instructive" elements, especially moral and mathematical (the square, the cube, the circle and their esoteric implications), far in advance of his grasp. And surely a real "child-garden" should be in the

open air! Modify it in these three aspects and it would be ideal.

Just to get the problem into debatable form I would submit a few practical suggestions. First, that every schoolhouse should be provided with a playground, containing at least ten square yards for each pupil. Second, let there be organized, as an auxiliary department of the Kindergarten and primary grades, a class of play mistresses and play masters, who shall be so distributed throughout the school district that each will have charge of from twenty to forty children.

In fine, the plan proposed would give the child full opportunity to develop naturally, healthfully, symmetrically, according to the law of his being. It would also soon enable us to settle once for all the much-vexed question whether a child's mind has the same natural, definite, irresistible tendency to develop and mature as has his body. Personally, I firmly believe that it has. Physiologists now no longer speak of a child "learning" to walk or "learning" to talk. He *grows* to walk and he *grows* to speak. A healthy child, under normal surroundings, will, just as soon as the muscles of his legs and back and their corresponding centers in the brain have reached a certain stage of development, proceed to walk, unless forcibly prevented. I believe that the child has to guide him in this field of his growth an instinct, or rather two instincts, as real and as dependable as that of hunger or thirst. These are, on the one hand, curiosity, the desire to know, the "want to find out," and on the other, restlessness, the restless desire to do something, the "instinct for workmanship," as Loeb finely terms it. The natural tendency of the mind, like that of matter, is toward motion in a right line, not toward rest.

I fear that such of the "discipline" school of educators as have honored this brief sketch with their perusal will raise a chorus of protest, because I have not even mentioned the (to them) chief point at issue, how, by pursuing play, a child can possibly learn to work. In other words, how, by doing, no matter how vigorously, the thing it likes to do, it can be taught to do the thing it dislikes. This last they hold is the chief purpose of education. The omission is intentional, because in my view the question is not really involved in the position here taken, viz., that the child in play shapes and sharpens the tools, both mental and bodily, with which he is later to work. How the transition is made from play to work is another question.

Cartoons upon Current Events



RUSSIA TEARS A LEAP OFF THE CALENDAR AND FINDS A FORGOTTEN MEMORANDUM—BALTIMORE HERALD



NOTHING DOING—PITTSBURG CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH



YOUR MOVE!—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



FOXY RUSSIA—"WHO SAYS I AIN'T MOVIN'?"
—BROOKLYN EAGLE



"STOP THIEF!"—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.



"TRY NOT THE PASS," THE OLD MAN SAID
—NEW YORK WORLD



SAME OLD TIGER, SAME OLD CUBS
—BOSTON HERALD



FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

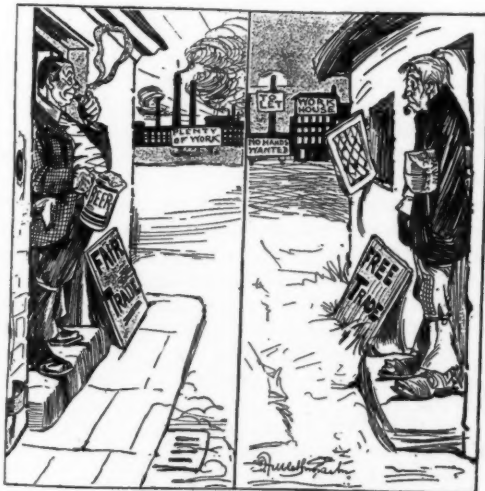
HAMLET CHAMBERLAIN—"ALAS! POOR YORICK, I KNEW HIM WELL. A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST"
—MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER

LADY MACBETH—MR. CH-MB-RL-N; MACBETH—MR. B-L-F-R.

LADY MACBETH (ABOUT TO RETIRE)—"GIVE ME THE DAGGER LYING DISENGAGED; I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN."—LONDON PUNCH



AN APPEAL TO BRITISH WORKMEN

THINK FOR YOURSELVES. WHICH IS IT TO BE?
—LONDON JUDY



UNCLE SAM—"I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ALONG THAT LINE NO MATTER HOW MANY SUMMERS IT TAKES."—TOLEDO BLADE

The Decorative Art of the North American Indians

By Professor Franz Boas.*

The extended investigations on primitive decorative art which have been made during the last twenty years have clearly shown that almost everywhere the decorative designs used by primitive man do not serve purely esthetic ends, but that they suggest to his mind certain definite concepts. They are not only decorations, but symbols of definite ideas.

The origin of certain designs from technical forms is now recognized as an important factor, and it must therefore be assumed that in many cases the interpretation has been read into the design. The existence of this tendency has recently been pointed out by H. Schurtz, and by Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, who has treated in a series of essays the evolution of decorative motives.

In speaking of the process of conventionalization or degeneration of realistic motives, Professor Hamlin says: "Indeed, this degeneration may reasonably be accepted as suggesting that the geometric forms which it approaches were already in habitual use when it began, and that the direction of the degeneration was determined by a pre-existing habit or 'expectancy' of geometric form acquired in skeuomorphic decoration" (*i. e.*, in a form developed from technical motives). At another place he says: "After having undergone in its own home such series of modifications, the motive becomes known to the artists of some race or civilization through the agency either of commerce or of conquest. It is carried across seas and lands, and in new hands receives still another dress in combinations still more incongruous with its original significance. It is no longer a symbol, but an arbitrary ornament, wholly conventional, modified to suit the taste and the arts of the foreigners who have adopted it."

I intend to show that the same processes, which Professor Hamlin traces by historical evidence in the art of the civilized peoples of the old world, have occurred among the primitive tribes of North America.

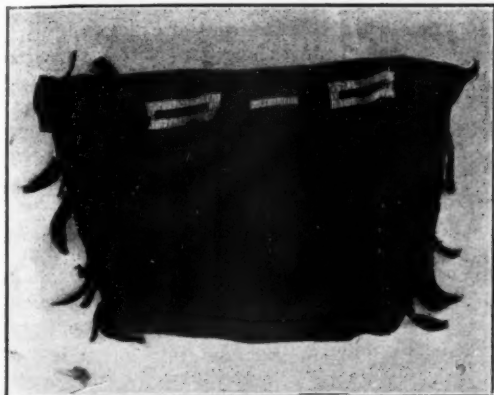
Before taking up this subject I wish to call attention to a peculiar difference between the decorative style applied in ceremonial

objects and that employed in articles of everyday use. We find a considerable number of cases which demonstrate the fact that, on the whole, the decoration of ceremonial objects is much more realistic than that of ordinary objects. Thus we find the garments for ceremonial dances of the Arapaho covered with pictographic representations of animals, their sacred pipe covered with human and other forms, while their painted blankets for ordinary wear are generally adorned with geometrical designs. Among the Thompson Indians ceremonial blankets are also covered with pictographic designs, while ordinary wearing apparel and basketry are decorated with very simple geometrical motives. On the stem of a shaman's pipe we find a series of pictographs, while an ordinary pipe shows geometric forms. Even among the eastern Eskimo, whose decorative art, on the whole, is very rudimentary, a shamanistic coat has been found which has a number of realistic motives, while the ordinary dress of the same tribe shows no trace of such decoration.

This difference in the treatment of ceremonial and common objects shows clearly that the reason for the conventionalization of motives cannot be solely a technical one, for if so, it would act in one case as well as in the other. In ceremonial objects the ideas represented are more important than the decorative effect, and it is intelligible that the resistance to conventionalism may be strong; although in some cases the very sacredness of the idea represented might induce the artist to obscure his meaning intentionally, in order to keep the significance of the design from profane eyes. It may, therefore, be assumed that, if a tendency to conventionalization exists, it will manifest itself differently, even among the same tribe, according to the preponderance of the decorative or descriptive value of the design.

On the other hand, the general prevalence of symbolic significance in ordinary decoration shows that this is an important aspect of decorative art, and a tendency to retain the realistic form might be expected, provided its origin were from realistic forms. If, therefore, the whole decorative art of some tribes shows

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SKIN BAG OF THE ARAPAHO

no trace of realism, it may well be doubted whether their ordinary decorative designs were originally realistic.

The history of decorative design can best be investigated by analyzing the styles of form and interpretation prevailing over a limited area. If the style of art were entirely indigenous in a given tribe, and developed either from conventionalization of realistic designs or from the elaboration of technical motives, we should expect to find a different style and different motives in each tribe. The general customs and beliefs might be expected to determine the subjects chosen for decoration, or the ideas that are read into the technical designs.

As a matter of fact, the native art of North America shows a very different state of affairs. All over the Great Plains and in a large portion of the western plateaus an art is found which, notwithstanding the local peculiarities, is of a uniform type. It is characterized by the application of colored triangles and quadrangles in both painting and embroidery in a manner which is found in no other part of the world.

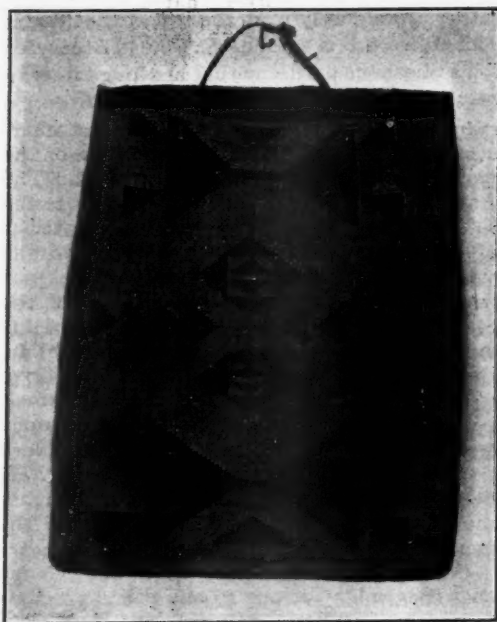
The slight differences of styles which occur are well exemplified in the style of painted rawhide bags or envelopes, the so-called "parfleches." Mr. St. Clair has observed that the Arapaho are in the habit of laying on the colors rather delicately, in areas of moderate size, and of following out a general arrangement of their motives in stripes; that the Shoshone, on the other hand, like large areas of solid colors, bordered by heavy blue bands, and an arrangement in which a central field is set off

rather prominently from the rest of the design. This difference is so marked that it is easy to tell a Shoshone parfleche that has found its way to the Arapaho from parfleches of Arapaho manufacture. In other cases the most characteristic difference consists in the place on the parfleche to which the design is applied. The Arapaho and the Shoshone never decorate the sides of a bag, only its flaps, while the tribes of Idaho and Montana always decorate the sides. Another peculiarity of Arapaho parfleche painting, as compared to that of the Shoshone, is the predilection for two right-angled triangles standing on the same line, their right angles facing each other—a motive of common occurrence all over the southern part of the Plains and in the southwestern territories; while the Shoshone generally place these triangles with facing acute angles. A detailed study of the art brings out many minor differences of this sort, although the general type is very uniform.

Certain types of designs are so much alike that they might belong to one tribe as well as to another. A series of moccasins of the Shoshone, Sioux and Arapaho will serve as a good example. The characteristic forms of all



COAT OF A SHAMAN OF THE GOLD OF THE AMUR RIVER



WOVEN BAG OF NEZ PERCÉS

of these are a cross on the uppers, connected with a bar on the instep, from which arise at each end two short lines. These designs are so complex that evidently they must have had a common origin. It is of great importance to note that nevertheless the explanations given by the various tribes are quite different. The design is interpreted by the Arapaho as the morning star; the bar on the instep as the horizon; the short lines as the twinkling of the star. To the mind of the Sioux the design conveys the idea of feathers, when applied to a woman's moccasin; when found on a man's moccasin, it symbolizes the sacred shield suspended from tent poles. The identical design was explained by the Shoshone as signifying the sun (the circle) and its rays; but also the thunder-bird, the cross-arms of the cross evidently being the wings; the part nearest the toe, the tail, and the upper part, the neck with two strongly conventionalized heads attached. If these are the ideas conveyed by this design to the weavers, it is clear that they must have developed after the invention or introduction of the design; that the design is primary, the idea secondary, and that the idea has nothing to do with the historical development of the design itself.

The similarity of complex designs, combined with dissimilarity of interpretation, justifies a

comparison of simpler forms. These might be believed to have originated independently; but the sameness of the complex forms proves that their component elements must have had a common origin, or at least have been assimilated by the same forms. One of the striking examples of this kind is the cross. Among the Arapaho it signifies almost invariably the morning star. To the mind of the Shoshone it conveys the idea of barter. The Sioux recognizes in it a man slain in battle and lying flat on the ground with arms outstretched. The Thompson Indians of British Columbia recognize in it the crossing trails at which sacrifices are made.

It must not be believed that the interpretation of a certain motive, or even of a complex figure when used by the members of one tribe, is always the same. As a matter of fact, the number of ideas expressed by it is often quite varied. We find, for instance, the obtuse triangle with enclosed rectangle explained by the Arapaho as the mythic cave from which the buffalo issued, as cattle tracks, as a mountain, cloud, brush hut and tent; an acute triangle, with small triangles attached to its base, as a bird tail, frog, tent and bear foot.

Nevertheless the explanations given by various tribes show peculiar characteristics



LEGGINGS WITH BEAD EMBROIDERY

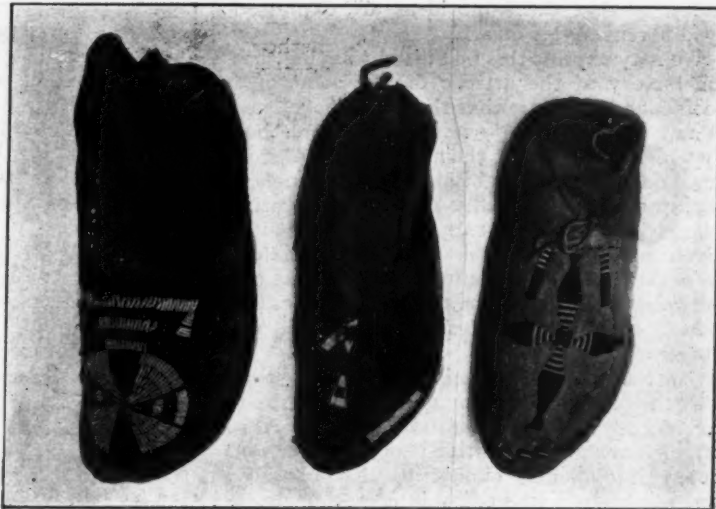
in which they differ from those of other tribes. The explanations possess no less a style of their own than the art itself.

We find, therefore, that in this area the same style of art is widely distributed, while the style of explanation differs materially among its various tribes.

In the prehistoric art of the northern plateaus, in California, on the North Pacific coast, in the Mackenzie Basin, in the wooded area of the Atlantic coast, we find styles of art which differ from the art of the Plains and which have much less in common with Pueblo art. Therefore I am inclined to consider the art of the Plains Indians in many of its traits as developed from the art of the Pueblos. I think the general facts of the culture of these tribes are fairly in accord with this notion, since it would seem that the complex social and religious rites of the southwest gradually become simpler and less definite as we proceed northward.

The so-called "quail-tip" design of California is another example of the continuous distribution of a motive over a wide area, the occurrence of which in the outlying districts must be due to borrowing. The characteristic feature of this design, which occurs in the basketry of California and Oregon, is a vertical line, suddenly turning outward at its end. This motive occurs on both twined and coiled basketry, and with many explanations.

Thus we find, not only that the distribution of interpretations and that of motives do not coincide, but also that the distribution of technique does not agree with that of motives. I think we can also demonstrate that the limits of styles of interpretation in some cases overlap the limits of styles of art. We have seen that on the Plains the style of art covers a wider area than the style of interpretation. It would seem that in other regions the reverse is the case. For instance, the style of art of the Nootka tribes differs very much from that of the Kwakiutl. Although both apply animal motives, the Nootka use very little surface decoration consisting of combinations of characteristic curved lines, which play an im-



A B C
MOCASSINS: A. SHOSHONE B. SIOUX C. SIOUX AND ARAPAHO

portant part in Kwakiutl art, and which serve to symbolize various parts of the body. Nootka art is more realistic and at the same time cruder than Kwakiutl art. The ideas expressed in the art of both tribes, however, are practically the same. In the southwest we find that the culture of the Pueblos has deeply influenced the neighboring Athapascan and Sonoran tribes, while at the same time the decoration of their basketry bears a close relation to that of Californian basketry. Although I do not know the interpretations of designs given by the Apache, Pima and Navajo, it seems probable that they have been influenced by the ideas current among the Pueblos. Among the Pueblos themselves—and in these I include the tribes of northern Mexico, such as the Huichol—there are well-marked local styles of technique and of decoration, and a general similarity of interpretation.

We conclude from all this that the explanation of designs is secondary almost throughout and due to a late association of ideas and forms, and that as a rule a gradual transition from realistic motives to geometric forms did not take place. The two groups of phenomena—interpretation and style—appear to be independent. We may say that it is a general law that designs are considered significant. Different tribes may interpret the same style by distinct groups of ideas. On the other hand, certain groups of ideas may be spread over tribes whose decorative art follows different

styles, so that the same ideas are expressed by different styles of art.

We may express this fact also by saying that the history of the artistic development of a people, and the style that they have developed at any given time, predetermine the method by which they express their ideas in decorative art; and that the type of ideas that a people is accustomed to express by means of decorative art predetermines the explanation that will be given to a new design. It would therefore seem that there are certain typical associations between ideas and forms which become established, and which are used for artistic expression.

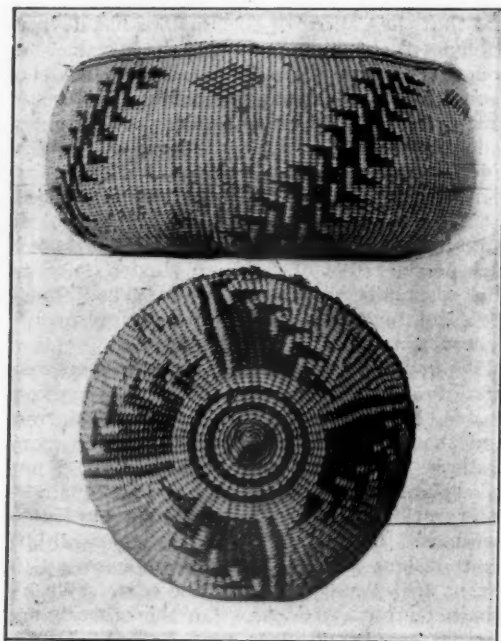
For the present it remains an open question, why the tendency to form associations between certain ideas and decorative motives is so strong among all primitive peoples. The tendency is evidently similar to that observed among children who enjoy interpreting simple forms as objects to which the form has a slight resemblance; and this, in turn, may bear some relation to the peculiar character of realism in primitive art, to which I believe Von den Steinen was the first to draw attention. The primitive artist does not attempt to draw what he sees, but merely combines what are to his mind the characteristic features of an



MÄIDU, CALIFORNIA BASKET

object, without regard to their actual space relation in the visual image. For this reason he may also be more ready than we are to consider some characteristic feature as symbolic of an object, and thus associate forms and objects in ways that seem to us unexpected.

It may be worth while to mention one general point of view that is suggested by our remarks. The explanations of decorative design given by the native suggest that to his mind the form of the design is the result of attempts to represent by means of decorative art a certain idea. We have seen that this cannot be the true history of the design, but that it probably originated in an entirely different manner. The historical explanation of customs given by the native is generally the result of speculation, not by any means a true historical explanation. The mythical explanation of rites and customs is seldom of historical value, but is generally due to associations formed in the course of events, while the early history of myths and rite must be looked for in entirely different causes, and interpreted by different methods. Native explanations of laws, of the origin of the form of society, must have developed in the same manner, and therefore cannot give any clue in regard to historical events, while the association of ideas of which they are the expression furnishes most valuable psychological material.



PIT RIVER, CALIFORNIA BASKETS

From *Winter India*

ON THE GANGES

Courtesy of The Century Co.

The Greatest Sight in the World

By **Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore**

The following excerpt is taken from Miss Scidmore's excellent book, *Winter India*.^{*} This book, interesting in every page, is excellently written. Its author's keen insight and sense of humor make it an invaluable volume to any one interested in India.

The greatest human spectacle in India, the chief incident and motive of Benares life, and the most extraordinary manifestation of religious zeal and superstition in all the world, begins at sunrise by the Ganges bank and lasts for several hours. We started in the first gray light of the dawn, drove two miles across the city, and, descending the ghats, or broad staircases, to the water's edge, were rowed slowly up and down the three-mile crescent of river-front, watching Brahmans and humbler believers bathe and pray to the rising sun, repeating the oldest Vedic hymns. That picturesque sweep of the city front—a high cliff with palaces, temples and gardens clinging

to its terraced embankments and long flights of steps descending to the water—is spectacle enough when lighted by the first yellow flash of sunlight, without the thousands of white-clad worshipers at the Ganges brink and far out in its turbid flood. After three sunrise visits to the river bank, the spectacle was as amazing and incomprehensible as at first, as incredible, as dreamlike, as the afternoon memory of it. I saw it with equal surprise each time, the key-note, the soul of India revealed in Benares as nowhere else, since all India flocks to Benares in sickness and health, in trouble and rejoicing, to pray and to commit crimes, the sacred city being the meeting-place and hiding-place of all criminals, the hatching-place of all conspiracies.

We sped through empty cantonment streets, but in the native city every thoroughfare was crowded. All were streaming one way, and a hum of voices filled the air as we reached the ghats and came upon sight of the multitude

^{*}Winter India. Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. New York: The Century Co. \$2 net. Copyright, 1903, by The Century Co.

standing waist-deep in the sacred stream or crouching on platforms built out over the water. From twenty-five to fifty thousand people regularly—on special occasions one hundred thousand bathers and worshipers, Brahmans and believers of every caste—perform their daily rites in the Ganges.

The lowlands across the river were veiled in haze as, seated in our comfortable arm-chairs on the boat's deck, we floated off into the stream. Just as the sun's disk rose above the hazy, blue plain, a louder murmur arose, a general chant, the measured responses of a great congregation. Each one standing in the stream lifted up an offering of water, tossed a handful three times in the air, dipped the body beneath the surface, repeating the while the sacred mantras, the ancient Vedic hymns, the names of the gods, and the sacred syllable "Om." They sipped handfuls of the holy water, rinsed their mouths, lifted the water and let it stream through their fingers or pour back down the arm, facing always to the east, and moving their lips in prayer. They filled their water-jars and poured it over their heads, and they drank it "to purify themselves," our mentor said, although one group of purity-seekers stood two feet from the mouth of a rapidly discharging sewer, every sort of city filth floating to their hands and water-jars, the bodies of men and animals and decaying flowers floating by. They drank the pestilent fluid, they carried it home for household use, and bottles were being filled to be sent and carried to the remotest parts of India. Western education and sanitary science avail nothing against the Ganges superstition. The British have provided a pure water supply for Benares, but the people prefer the sacred dilution of sewage and cremation ground refuse, thus inviting and encouraging every disease.

Whole platforms of Brahmans went through their morning ceremonies before us as if on a theater stage. Some sat with fixed or up-raised eyes, some with eyes closed—all absorbed, as if in hypnotic trance, slowly whispering and muttering their prayers, lost in contemplation of their fingers, symbols of different gods, dipping each one in the river many times and praying to it fervently as the water trickled off. They dipped wisps of grass in the river and contemplated them prayerfully, meditating on the one hundred and eight manifestations of Shiva, the ten hundred and eight manifestations of Vishnu. They emptied their jars by rule; they prayed, touching their arms, breasts, knees in slow callisthenics as

they vowed themselves to one and another of the pantheon; they produced boxes of ashes and painted their foreheads and smeared their arms and breasts for the day. Others, standing in the stream, drew in deep breaths, closed first one nostril, then the other, and then held both nostrils with the fingers for uncounted seconds.

There were some serious and thorough ablutions going on also, vigorous scrubbings and tubbings that were good imitations of the Anglo-Indian form of godliness. Men waded out to their shoulders, removed their garments, and washed them in the holy water, assuming dry garments as they dropped the wet ones at the steps. Others energetically shampooed their heads with river mud, for soap is impure to their notion. Women came down to the river's edge, scoured their brass jars, rinsed, filled them, and walked away in never-ending processions upon the broad steps. Even babus in gold spectacles and worsted comforters carried off jars of water to pour over some chosen image. The high-caste women had bathed and gone before sunrise, the wives of rajas and potentates rowed off in curtained boats to bathe and pray far from the common horde.

And then there were the fakirs; the real things of one's Sunday school books, ragged, unkempt, ash-smeared objects that seemed hardly human, sitting rigid in their insane, consequential sanctity. Some were so utterly absurd and ridiculous with their fantastic ash powderings, that the young American boy on our boat vented peal after peal of laughter that continued to tears as one ash-heap, crouched like Humpty Dumpty on a sunny wall, mouthed and gibbered back at him spitefully. There were lean old fakirs, mere wrinkles of skin laid loosely over some bones, and strapping young fakirs, whom the police should move on or put to road-making. One able-bodied specimen of lazy holiness sat with clenched hand and uplifted arm, wearing the most consciously self-righteous air; another posed like a dirty salt image on a broken stone pedestal at a corner of the ghat; and a row of toothless old relics sat in their dirt and ashes waiting for certain Brahman princes to come along, as in a stage tableau, and distribute daily alms of rice—"to acquire merit." Each whining, mumbling old fakir held out his hands, his begging-bowl, or a dirty end of rag drapery, the almoner doled out a few spoonfuls of cheap rice, and the rich man moved on to a chorus of blessings, conspicuously well pleased with him-

From *Winter India*

Courtesy of The Century Co.

A FAKIR AT BENARES

self and the increased assets of acquired merit—precisely the Pharisee of Judea. There are more than two million fakirs in India, all leading lives of leisure and comparative plenty; but the prize fakir of them all on the Ganges bank was surely the well fed and plumped out one who had all his bones painted in white outline on his brown skin, and sat comfortably in the sun, waiting for his breakfast to come to him—a living skeleton of the impressionist school. There was finally a dead fakir, propped up against a wall, covered with flower garlands, and soon to be richly spiced and committed to the Ganges, since fire is not needed to purify such holy men.

At sunrise the ghouls of the cremation-ground or burning-ghat began heaping funeral piles for the day's work, and others of this lowest caste were carrying yesterday's ashes to the water's edge, washing them in sieves and pans like any placer-miner to recover the gold, silver and jewels burned with the bodies. The domri, who conduct cremations, surpass the Occidental undertakers in their extortionate charges—for firewood, oil, and the flaming brand for starting the blaze. Shrouded and flower-decked bodies, lashed to litters of poles, were borne down the steps and laid at the water's edge, the feet resting in the sacred river, while the pyre was made ready and the relatives paid the domri and paid for prayers by the

"Sons of the Ganges"—a legion of fat priests shouting under great umbrellas—brigand Brahmans of the river bank, no less mercenary and rapacious than the outcast domri.

When we had twice gone the length of the ghats, drifting down to the railroad bridge and rowing back to the upper ghats, reviewing seven miles of bathing, praying, misguided people, we landed where the crowds were thickest, the din loudest. The well filled with Vishnu's perspiration, and in which Devi dropped her ear-jewel, and the stone footprint of Vishnu, make this spot the center of busiest religious life on the river bank. There priests and people swarmed thickest, all bellowing the history of the pool in one's ears; and the sick and the well, the diseased and the robust, crowded the inclosing steps of this tank of filth, an abominable ooze of Ganges lime, decaying flowers, spices, sweetmeats, butter and milk. They sipped and drank this liquid death and we hastened from the noisy crowd of priests, pilgrims, fakirs, beggars, Brahmans, jugglers, snake charmers, money changers and idlers with sacred cows wearing bead and flower necklaces, pushing their way when it was not obsequiously cleared for them.

It did not seem possible that the Ganges banks could ever show such another sight; yet a second and a third morning we rose by

From *Winter India*

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A FAKIR AT BENARES

From *Winter India*

Courtesy of The Century Co.

THE BURNING-GHAT, BENARES

starlight, drove through streets all blue and lilac with frost haze, to the ghats where the rising sun again glorified the whole fantastic, picturesque line; turning adobe, sandstone and grimy whitewashed buildings into the richest temples and palaces of dreams, and lighting the faces of the thousands of believers standing in the swirling mud stream, as thousands have stood at sunrise for centuries. Even then, one can figure it out that many thousands shirk their religious duties—a cheering sign in a way—for, if the two thousand temples of Benares, with their five hundred thousand idols, are tended by eighty thousand priests, the sacerdotal company alone would exceed the crowds we saw on any one morning. The priests are supposed to be driven all day, to have time for nothing but sacred observances, the bathing, buttering, garlanding, tiring, fanning and tending of the idols and always to begin the day with the dip in the Ganges.

One remembers the Scala Santa in Rome, the scenes at Assisi and Lourdes, when he sees fakirs and fantastics making the rounds of all the shrines of Benares on their knees, and measuring with their bodies the fifty miles of sacred road that sweeps in a semicircle around

the suburbs of the holy city of the Brahman's soul, known to the pious Hindu as Kasi the Magnificent—a city which rests not on the earth, but on the point of Shiva's trident.

If anything could further disenchant one with Hindu forms of worship, it is provided at the temple of Durga, the Monkey Temple. One steps into a red sandstone and pink stucco court, where priests wait for gifts, and gray apes with red faces sit in rows on the parapets, cornice and roof, swarm up and down columns, drop noiselessly beside one, and stretch long, gray arms over his shoulder and clutch at his garments. The big apes chatter and mouth and make faces, and the little ones run screaming to safety, for, when gift cakes are impending, the big apes are violent. The priests

seem little more intelligent than the other sacred servitors, and as more and more apes drop noiselessly to the crowded pavement, the tourist turns and flees.

I had unceasingly demanded the great mahatma, a certain holy man and miracle-worker, who was reported as living in some palace garden of Benares, and but a little way beyond the Monkey Temple. We left the carriage, disputed passage with a sacred cow in a narrow lane, and found the green paradise of the Annanbag Garden, where dwelt Swamji, the living god. This aged seer and sage, a Brahman of so high a caste and sphere that no touch or deed can defile him, to whom no sin is possible, sits in his garden, "air-clad," summer and winter alike, indifferent to heat and cold, hunger and thirst, feeling neither joy nor sorrow, a soul uplifted beyond all further test or trial. He sits there imparting wisdom to his disciples and followers, as Gautama Buddha taught once in the Deer Park, presenting the same old unchanging picture of religious life in the East. Like the Prince Siddhartha, Swamji left home and wife upon the birth of a son. His duty to the world was then done, and all the years

since have been given to study, meditation and the welfare of his soul, learning the great yoga mysteries and passing continually to higher stages. Two disciples early attached themselves to him, and begged for him, and devoutly served him, accompanying the holy man on his pilgrimages to sacred places, and finally to his home, where with tearless indifference he learned of the death of his son, and, addressing words of wisdom to his parents and wife, passed on. Without money, with only a shred of clothing, and no care for the morrow, he traveled all India, and, preserved through heat and snow, flood, storm, cold, hunger and sickness, he came finally to Benares when he felt that he had attained supreme wisdom and triumphed over the world. A pious raja put the beautiful Annanbag (Garden of Happiness) at his disposal, and dropping the one bit of raiment, his last earthly possession, Paribrajacharya Sri Bhaskarananda Saraswati Swamji lives, air clad, in the same state of nature as primeval man, sitting beneath the trees by day discoursing to the circles of disciples, sleeping uncovered on the bare earth at night, and eating only the offerings of fruit and rice which his devotees bring him. He had a kindly face, a gentle, benevolent manner; he was very gracious, courteous and human, and the living god began at once to talk of the impermanence of the world, of the delusions and fleeting joys of which we mistakenly make so much. His richly turbaned native visitors soon forgot our interruption, listening with rapt attention, and each one bowed reverently whenever the saint's eyes were directly turned in his direction. At Swamji's request, a disciple led us to a little marble shrine in the garden to see a portrait statue of the holy man, for this living god is worshiped in the flesh and in the image, there and in other cities.

When we returned to the teacher, he had evidently had more information concerning us from the omniscient Chaturgam Lal. "You write books," said the living

god. "So do I. My books are commentaries on the Vedas and encouragements to the true religious life. I like your spirit. I will give you my book. And you shall learn Sanskrit and read it. You will give me your book. I already know English."

"You are yogi, you are mahatma. You are all-knowing and can perform miracles. Can you see to America and tell me what happens there?" I asked. "You can read my mind."

The smile faded from the venerable face. He looked pityingly, kindly at me. "No, my daughter. No one in India can see to America. Put away care. Do not think sorrow. Do not think money." And the renowned seer of seers, sage of sages, the living god, the Brahman above caste, laid his hand in blessing, like any noble old bishop.

We spent a charming half hour under the Annanbag trees, eating the saint's oranges, talking with him and his visitors as at any garden tea. When we were leaving, the saint threw over our shoulders the jasmine garlands his worshipers had laid at his feet, wound the borrowed chudda around him, and, rising, stalked with the swaying gait of extreme age to the gateway. He shook hands with us fearlessly and conventionally, for he was beyond defilement, and urged us to come again and talk with him in his garden.

We took a boat at the next ghat, and were



From *Wint. r India*

THE WOMEN'S GHAT, BENARES

Courtesy of The Century Co.



A BURNING GHAT AT BENARES

towed up-stream by a rope made fast to the tip of the mast, in the crazy Yang-tse and Asiatic fashion, and then were rowed quickly across to the marble palace of the Maharaja of Benares. Instead of landing at the inviting marble steps, we climbed the mud bank and walked around to an untidy back gate, the land entrance, seeing there an ill-kept menagerie and the frowzy soldiers of the body-guard. We passed through several courts and marble halls to the state apartments, where splendid rugs, tawdry European ornaments and mechanical toys made extreme contrasts, and came out on the marble terraces and latticed loggias overlooking the river, and the city's long line of palaces and temples. The jeweled beauties of the zenana should have been lounging there to complete the picture, but they were shut up behind latticed windows looking on the inside court. This Ramnuggur palace would seem to be the most desirable place to live in, but there is a strong prejudice against dying there or anywhere on that opposite bank of the Ganges. Generations ago the maharaja tormented a Brahman by asking ninety-nine times where his soul would go to from the palace, and the

Brahman, at the hundredth query, assured the great man that his soul would enter a donkey if he died there. Now, when an illness becomes at all serious in Ramnuggur precincts, the victim is hurried to a boat and frantically ferried across.

As we were leaving the palace a fanfare of trumpets and bugles announced the arrival of the maharaja, and we stopped to watch the passing of the handsome young Hindu in his white and gold turban, a becoming red chudda wound around his shoulders. He stopped in front of us, bowed inquiringly, and Chaturgam Lal, in his flowered dressing-gown, introduced us by name, as democratically as any constituent might stop and introduce one to his congressman on the court-house steps. After a short conversation on lines of democratic equality, the maharaja asked us to return and see more rooms of the palace, and take a cup of tea; but it was then sunset, darkness soon to follow, and we had instead to hurry around to the mud-bank landing and drift back to the ghats by twinkling lamplights, a last dull glow indicating where the domri were burning the bodies of the poorest believers.

The "Modern Style" in Jewelry

By Pierre Calmettes

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Without giving a complete history of the jeweler's art, it will nevertheless be necessary in this article, in order to explain clearly by what successive evolutions artists have come to create a style of their own, to go back as far as the 17th and 18th centuries.

During the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI there was nothing to equal the variety, originality, and delicacy of the jewelry worn by the fashionable ladies of that day; rings, buttons, earrings, bracelets, and other feminine ornaments set off their dresses to perfection. But a change soon took place. The grand style of the jewelry under Louis XIV, the exquisite delicacy of that under Louis XV, and the artistic simplicity and purity of that under Louis XVI gave place to the Egyptian oddities of the Empire and the mixture of many styles which was all the rage during the Restoration and in the reign of Louis Philippe. In the shop windows of jewelers under the Second Empire were to be seen copies of English jewelry, and ornaments in the Moorish

and modern Greek styles—unfortunate essays side by side with copies of antique jewelry. For more than a century—from the First Empire to our own day—jewelers were, therefore, mere imitators. On the face of it, this was a most regrettable artistic poverty, and it

was much to be deplored that modern women, like their predecessors in the periods when art flourished, had no jewelry especially designed to meet the needs of their toilet and at the same time accord with their tastes.

The credit of making the first attempt, in our own day, to regenerate the art of the jeweler and deviate from those copies of ancient ornaments which seemed as though they were going to occupy the attention of makers eternally, is due to a French jeweler and goldsmith. Lucien Falize, who, about the year 1867, was in the employment of his father as an apprentice, had the intuition, as the result of study



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COEUR DE BERCEAU—EDOUARD BECKER

in all the art galleries of Europe, that he and his fellow-workers were uselessly following the trade of copyists, whereas they might be raising themselves to the position of true artists by designing and executing original jewelry of their own. So Lucien Falize set himself to the thankless task of regenerating his art by intro-

ducing his own original ideas—fortified by the sound doctrine as to style and composition of the master jewelers of the past—into the execution of the ornaments for which he had received orders. Falize founded a school; certain of his compositions are veritable masterpieces; and to-day his sons continue to inspire themselves by their father's high principles, which, at the 1878 Exposition, received public favor and were considered to be the first expression of a new style.

At the same time that Falize was regenerating *la bijouterie*, a jeweler named Massin was attempting to put fresh life into *la joaillerie*. Let me explain that these two arts are quite different, technically speaking; the *bijouter* merely attempts to give an additional value to precious metals by chasing them, whereas the *joailler* ought to center his whole thought on letting the stones which he is setting express their own value, keeping his work entirely in the background.

Justly tired of copying the heavy, stiff, and regular designs which were in vogue under Louis Philippe and during the Second Empire, Massin hit upon the idea of mounting diamonds in the form of flowers and plants with decorative outlines. He tried to copy Nature, in so far, at least, as truth to her went with the technical difficulties of execution, and he succeeded in producing jewelry which was astonishing for its delicacy. However, though Massin transformed the old methods of setting jewels by definitely breaking away from the old-fashioned style, he had not yet created a style of his own. His diamond flowers did not copy Nature exactly; they imitated her more or less happily according to the practical needs of the setting.

This respectful copy of Nature made its appearance for the first time in 1880 in the workshop of two former pupils of the Paris School of Decorative Arts—MM. Duval and Le Turcq. These two artists completed Massin's researches by designing flowers which were not only reproductions as regards form, but also as regards color by means of metals,

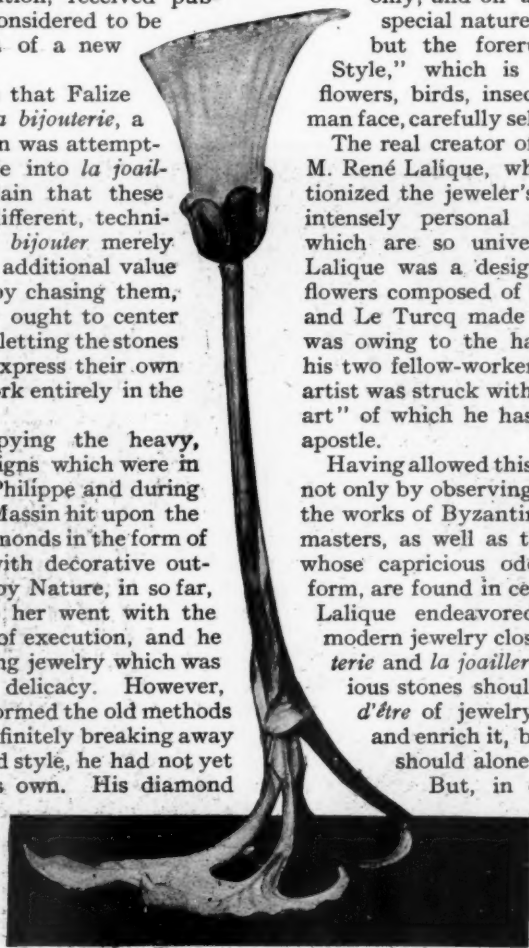
enamels and various precious stones. For instance, in representing the blue cornflower, they would have chosen sapphires for the flowers and emeralds for the leaves, whilst in the case of red carnation, they would have employed rubies, etc. However, in composing their pieces of jewelry, Duval and Le Turcq selected their models from the vegetable world only, and on account of this somewhat special nature of their work, they were but the forerunners of the "Modern Style," which is indifferently inspired by flowers, birds, insects, animals, and the human face, carefully selected and turned to value.

The real creator of the "Modern Style" was M. René Lalique, who has completely revolutionized the jeweler's art by composing those intensely personal and original ornaments which are so universally known nowadays. Lalique was a designer of jewelry when the flowers composed of precious stones by Duval and Le Turcq made their appearance, and it was owing to the happy results achieved by his two fellow-workers that this incomparable artist was struck with the first idea of the "new art" of which he has become the triumphant apostle.

Having allowed this creative thought to ripen, not only by observing Nature, but by studying the works of Byzantine, Greek, and Florentine masters, as well as those of Japanese artists, whose capricious oddities, in an attenuated form, are found in certain of his compositions, Lalique endeavored in this renaissance of modern jewelry closely to associate *la bijouterie* and *la joaillerie*. In his opinion, precious stones should not be the sole *raison d'être* of jewelry; they might decorate and enrich it, but composition and work should alone constitute its true value.

But, in carrying out these new principles, Lalique executed drawings of pieces of jewelry so curious and unforeseen in form, so unlike those known and adopted by the public, that all the makers to whom he submitted

his first designs refused to buy them from him. They would not, they said, manufacture jewelry the compositions of which were illogical, impractical, and which, on the face of it, their customers would not have at any price. So Lalique, who is endowed with a powerful will, determined to disregard refusals and disparage-



Courtesy of The Architectural Record
ELECTRIC LAMP—PAUL FOLLOT



Courtesy of The Architectural Record
CHATELAINE—EDOUARD BECKER

ment, and make his own jewelry. The Salon of 1895 contained a public exhibition of his work. It was a few years before the new style took hold, but once the public taste was formed, it was not long ere Lalique's jewelry was generally considered as the definite expression of an essentially modern art.

However, the constant diversity of the Master's creations has allowed numerous imitators to make spurious Lalique jewelry, and unfortunately, in their haste to satisfy the rage of the public, these plagiarists have clumsily, rather than cleverly, copied the works of the inventor of the "Modern Style." Exaggerating the undoubted defects of his early pieces of jewelry, they have composed ornaments too large in size, or so subtle in their form and

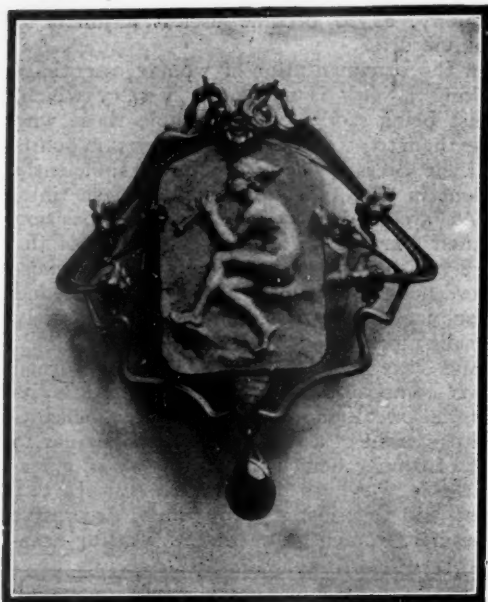
harmony, as to become useless adjuncts to feminine dress.

In the ornamentation of woman essentially striking jewelry is necessary, jewelry which, whilst being works of art, enable those who wear them to attract attention to certain points of their dress. They should be sufficiently violent in tone to soften feminine flesh tints, which are made agreeable by the opposition of their warmth. This was the object of the large polished precious stones of the Renaissance, neck ornaments, bracelets, rings, and other pieces of jewelry studded with intensely sparkling precious stones.

And since "Modern Style" jewelry, learned in its composition, but unpronounced in its materials, weak on account of its very delicacy, and possessed of a subtle charm too similar to that of woman herself, failed to play an efficacious rôle, was hidden amidst the *ensemble* of a dress, and thus lost its pronounced decorative character, women grew tired of wearing orna-



Courtesy of The Architectural Record
ELECTRIC LAMP—PAUL POLLOT



Courtesy of The Architectural Record

PENDANT—IVORY AND RUBIES—JOË DESCOMPS

ments which were more original than handsome. Orders for "Modern Style" jewelry diminished last year at the shops of Parisian *bijoutiers*, whilst commissions for ornaments in precious stones flowed into the hands of jewelers properly so called. Face to face with this possible falling off in favor of the new style, designers of jewelry applied themselves to modifying their eccentricities, henceforth inspiring themselves in their compositions by the sound traditions of simplicity which made the works of bygone ages eternally beautiful. Their jewelry is now original but practical in form, the colors which they choose are harmonious without being insipid, and the "Modern Style" at the present time has strengthened the position which early exaggeration threatened to lose. The quite recent works reproduced with this article are eloquent witnesses to these fortunate tendencies.

One must not forget, in an article on "Modern Style" jewelry, to point out how this style has brought about the double transformation of workmen into artists and artists into artisans. Lalique, now celebrated, began as a humble designer.

Another French artist, Becker, was but a simple workman cabinetmaker in 1898. Brought into prominence through success in a com-

position, for which he worked in his spare time, he has become one of our best composers of modern jewelry.

And there are many other workmen who have revealed themselves to be true artists, thanks to the multitudinous variety of subjects brought to light by the introduction of the "Modern Style," as, for instance: Carabin, A. Point, Joë Descomps, Noch, Falguière, R. Foy, Follot, Yencesse, Thesnar, P. Richard, R. Nau, etc., etc. These names but briefly indicate by what a number of conscientious seekers after beauty "Modern Style" jewelry has been definitely placed in a position of honor. Their efforts are worthy of the warmest applause, for by their attempts to attain the beautiful, they have prevented *art nouveau*, which was looked upon up to the present as a fashion, from disappearing like a fashion; and they have made it take the place which it merits in the train of the older styles in the history of jewelry-making, which, if it is not the most important, is at least the richest of the minor arts.



Courtesy of The Architectural Record

HORN COMB, STUDDED WITH BLUE STONES—
RENÉ LALIQUE

On Trial for His Life

By John Fox, Jr.

The following episode is taken from John Fox, Jr.'s exquisite story* *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, one of the most charming and excellent books published this fall. Chad, a boy, the hero of the story, returns home to find that his dog Jack has been accused of sheep-stealing. The Turners are the people with whom he lives. The Dillons are the enemies of the Turners. Whizzer is the Dillons' dog.

By degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Bluegrass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible, and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house.

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog since the day before the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. Late that afternoon Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking time. Since then, no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet—

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and after, at Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bedpost—an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour, trying to think out a defense for Jack, and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying the night before that he would give Jack up to be killed if he could be proven guilty. "But," the old hunter cried with an oath, "you've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—he would try him; each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go

before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free; if guilty—then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "ole Sal," his rifle, across his saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot, and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder, and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle, and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge, old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the schoolmaster. The cabin was left deserted, the hospitable door held closed by a deer-skin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was a strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's side, other than the boy's own command, but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied, and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the schoolmaster walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground; he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with rude benches of slabs, in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green, through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light, and high above great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit-rider preached during his summer circuit, and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping to the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

**The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. By John Fox, Jr. Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely.

"Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel huntin'?" he asked, and as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from me?"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly, "but I'm a-goin' to have it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had, and what he had was very little, for who but a lover of dogs can give

Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a center—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all—facing the Squire with grave dignity, and looking at none else save, occasionally, the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the schoolmaster. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury, giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called he knew was more friendly to him than to the Dillons, and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial,



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"SQUIRE," HE SAID, AND HIS VOICE TREMBLED, "JACK'S MY DOG"

full sympathy to his kind? And then Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry, one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground, fearing not man nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men, women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad and little Tad, Daws, Nance, and others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the

and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside "'bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one of our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle

and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack: "Hit was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The Squire glared down at the boy, and old Joel said kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners, and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked, sharply.

"You can't axe that question," said the Squire. "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant?"

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him fer contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear against poor Jack, the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offense? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness, and how, one night, Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg until daybreak, and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone, helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog, or augh but

wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose.

"Squire," he said, and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years, an' I want to axe some questions."

He turned to Daws.

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly.

Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the *just* one he kills! *He sucks it!*" Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire, the fust time I come over these mountains, the fust people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh, and Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me, an' they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now, you said somethin' I axed just now was irrelevant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack *ain't*, I know the Dillon dog naturely *is*, and I tell you if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—orten't—to let—that—sheriff—thar—shoot my—dog—until the Dillons answers what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"Whar's Whizzer?"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the evenin' afore the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, Squire," he said, and as the schoolmaster on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated, with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, and again he hesitated, but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What wus they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road—weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arms around the dog; then he rose up and walked out of the opening, while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The schoolmaster put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside without looking up and went on; he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well by —, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hillside where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes that he might not hear Jack's death shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws was at the foot of the hill and she saw him make a

gesture toward her, and then the sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the sheriff saying kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay fifty yards beyond. If the sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one forefoot on it and with the other bent in the air looked, without shame, into the sheriff's eyes as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing *me* here?"

The sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath, the sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them the crestfallen sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack—but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do to get to Chad, and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek:

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing, and at his feet Jack, sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the Sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, with Jack trotting after him. Chad had cut off the raw-hide string, but the sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got somethin' to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, Sheriff, Turners, Dillons and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only Whizzer killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head, and pointed at the strands of wool between his teeth. He turned it over, showing the deadly grip on the throat and close to the jaws, that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had the same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By —, that's so," said Tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him amid a dozen voices, for not only Joel, but many of his neighbors, knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

Matters Musical and Dramatic

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND HOMER

After much expectation and long waiting we have at last witnessed Ulysses, Mr. Phillips' poetic drama. It may be said at once that every one with an atom of art at heart or the desire for a better and more worthy drama, should go to have this play. Many will not be satisfied, and more will be disappointed, but all will feel that to have any such drama upon the stage speaks encouragement and beckons a light out of darkness.

It must be confessed, however, that there is no little disappointment in Mr. Phillips' play. Indeed, the only way to enjoy it is to lock your Homer in a dark closet and to forget that Mr. Phillips has on occasions been compared to Shakespeare. For Ulysses is not a great epic play with the sweep and majesty of the Grecian drama; neither is it a faithful rendering of the

Homeric story. When one remembers the wanderings of Odysseus—Ulysses in the play—the pursuing of fate with all the philosophy contained therein, and when one considers what might have been built upon this theme—a great epic of character forged on the anvil of fate and fortitude—and then when one turns to this episodic play, with its comic gods and sentimental scenes, one is apt to feel somewhat unsatisfied. For Ulysses is a distinctly modern play built with the present-day stage in mind—a thing of scenery and costume and emotional scenes as far from the spirit of Homer as the centuries which intervene.

But perhaps in its very shortcomings this play suggests its virtues. It is disappointing not because it is poor, but because it is not better. We looked for greater things from the

author of Herod and Paola and Francesca. And in truth this is the poorest of the three plays. Even its verse lacks the richness and power and purity found in the other plays. Its theme wants the compelling force and conviction of the other plays. It fails, therefore, rather because of too high comparison. Compare it, however, with the other productions which we see. In this light superlatives spring to the lips. The scenery and staging are excellent. The acting in the main is splendid, especially in the titular part by Mr. Tyrone Power, although some one should teach the company the pronunciation of Greek proper names. If the production does not rise to great heights, it does not sink to mediocrity. The verse at times has both richness and quality, especially in the scene at Calypso's cave, and it is always worthy. Every one who has the good name of the drama at heart should attend this play; and all others, though they will not understand it, should go also. It is distinctly a better and a bigger thing than has been seen in this country for some time and it deserves encouragement.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF COMEDY

Probably the stage has never experienced a period when comedy of every sort is so much in demand and in evidence as now. At the present time of writing there are on the boards in New York City nine musical comedies and nine comedies. Opposed to these there are three dramatizations and just two serious plays, both of which are revivals of successes. Verily comedy has become a very serious thing, almost the absorbing thing on the modern American stage. Why this is so is not difficult to see. We have not as yet in America a theater public. It is true that we have a large class who go regularly and zealously to each new production. But this does not constitute a theater public any more than the somewhat regular church going of a large class constitutes a religious public. A real theater public means the attendance at theater of a large educated class that understands the traditions of the drama, who going primarily for amusement are unwilling to buy that amusement at the price of intellectual debasement. Many of the comedies, great successes to-day, could never live in the judgment of that public.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

But after all, how many people go to see the play itself? How many could tell even the

name of well-known dramatists? Mr. Fitch of the American dramatists, Mr. Pinero of the English, Sardou and Rostand of the French—who of the German?—possibly D'Annunzio of the Italian may be known. But beyond these, to the great mass of theater-goers, to the *matinée* girl and the man-about-town, what other names carry any meaning? The truth of the matter is that we do not go to see a play, but to see an actor, or acting. The managers recognize this fact. Look at the first bill board which you meet. Ten chances out of twelve it will not be the name of the play which greets your eye first, but the name of the "star" who is "featured" therein. You have to examine very closely to find the name of the dramatist at all.

TWO KINDS OF COMEDY

But to return to comedy. Comedy is a *genre* of drama held of somewhat lower excellence than the more serious type of play. As a matter of fact, it should not be so considered. It requires as much skill, indeed more skill, to write. Moreover, it has the same ends in view and teaches the same lessons. A ray of sunlight enters the prism and is resolved into the primary colors. Comedy simply looks at the prism from a different angle than tragedy. Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules* and *Misanthrope* were as far-reaching in their effect as *Othello* or *Hamlet*. The pity of it is that we have few Molières to-day. Nevertheless, we have some men who are writing excellent comedy. They follow the Restoration school of dramatists rather than the French or earlier English. There are Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. R. C. Carton and above all, Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero. Their work is the polite comedy of manners, the exquisite portraiture of Goldsmith and Congreve and Sheridan. Many lesser lights are working in this same medium and are succeeding. There are two excellent examples of this on the stage at present: one by Mr. Anstey, *The Man From Blankley's* is a charming piece of work; the other by Augustus Thomas, *The Earl of Pawtucket*, has had an immense and deserving popularity. Mr. Fitch too, at times, does clever and praiseworthy work, his latest play, *Her Own Way*, apparently being a successful venture in this field.

THE OTHER KIND OF COMEDY

There is another class of comedy, the broader type, that also aims at the comedy of manners but uses freer methods. Compared to that mentioned above, it is as caricature to the por-

traiture. It is in this that the American writer is pre-eminent. With rare niceness he avoids the pure farce and comes nicely through on the line of comedy. He does it by making plot subservient to character. The great example of this is Weber and Fields in New York City. These clever artists have produced a type of comedy entirely their own, a type that at times recalls Aristophanes. Into the barest hodge-podge of a play they introduce a series of clever satires which because of their utter good humor do not offend and which none the less make their point. Nor do they stop there. Understanding as few others the value of color, they clothe and stage their production with a blending of costume and light and scenic effects which are marvels in tone picture. With every element of farce comedy in their work they yet lift it to a higher plane.

THE RETURN OF HARRIGAN

Somewhat allied to the work of Weber and Fields is that which Harrigan and Hart used to produce. Mr. Harrigan, after several years' absence, returns this year to the stage in a play similar to his former successes, and with many of his former associates. It is a wonderful play, absolutely without plot and without any plot interest. Yet it does hold and it does go and it does succeed. Why? Partly because of the excellence of acting, and partly because of the characterization. The Harrigan play is a perfect kaleidoscope of the seamier side of life. It is a photograph of that type of character which is covered by the term, "the fringe of society." The negro, the German, the Chinaman, the Irishman, of course, the "ward-heeler," the gambler, the forger, the race track habitu  , and all those wrecked on the moral seas of life pass before the spectator's eyes in never-tiring procession. Each portrait is done with skill and with as little exaggeration as possible. Omission rather than exaggeration has been the rule. Above all, the plays are kept free from the vulgar and salacious. They succeed because they have human interest. And yet there are managers who demand plot only, who would reduce the drama to a mechanism as stilted as the winding of a Waterbury watch.

A PRODUCTION OF IBSEN

Character is really, therefore, the basis of the drama. It is that which lifts Hamlet from a roaring melodrama. If you doubt this, read the sources of Hamlet, and some of Thomas Kyd's plays, and *Der Brudermord*, which is supposed to be an earlier version of it. It lifts the sentimental love making of an Orlando into a de-

lightful heyday of young romance. It transforms a melodramatic episode of jealousy into an Othello.

It has taken the latter-day dramatist long to discover this. It is true that we have always had "types," but these have been stage types. It is to Ibsen, the Norwegian, that the great debt is due. For Ibsen is the dramatist's dramatist, however much the public and critic may cavil. He has placed his finger mark upon every first class dramatist of the century. Probably in no play is his skill better seen than in Hedda Gabler, the play recently produced by Mrs. Fiske. Here is a theme which in outline is pure melodrama, a story on its surface of woman's jealousy. What does Ibsen get out of it? A profound study of character, and a problem of intense interest.

With the barest of plots he forces your attention and rivets it by the keen insight that he gives you into the soul of Hedda Gabler, one of the most detestable un fascinating characters in the whole range of the drama. Neither in story nor in charm of character therefore does he win his audience. It is by downright analysis. Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Fiske, both for her excellent art and for her production of this play. She has again justified her own lofty ideals and given us new promise not only in regard to herself but to the whole American stage.

MR. CONRIED'S TROUBLES

A new chapter in the Parsifal embroglio has come to light. Papers have been served upon Manager Conried of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the officers of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company in the suit brought by the widow and son of Richard Wagner to prevent the production of Parsifal. The petition, filed in the United States Circuit Court, asks for not only an injunction, but for such damages as the court shall find they are entitled to.

In the meanwhile, however, Herr Conried is continuing his preparation for producing the opera and is getting a good deal of advertising by reason of the suit. Interest in the opera increases daily. The new improvements in the stage of the Metropolitan were consummated with the special idea of adequately staging Parsifal. The expense and labor that all this entailed would hardly have been entered into did not Herr Conried have reasonable grounds for supposing that his determination to give the opera in this country would not be interfered with.

Animal Life:

Stories and Sketches

ANIMAL CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEMS...JOHN ISABELL...LEISURE HOUR

Animals give and take, but no being upon the earth other than man is known to buy or sell. Doubtless, if animals ever judge it wise to engage in trade, they will also adopt the system of co-operative shops, for the principle of co-operation has been well known to them from the earliest times, and there are few departments of life to which they have not applied the principle with great success. They not only join in the pursuit of a common object, which, strictly speaking, is not a co-operation at all, but they also assist each other with definite purpose to effect a desired end. Blue-bottle flies clustering on a dead horse are examples of self-help; bees uniting to build their marvelous hives are instances of co-operation.

The first need of an animal is food; and, therefore, combinations for hunting purposes are natural, if there is to be any combination at all. Not only do wild dogs and wolves form co-operative packs which, by the force of numbers, bear down their prey, but they unite in smaller bodies to execute "special orders." For instance, instead of wasting their strength and perhaps time in pursuing a herd of deer, which might outstrip them in speed, three or four wolves will drive a single deer toward a given point where one of their number is in hiding, ready to spring upon it. This is true co-operative hunting.

Co-operation is sometimes used for dishonest ends. Thomas Edwards, the Banff shoemaker naturalist, gives a diverting account of a highway robbery committed on a heron by three black rogues, aided by a couple of dishonest followers in black and white. The heron had gone a-fishing, and had caught and eaten an eel and some smaller fry. On his way home he was accosted by a carrion crow and two hooded crows, and requested to stand and deliver his hard-earned supper, the magpies waiting to see if they could get any profit out of the nefarious business. They were sleeping partners in the firm. Driving the heron to an open space between two woods, the crows came to close quarters with their victim. One struck at his head from above, while another pecked at his sides. The third seized him by the feet, which are thrust out behind when flying, and

upset him so that he turned complete somersaults. At this the villains cawed hilariously. Unable to stand their treatment, the heron disgorged a fish, which the magpies seized and made off with. Another somersault was turned and a second fish fell to one of the crows. Seeing he could not get rid of the remaining thieves, the heron at last yielded up the eel, and went home supperless, while the crows had a tug-of-war with the fish. Thus rogues sometimes profit by combinations intended to promote thrift.

The dining-rooms of deer, monkeys, rooks, and other animals are, in a sense, conducted on co-operative principles, for some wait and watch while the others feed; and but for the co-operation the diners would often lose their dinners, if not their lives.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson gives a vivid description of the co-operative tactics of wild horses when attacked by wolves. "The moment the alarm is sounded, or its flank is attacked, the horse-herd rushes *not* away from the danger but toward its own center. Here a compact mob is quickly formed, foals and yearlings in the middle, surrounded by a ring of grown horses facing outward. So that from whatever quarter the attack is delivered, it finds itself confronted by an unbroken row of gleaming yellow ivories and iron-like hoofs flying like sledge hammers. And the wolf who is bold enough to charge the square gets nothing but a mouthful of his own teeth down his throat, or a broken skull."

That co-operative builder, the beaver, is well known by repute, and bears a high character. But, just as some elephants are expelled from the herd for roguery, so some beavers, also males, are driven from the ancestral pond and lodges by reason of laziness. These idlers are not permitted to enjoy the fruits of co-operation which they have had no hand in producing, and are compelled to find bachelor quarters for themselves in holes apart from the colony. Co-operation in work must precede co-operation in profits.

Law and justice are made living things by the co-operation of all honest folk. This the eagle owl, found in Europe and Asia, has discovered to his cost. This owl is wont to make a meal

of almost any bird, small mammal, or reptile it can capture; rooks especially being a favorite dish. Naturally, this is resented by the desired victims, and they band together to apprehend the culprit. A warbler perhaps gives notice of the whereabouts of the obnoxious owl, and crows in large numbers, and hawks and falcons assemble to execute lynch law. They worry him until in anger and disgust he takes to flight. This is just what they desire, for they are swifter on the wing than he. Darting down upon him in turn, they scatter his feathers to the wind, until, damaged and depressed, he finds refuge or rest in some hole or tree. Smaller birds, too, combine against their oppressors. All the swallows of the village will assemble in the nesting season to drive away a hawk from their midst. Occasionally a bird's fears will destroy its judgment. A colony of rooks have been known to mob a balloon, thinking it to be some dangerous enemy.

The annual and other migrations of many beasts and birds are really instances of excellently arranged and personally conducted co-operative tours. The route is marked out by experienced members of the community, upon whose memory linger the outlines of cape and isthmus, of river and of island. The members take, so to speak, life tickets, and each complete tour of swift and swallow, of lapwing and of cuckoo, lasts exactly a year, the sun being the unfailing timekeeper. One of the most singular instances of co-operation is that of the lemmings of Norway. These are animals of the mouse tribe, about six inches long, with short tails, which live among peat-moss in mountainous districts. They feed on lichens, grasses and roots; and, like many other of the rodents, breed at a rapid rate. At intervals they set out from the center of Norway to the east or west, going straight on in a dense mass over valley and hill and across river and lake. They are destroyed in countless numbers on the journey by birds and beasts of prey, but at length the survivors reach the Atlantic or the Gulf of Bothnia, into which they plunge and die. It is a vast co-operative society for the purpose of committing suicide.

Ambulance societies are not unknown among birds. Edwards of Banff shot at one of a party of five terns fishing in the Moray Firth, breaking his wing. The bird fell into the water, whereupon two of his companions came, and, lifting him by his wings, bore him seaward, the other couple relieving them when they were com-

pelled to drop their heavy burden. At last they placed him upon a rock, and the gunner attempted to capture his bird. He failed in his object, however, for a whole flock of terns flew to the rescue, and carried their wounded friend out to sea in triumph.

Co-operation is clearly a law of nature, and not merely an invention of man.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE CATFISH.NEW YORK EVE. POST

George M. Bowers, the Fish Commissioner, declares in a recent report that the catfish has not been given the attention it deserves, especially when the amount of space devoted to the black bass or the wily pike is taken into account. These Mr. Bowers was inclined to regard as the most intellectual fish until he acquired a closer acquaintance with the catfish through some investigations made by Professor Kendall of his staff.

The catfish abhors running water. It likes to find a pond with a muddy bottom on which it can repose after having satisfied its ravenous appetite. Professor Kendall says the appetite of an ordinary catfish is a wonder. It eats incessantly day and night, prowling along the bottom of the pond or river with its barbels widely spread, searching the mud beneath and the water above for its prey. It is not fastidious. Anything from an angle worm to a piece of tomato can be bolted with the greatest relish. In the search of food it displays great strategic ability. Professor Kendall has watched catfish carefully select a spot where the mud is the same color as their dark skin, bury their yellow stomachs in the mud with only barbels and dusky forehead exposed, and then wait for hours for the unwary prey. When it comes along out darts the catfish, and that is the end of his victim. This fact alone, the Fish Commission experts declare, is enough to show that the cat is a very intellectual fish.

But there are other reasons for boasting of his brain power. The experts say that the species is easily tamed, and can be trained like pigs. When it is recalled that there are several troops of educated pigs going about the country this is no small compliment. The catfish knows the law of self-preservation as well as any other of the finny tribe. If the water becomes warm in summer, he survives because he knows how to make the best of a bad situation. Should the air supply in the water fail, the catfish, instead of turning up on his back, will set about taking care of himself. He will come to the surface, leisurely renew the air in his swim-bladder, and even,

frog-like or turtle-like, swallow air in bulk, trusting to stomach respiration.

Should the pond go entirely dry, the catfish will seek out some comfortable crack in the mud and lie dormant for days or weeks until the pond fills up again. He is a great lover of home, and when once comfortably settled in a pond will move only on extraordinary inducements. When the spring freshets come the catfish does not permit himself to be washed out of home, as most other fishes do, for he buries himself in the mud, and if the flood dislodges him it only does so by carrying away the bottom of the pond. After such a catastrophe he hunts up a new abode, even gives up all his commanding habit of eating until he is situated again to his liking.

The catfish takes exceptionally good care of his family. Both the male and the female watch over the little ones, and Professor Kendall was agreeably surprised to find that the predaceous feeding habits of the old fish do not go so far as to permit it to eat its own young, as do bass and other more highly esteemed fish. Mr. Kendall in watching a pair of old catfish raise their young discovered that when he threw pieces of beef liver into the pond for the young, the old fish would seize it and apparently swallow it together with the dozens of little catfish which were eating at and hanging on to the meat. They invariably ejected the young fish from their mouths quite uninjured, the parent fish seeming to be able to discriminate its proper food.

MOTHER INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.....CHICAGO INTER OCEAN

"Catlike animals are not as bad as some people paint them," said the old circus man the other evening, as he refilled his pipe. "It is very seldom they hurt anybody who is kind to them," he added, "and the idea that they do not care for their young is all folderol.

"Once in a long while a lioness will kill her young, but nine times out of ten if you are in the way of knowing, you will find the old dame is about half crazy, and is just as apt to hurt herself if not sharply watched. The tigress is a high-strung animal, and when her young are about her she is hard to handle and apt to go mad, if there is much noise or excitement around her den. She is a good mother, though, and licks and scrubs and hugs her little ones with the keenest satisfaction. The youngsters shift for themselves early, and will romp and play like a pedigree puppy.

"I used to let the cubs out in an exercising pen, where they would frisk and play all day

with a half dozen young fox terriers. So long as the youngsters are within sight and sound, the mother tigress is as serene as a pig, but if she should fail to see or hear them, she makes a terrible uproar, and I believe would knock her brains out against the bars if not relieved.

"Like the human mother, when night draws near the tigress wants her offspring at home and tucked close by her. I once cared for a fine-looking tigress called Beauty, and she was touchingly motherly. She had two young tigers, but one took cold and died. Between her and the spared one there was a remarkable attachment. When the youngster got big enough to enjoy the usual menagerie diet for his kind he was separated from his mother. I never saw an animal show more grief than that mother. The poor thing drooped like a wet rag. She usually held her head high, and her neck was the shapeliest I ever saw.

"After the rugged youngster was taken away her face became the picture of sorrow, and her whole manner was listless and hopeless. Her sparkling eyes became dull, her neck shriveled, and her tail hung like that of a wooden hobbyhorse. I finally made the men bring the little one back to its mother. I thought the old lady would go daffy. For the first time in two weeks she jumped around as if she had an electric battery around her, and she lapped and fondled the submissive youngster, just as if he were a midget of a baby whose eyes had not opened yet. For weeks, whenever anyone went near the den of the tigress and her pride, she put the pampered kid back of her and glared and snarled fiercely, as much as to say that the fellow who again took her cub from her would have to do it over her senseless body.

"Now, the lioness likes her little ones just as much as the tigress, but she is not so showy about it. Lion cubs are gentle and make friends with people quicker. The lioness is not so jealous of these attentions as the tigress. She will play with her cubs and put up with a whole lot of bother from them when in a drowsy mood without getting ugly.

"When the cubs are quite small she is cranky about anyone touching them, and if they are taken away from her at this time she is apt to lose faith in her keeper and turn into a bad-tempered beast for all time. For this reason she and her little ones are left alone until the youngsters are weaned and get big enough to be scrappy among themselves and troublesome to their parent. After the cubs reach this growth and are taken away it does not seem in

the least to bother the lioness mother. She probably reasons that she looked after them until they were big enough to shift for themselves, and there her duty ended.

"It is a strange sight to see a playful party of young tigers, lions and dogs. They wrestle, race and frolic with the utmost good nature, and until they are pretty well grown and their savage traits begin to assert themselves they are inseparable friends. I have seen them play 'follow the leader,' and once I saw a foolish lion cub try to climb a narrow upright beam in this game.

"The tiger cub did the trick easily, and the lion cub got quite well up and then fell on the sharp edge of a barrel. It tore his leg and he bled quite a little. The tigress cub and the fox terrier both lapped his face, while the young one stretched out flat and gave every sign of being comfortable.

"Then the little lion got up and limped to his den, half supported by the little tigress on one side and the fox terrier on the other.

The mother lion had scented some evil and was roaring terrifically. When her little one was put through the small door at the end of the cage the fox terrier jumped in, too, and it was a beautiful sight to see the mother lioness show her gratitude to the little dog for his attention to her hurt baby. Meanwhile the cub tiger howled dismally, as if pleading with the keeper to let him join his young friends.

"Another time while this happy family of animal kids was romping about the animal barn, Nibsey, a nimble fox terrier, who spent most of his time playing with the cat cubs, had his foot hurt by a pony stepping on it. Nibsey set up a great yelping and flopped on his side as if he had been shot. I thought Nibs was a good deal of a cheat and was courting sympathy.

"Well, anyway, he got it this time in full measure, for the way those crazy little cubs lapped and caressed and combed this howling dog was a caution. I looked at the dog's foot and saw nothing serious was the matter, and made believe to put liniment on a rag, with which I bandaged it. The little rascal lay still a few minutes, with his four friends sitting around him, and then he got up lamely, as if in pain. Just as I expected, in five minutes more they were going head over heels down the sawdust floor, trying to grab a rolling ball.

"The baby camel is about as shy as any of the young wild animals. It will run under its

mother's legs and hide in fear when any stranger goes near it, until it is several weeks old.

"The young camel grows fast, and as it gets bigger this timidity wears off. The mother camel acts as if it knew the weakness of its young and will protect it from all intrusion.

"The mother has a disagreeable habit of spitting at strangers, if they come too near her newly born, and she has a bad bite for any daring person who trifles with her overzealous care of her baby. She nurses her little one until it gets quite big, and even then it is not good to separate them, for they grow into soothing companions.

"The kangaroo is a tender type of animal nature, and carries its young in the peculiar pouch nature has provided, until the youngster fairly topples out from size. To see her hop around, like a mother bird, to get the little one into the way of using its oddly sized legs, is a curious sight. She also drops strips of vegetables into the little bundle's mouth like a parent bird.

"The kangaroo is a tender-hearted animal, so that it is not safe to take the young from it until well grown, because grief eats away the mother heart like water does snow. The mother monkey is the most worried of all. When a little one comes into the family there is a great time.

"The little one hangs on to its mother like sticking plaster, and all the other monkeys in the family hand over to the lucky mother the choicest bits of vegetables they get in their daily meals.

"The monkey is very fond of onions, and young onions are a delicacy.

"At night time all the monkeys gather round the mother and its babies, and hug as tightly as they can get to keep each other warm, and especially the little snuggler. When the little one gets big enough to notice things, and cut up a bit, like all other young, the mother watches it keenly, and if any other monkey of the tribe bothers her pet the troubling monkey is sure to get a bad licking.

"Little monkeys hang on to their mother's apron strings as long as possible, and even after they get independent and become fighting youngsters, if things go wrong they hurry to the mother for protection and comfort.

"There is a strong family feeling among monkeys, which makes them hitch together when any outsider gets smart around them."

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

LECHTITIN.....WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.....NEW YORK SUN

News Note: Lechtitin, a new food which makes everything grow large, has just been discovered by Chicago scientists.

"Just discovered"—so they say;
But we know it's not that way,
Notwithstanding what they say.
We have known Chicago long,
Growing big around and strong;
Growing out so many ways
That delight us and amaze;
Growing bigger every day
In a most bewildering way.
And are ordinary laws
Of a city's growth the cause?
Not at all. The way that town
Has spread itself has tumbled down
All precedent, and paralyzed
Rules before this greatly prized
In statistics and the books
Of the able census crooks,
And forces us to ask why she
Reaches such immensity.
And the answer comes right in:
Chicago feeds on lechtitin!
Not this year, only, nor the last,
But for many decades past;
Though her science shovers say
They found it just the other day.
Come off! come off! that won't go down;
For years they've lechthinized the town;
Until it's grown so big that they
Are forced to give the snap away.
And yet they have not fed it to
The people of the city, who
Have bodies not much larger than
The natural average size of man.
But they have fed it to the minds
Of great and small and other kinds,
And to their notions and their tongues,
And to their wind-producing lungs,
Until, gadzooks! they've reached such size
That if they tried to lechthinize
Much further on that line, there'd be
Such infinite immensity,
That they would have to lechthinize
The distant, ultra-stellar skies
And spread them to the crack of doom
So that Chicago might have room.

PRAYER OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.....LIFE

Give me a million of dough, Mammon,
Give me a million of dough,
To keep the little life I have—
You'll never miss it, you know.

My best professors leave me,
They're out for coin, and so,
If bigger wages offer,
Quite naturally they go.
Then give me a million of dough, Mammon,
Only a million of dough.

I can't afford a football coach,
I make a sorry show—
A stickful on the sporting page—
Oh, do not say me no,
But give me a million of dough, Mammon,
Only a million of dough.

ENVOYEZ.

A draft, a check or cash will do—
Mais l'envoyez, et p. d. q.

"JUNK".....HENRY TYRRELL.....METROPOLITAN

The second-hand booksellers of New York recently banded to combat the proposed classification of their wares, by the city license authorities, as "junk."

Oh, shades of literary fame,
Must such an outrage be?
Or shall we rise and cry "For shame!"
Against the infamy?
Shall authors from their high estate
To this low depth be sunk,
Until their writings circulate
On push-carts, labeled "junk?"

"Best-selling books," and "Memoirs" green,
To bargain-counters dear;
The serial of the magazine,
The "novel of the year"—
Back to the curbstone these must pass,
To sell by weight and chunk,
The same as woodenware, or brass,
Or any other junk.

O brethren of the facile pen
And rolling-log critique,
Let's go on strike, like other men,
And not be martyrs meek!
Better our manuscripts reposed
Forever in the trunk,
Than thus be published and exposed,
Without disguise, as "junk!"

THE MULE AND MAN.....ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

The mule—he is a gentle beast;
He's satisfied to be the least;
And so is man.
Like man he may be taught some tricks;
He does his work from 8 to 6;
The mule—when he gets mad he kicks;
And so does man.

The mule—he has a load to pull;
He's happiest when he is full;
And so is man.
Like man he holds a patient poise,
And when his work's done will rejoice,
The mule—he likes to hear his voice;
And so does man.

The mule—he has his faults, 'tis true;
And so has man.
He does some things he should not do;
And so does man.
Like man he doesn't yearn for style,
But wants contentment all the while.
The mule—he has a lovely smile;
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good;
And so is man.
He eat all kinds of breakfast food;
And so does man.
Like man he balks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness.
The mule's accused of mulishness;
And so is man.

THE FONT IN THE FOREST....HERMAN K. VIELÉ....BOOKMAN

There's a prim little pond
At the Back of Beyond,
And its waters are over your ears;
It's a sort of a tarn
Behind Robin Hood's Barn,
Where the fish live a million years.

And the Mortals who drink
At its pebbly brink
Are immediately changed into mullets,
Whose heads grow immense
At their bodies' expense,
And whose eyes become bulbous as bullets.

But they willingly stay
Who have once found the way,
And they crave neither credit nor blame;
For to wiggle their tails
And to practise their scales
Is enough in the Fountain of Fame.

THE WHOLE SCIENCE OF FEEDING.....LONDON CHRONICLE

According to the Daily Chronicle, an American sage has discovered that vegetable fare has the following effects: Turnips produce melancholy, beets jealousy, carrots kindness and peas true happiness.

Though I am mournful and depressed.
'Tis not my sins give me unrest,
Of which remembrance you suggest
Should grow to an obsession;
But all life's higher hopes seem dashed,
Since with the mutton, boiled and hashed,
Dear, you would give me turnips, mashed,
And turnips bring depression.

Now, though your mien is so austere,
And your reproaches most severe,
There's really nothing in it, dear;
You have no cause to blame me.
No! 'twas that envy-breeding beet,
Against my counsel you would eat,
Makes you regard as most unmeet
My "goings-on with Amy."

But all your food let carrots be;
You'll smile on Amy graciously,
And never be unkind to me,
Nor I sigh "Willow-waly!"
And then I'll teach you, I profess,
The truest, highest happiness,
For we will batten to excess
On peas, though bottled, daily.

THE NEW STENOGRAPHER.....MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

I have a new stenographer—she came to work to-day,
She told me that she wrote the latest system.
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she
said, like play,
And word for word at that—she never missed 'em!
I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man—
And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir: I have your favor, and in reply would
state
That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.
I wish to say, however, that under no condition
Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition.
I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter out;
The copy will be ready by August 10th, about.
Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly.
Thanking you for your favor, I am, yours, very
truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease
and grace;
She didn't call me back all in a flurry.
Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping
'round the place";
Then said, "Now write it out—you needn't hurry."
The typewriter she tackled—now and then she
struck a key,
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Dear sir, I have the Feever, and in a Pile i Sit
And I except the Offer as you Have reasoned it.,
I wish to see however That under any condition
can I for to Think of a free lunch Preposishun? .
I Shal be in tomorrow To., turn the mother out,
The cap will be red and Will costt, \$10, about.
Materiul of this nation should not rust N. Dooley,
Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours very
Truely."

NO ESCAPE.....NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT

Boracic acid in the soup,
Wood alcohol in wine,
Catsup dyed a lurid hue
By using aniline;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
Served to us as spices;
I reckon crisp and frigid glass
Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
Way down at Cloverside—
It's one-third milk and water, and—
And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
And honey's just glucose,
And what the fancy butter is
The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed,
There's alum in the bread;
It's really a surprise to me
The whole durned race ain't dead

Meantime all the germs and things
Are buzzing fit to kill;
If the food you eat don't git you,
The goldarned microbes will.

Did Things Go Better Before Our Time?

By George Jacob Holyoake*

When this question is put to me I answer "No." Things did not go better before my time—nor that of the working class who were contemporaries of my earlier years. My answer is given from the working class point of view, founded on a personal experience extending as far back as 1826, when I first became familiar with workshops. Many are still under the impression that things are as bad as they well can be, whereas they have been much worse than they are now.

I was born in tinder-box days. I remember having to strike a light in my grandfather's garden for his early pipe, when we arrived there at five o'clock in the morning. At times my fingers bled as I missed the steel with the jagged flint. Then the tinder proved damp where the futile spark fell, and when ignition came a brimstone match filled the air with satanic fumes. He would have been thought as much a visionary as Joanna Southcott who said the time would come when small, quick lighting lucifers would be as plentiful and as cheap as blades of grass in a town. How tardy was change in olden time! Flint and steel had been in use four hundred years. Philip the Good put it into the collar of the Golden Fleece (1429). It was not till 1833 that phosphorus matches were introduced. The safety match of the present day did not appear until 1845.

In tinder-box days the nimble night burglar heard the flint and steel going, and had time to pack up his booty and reach the next parish before the owner descended the stairs with his flickering candle. Does anyone now fully appreciate the morality of light? Extinguish the gas in the streets of London and a thousand extra policemen would do less to prevent outrage and robbery than the ever-burning, order-keeping street light. Light is a police force—neither ghosts nor burglars like it. Thieves flee before it as errors flee the mind when the light of truth bursts on the understanding of the ignorant.

Seventy years ago the evenings were wasted in a million houses of the poor. After sundown the household lived in gloom. Children who could read, read, as I did, by the flickering

light of the fire, which often limited for life the power of seeing. Now the pauper reads by a better light than the squire did in days when squires were county gods. Now old men see years after the period when their forefathers were blind.

In these days of public washhouses, public laundries, and water supply, few know the discomfort of a washing day in a workman's home, or of the feuds of a party pump. One pump in a yard had to serve several families. Quarrels arose as to who should first have the use of it. Sir Edwin Chadwick told me that more dissensions arose over party pumps in a day than a dozen preachers could reconcile in a week. Now the poorest house has a water tap, which might be called moral, seeing the ill-feeling it prevents. So long as washing had to be done at home, it took place in the kitchen, which was also the dining-room of a poor family. When the husband came home to his meals, damp clothes were hanging on lines over his head, and dripping on to his plate. The children were in the way, and sometimes the wrong child had its ears boxed because, in the steam, the mother could not see which was which. This would give rise to further expressions which kept the Recording Angel, of whom Sterne tells us, very busy, whom the public washhouses set free for other, though scarcely less repugnant, duty.

Of all the benefits that have come to the working class in my time, those of travel are among the greatest. Transit by steam has changed the character of man and the facilities of the world. A mechanic can now travel farther than a king could a century ago. When I first went to Brighton, third-class passengers traveled in an open cattle truck, exposed to wind and rain. For years the London and North-Western Railway shunted the third-class passengers at Blisworth for two hours, while the gentlemen's trains went by. Now workmen travel in better carriages than gentlemen did half a century ago. In Newcastle-on-Tyne I have entered a third-class carriage at a quarter to five in the morning. It was like Noah's Ark. The windows were openings which in storm were closed by wooden shutters to keep out wind and rain,

*Fortnightly Review.

when all was darkness. It did not arrive in London till nine o'clock in the evening, being sixteen hours on the journey. Now the workman can leave Newcastle at ten o'clock in the morning and be in London in the afternoon.

Does anyone think what advantage has come to the poor by the extension of dentistry? Teeth are life-givers. They increase comeliness, comfort, health and length of years—advantages now shared more or less by the poorer classes—once confined to the wealthy alone. Formerly the sight of dental instruments struck terror in the heart of the patient. Now, fear arises when few instruments are seen, as the more numerous they are and the more skilfully they are made, the assurance of less pain is given. The simple instruments which formerly alarmed give confidence now, which means that the patient is wiser than of yore.

Within the days of this generation what shrieks were heard in the hospital, which have been silenced forever by a discovery of pain-arresting chloroform! No prayer could still the agony of the knife. The wise surgeon is greater than the priest. If anyone would know what pain was in our time, let him read Dr. John Brown's *Rab Prayed his Friends*, which sent a pang of dangerous horror into the heart of every woman who read it. Now the meanest hospital gives the poorest patient who enters it a better chance of life than the wealthy could once command.

Until late years the poor man's stomach was regarded as the wastepaper basket of the State, into which anything might be thrown that did not agree with well-to-do digestion. Now, the Indian proverb is taken to be worth heeding—that "Disease enters by the mouth," and the health of the people is counted as part of the wealth of the nation. Pestilence is subjected to conditions. Diseases are checked at will, which formerly had an inscrutable power of defiance. The sanitation of towns is now a public care. True, officers of health have mostly only official noses, but they can be made sensible of nuisances by intelligent occupiers. Economists, less regarded than they ought to be, have proved that it is cheaper to prevent pestilence than bury the dead. Besides, disease which has no manners is apt to attack respectable people.

What are workshops now to what they once were? Any hole or stifling room was thought good enough for a man to work in. They, indeed, abound still, but are now regarded as

discreditable. Many mills and factories are palaces now compared with what they were. Considering how many millions of men and women are compelled to pass half their lives in some den of industry or other, it is of no mean importance that improvement has set in in workshops.

Co-operative factories have arisen, light, spacious and clean, supplied with cool air in summer and warm air in winter. In my youth men were paid late on Saturday night; poor nailers trudged miles into Birmingham, with their week's work in bags on their backs, who were to be seen hanging about merchants' doors up to ten and eleven o'clock to get payment for their goods. The markets were closing or closed when the poor workers reached them. It was midnight, or Sunday morning, before they arrived at home. Twelve or more hours a day was the ordinary working period. Wages, piece work and day work, were cut down at will. I did not know then that these were "the good old times" of which, in after years, I should hear so much.

The great toil of other days in many trades is but exercise now, as exhaustion is limited by mechanical contrivances. A pressman in my employ has worked at a hand-press twenty-four hours continuously before publishing day. Now a gas engine does all the labor. Machinery is the deliverer which never tires and never grows pale.

Above all, knowledge is a supreme improvement, which has come to workmen. They never asked for it; the ignorant never do ask for knowledge, and do not like those who propose it to them. Brougham first turned aside their repugnance by telling them what Bacon knew, that "knowledge is power." Now they realize the other half of the great saying, Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, supplied, that "ignorance is impotence." They can see that the instructed son of the gentleman has power, brightness, confidence, and alertness; while the poor man's child, untrained, incapable, dull in comparison, often abject, is unconscious of his own powers which lie latent within him. If an educated and an ignorant child were sold by weight, the intelligent child would fetch more per pound avoirdupois than the ignorant one. Now education can be largely had for workingmen's children for nothing. Even scholarships and degrees are open to the clever sort. Moreover, how smooth science has made the early days of instruction, formerly made jagged with the rod.

Within my time no knowledge of public affairs was possible to the people, save in a secondhand way from sixpenny newspapers a month old. Now a workman can read in the morning telegrams from all parts of the world in a halfpenny paper, hours before his employer is out of bed. If a pestilence broke out in the next street to his dwelling, the law compelled him to wait a month for the penny paper, the only one he could afford to buy, before he became aware of his danger, and it often happened that some of his family never lived to read of their risk.

If the question be asked whether the condition of the working class has improved in proportion to that of the middle and upper class of our time, the answer must be, it has not. But that is not the question discussed here. The question is, "Are the working class to-day better off than their fathers were?" The answer already given is, yes. Let the reader think what, in a general way, the new advantages are. The Press is free, and articulate with a million voices—formerly dumb. Now a poor man can buy a better library for a few shillings than Solomon with all his gold and glory could in his day; or than the middle class man possessed fifty years ago. Toleration—not only of ideas but of action, is enlarged, and that means much—social freedom is greater, and that means more. The days of children are happier, schoolrooms are more cheerful, and one day they will be educated so as to fit them for self-dependence and the duties of daily life. Another change is that the pride in ignorance, which makes for impotence, is decreasing, is no longer much thought of among those whose ignorance was their only attainment.

Not less have the material conditions of life improved. Food is purer—health is surer—life itself is safer and lasts longer. Comfort has crept into a million houses where it never found its way before. Security can be better depended upon. The emigrant terror has gone. Instead of sailing out on hearsay to an unknown land and finding himself in the wrong one, or in the wrong part of the right country, as has happened to thousands, the emigrant can now obtain official information, which may guide him rightly. Towns are brighter, there are more public buildings which do the human eye good to look upon. Means of recreation are continually being multiplied. Opportunity of change from town to country, or coast, fall now to the poorest. Not in cattle trucks any more. Life is better worth

living. Pain none could escape is evadable now. Parks are multiplied and given as possessions to the people. Paintings and sculpture are now to be seen on the Sunday by workmen, which their forefathers never saw, being barred from them on the only day when they could see them.

Can any of the middle-aged doubt that some things are better now than before their time? Now more than one hundred workshops exist on the labor co-partnership principle. Forty years ago those commenced, failed—failed through lack of intelligence on the part of workers. The quality of workmen to be found everywhere in our day did not exist then. Sixteen years ago there were little more than a dozen workshops owned and conducted by workingmen. There are more than a hundred now; and hundreds in which the workers receive an addition to their wages, undreamt of in the last generation. In this, and in other respects, things go better than they did. Though there is still need of enlargement, the means of self-defense are not altogether wanting. Co-operation has arisen—a new force for the self-extrication of the lowest. Without charity, or patronage, or asking anything from the State, it puts into each man's hand the "means to cancel his captivity."

The manners of the rich are better. Their sympathy with the people has increased. Their power of doing ill is no longer absolute. Employers think more of the condition of those who labor for them. The better sort still throw crumbs to Lazarus. But now Dives is expected to explain why it is that Lazarus cannot get crumbs himself.

In ways still untold the labor class is gradually attaining to social equality with the idle class and to that independence hitherto the privilege of those who do nothing. The workman's power of self-defense grows—his influence extends—his rights enlarge. Injury suffered in industry is beginning to be compensated; even old-age pensions are in the air, though not as yet anywhere else. Notwithstanding, "John Brown's soul goes marching on." But it must be owned its shoes are a little down at the heels. Nevertheless, though there is yet much to be done—more liberty to win, more improvements to attain, and more than all, if it be possible, permanences of prosperity to secure—I agree with Sidney Smith—

"For olden times let others prate,
I deem it lucky I was born so late."

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

In the July number of *CURRENT LITERATURE*, an excerpt was given under the heading of The Mosquito Plant, telling how an Indian basil was used as a prophylactic against mosquitoes. In the editorial remarks connected with the passage, it was suggested that experiments should be made with American plants nearly allied to the *Ocimum sanctum* referred to. As precept is of little avail without practice, the writer of those remarks tried to secure immunity from the attentions of the sirens by using three plants closely allied to the basils: garden thyme, summer savory, and American pennyroyal. Each plant was used in bunches tied around the porch, in the form of bruised leaves smeared over the hands and face and neck; and in strong infusion applied to the same parts with a sponge. As far as the experimenter was concerned, the result was a failure, a rank failure. The only gain was a feeling of self-satisfaction over a sacrifice dictated by the spirit of altruism, but that did not soothe the smart. In connection with this subject, however, it is interesting to see that the "mosquito plant" itself has raised a discussion among the British savants. It appears that two plants are concerned, *Ocimum sanctum* of India and *Ocimum viride* of West Africa. Both are largely used in native medicine, being credited with febrifugal properties. As the subject is one of interest to the botanist, as well as to the professor of hygiene, the latest phase of the controversy is here given:

THE "MOSQUITO PLANT".....PHILADELPHIA LEDGER

An interesting controversy has been going on in the columns of the *London Times* over the supposed virtues of the "mosquito plant," the name given to a variety of basil, the *ocimum viride*. Last April Captain Larymore, the British Resident in Northern Nigeria, published a letter in which he asserted that by placing two or three pots of "mosquito plant" in each room of the house, and others along the windward side of the veranda, the place could be kept practically free from mosquitoes. He described an experiment which showed that a mosquito inclosed within a leaf of the plant became stupefied, and he added that an infusion of the leaves of the plant was held by the natives to be more efficacious than quinine as a remedy for malarial fever. He suggested that the plant be used in barracks in India.

Sir George Birdwood, the well-known naturalist, wrote a day or two afterward that allied basil plants had been known from time

immemorial as a defense against mosquitoes, and as a prophylactic in malarial districts in India. (Here follows the information given in our July number.)

Captain Larymore took with him to England a growing specimen of the plant, which he gave to the authorities at Kew Gardens, the great botanical establishment near London. The officials there were much interested in the captain's statements, but they are now convinced that there was no foundation for them. The Director of Kew Gardens wrote to the *London Times* on July 24 inclosing a report made to the Governor of Sierra Leone by Dr. Prout, the principal medical officer of the colony. Dr. Prout gave lengthy details of experiments with a dozen mosquitoes and the "mosquito plant." The experiments failed utterly to show that the plant had any effect in driving away the insects. The Director in his letter made some rather sarcastic observations on "easy empirical" remedies, and the *London Times* printed a leading article in which it declared that the "mosquito plant" had been shown to be "utterly useless."

Since then both Captain Larymore and Sir George Birdwood have written to the *Times* declining to withdraw their statements as to the efficacy of the basil. Both pointed out that experiments with single pots of the plant and a few mosquitoes could not be regarded as conclusive, and that the real question was the weight of practical experience against a single series of experiments. Captain Larymore said: I think it unfortunate that the superficial experiments with a dozen mosquitoes which were conducted at Sierra Leone should have been accepted as conclusive evidence that the plant in question does not possess the properties ascribed to it. Natives from time immemorial have held that the plant does possess the properties I have ascribed to it, and the original cause of its becoming sacred in India, where it is still worshipped, was doubtless due to this fact. I must again repeat that the particular *ocimum* given me by the natives in Northern Nigeria does possess the power of driving away mosquitoes, especially a healthy

plant with its leaves bruised. My wife, who was with me, invariably used the leaves at night under openworked stockings to protect her ankles, and at dinner the complete immunity enjoyed by her was very obvious indeed. In any case, I shall always make a point of having a hedge of the plant, if possible, in every garden I own in the tropics.

One of the most pleasing results of the impetus which has been given to gardening of late years is the attention given to bulbs as a means of clothing the earth with beauty at a season when, without due judgment and careful preparation, the environs of the home are desolate. Too frequently the garden presents a blaze of color for a month or two in summer, and during the rest of the year possesses little of interest or charm. It is possible, however, with very little forethought indeed, to make it a source of pleasure for every month of the year. Some flowers, like chrysanthemums and Japanese anemones, will carry us well towards Christmas, at least; and before the snow is off the ground we may be looking at snowdrops, winter aconite and the like, little gems at all times, but peculiarly so when all around is devoid of active plant life. To quote from a florist's catalogue which lies on the table:

A reason why bulbs are prized so highly is that a large number of them produce their flowers in very early spring, when the rest of Nature is asleep. Then it is that a clump of snowdrops, scillas, or chionodoxas impart to the garden an air of warmth and cheer that cannot be accomplished in any other way. Following these modest flowers come the showier crocus, narcissus, hyacinths, tulips, etc., in all their dazzling colors, keeping up a continuous display well into the summer. With no other material can be secured such a wealth of charming flowers of infinite variety of form and coloring, with so little trouble and at so small an outlay.

Forethought, the trouble and the outlay, however, must be exercised and bestowed just about the time when this number of *CURRENT LITERATURE* falls into the hands of its readers. Hence there need be no apology for giving the following excellent passage for the guidance of those who desire a spring display of flowers:

HARDY BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

The time to prepare for the spring feast of flowers is in the fall. Too often people forget all about it until they see the tulips in the parks or in their neighbors' gardens, and they hie to the bulb-seller in a quest for bulbs. Generally speaking, from the middle of October until the ground is closed with frost the bulbs for spring flowering may be planted. Some of the species are late in ripening—lily-of-the-valley, for instance—and so the planting stock is not available until November. In

our northern climate frost and snow may have made their appearance before these are procurable, so the expedient of covering the ground where they are to be planted must be adopted. Coarse bagging spread over the ground and a covering of three or four inches of leaves, hay or litter of any kind will answer. The best bulb garden the writer ever had—a small one, 'tis true—was planted on New Year's Day, the soil having been kept frost-free by the method described. However, unquestionably, the earlier the better. The first customers get the best stock, and the amateur will do well to order his bulbs in September, or earlier, if they are to be imported.

The ideal soil for most bulbs is a friable, sandy loam, well enriched with barnyard manure in which there is a goodly proportion of cow manure. This, bear in mind, must be thoroughly rotted and mixed to obtain best results. It is a common practice for amateurs to get manure fresh from the horse stables and put it on the soil. The fermentation is almost sure to kill the roots. In case properly prepared barnyard manure is not available, then concentrated fertilizer may be used. This can be obtained of any dealer. The brand does not make much difference. Any complete fertilizer will do. Of vital importance it is to dig thoroughly the soil, and pulverize it also, to see that water does not lodge on the beds where bulbs are planted. Let them be raised above the surface of the garden and sufficiently convex to shed the rain that falls. It will repay, also, to cover the beds with two or three inches of the manure already described, not alone for the protection given to the bulbs, but also for the sustenance derived from it. That covering should be taken off in the spring when all danger of severe frost is past, about the time the bulbs begin to send up their growths. This refers particularly to hyacinths and tulips, but applies to nearly all varieties.

The place to plant bulbs and the formation of the beds must be determined by the individual facilities of the planter. If opportunity exists to have large beds in fancy designs, they should be adopted—nothing is more attractive. For this purpose hyacinths and tulips are admirably fitted. Curved beds or fancy scrolls of tulips along the drives of large estates, or even on modest ones, are most effective. In planting, care should be taken to obtain varieties which bloom at the same time and attain the same heights, or the desired effect will be lost. Any bed design which suits the owner's fancy and will harmonize with the

surroundings may be adopted for planting hyacinths and tulips. Good contrasting colors should be used and so planted as to bring out and accentuate the adjoining colors. All dealers in bulbs cater to the demand for this style of planting, and have lists of varieties made up especially for it. All the planter need decide is the size of the beds and their form, and the dealer will be able to give him the material, properly selected, for planting them.

Indiscriminate planting in the border is a much easier matter to decide, and here the veriest tyro can hardly go wrong. Wherever there is room, put in some bulbs, singly, in pairs, half-dozens and dozens; the keenest pleasure is derived in finding the unexpected come up here and there. This is the place to plant bulbs for the purpose of cutting; in the design bed, cutting the flowers will mar the effect of the whole, but they are not missed from the mixed border. This is the place for jonquils, daffodils, all varieties of narcissi, and yet they are thoroughly at home in large beds by themselves. It is the place, also, to put in clumps of the lovely lily-of-the-valley, the stately iris and the massive peony, which is often considered by dealers a bulbous plant. Here they live and have their being year after year, undisturbed by the vagaries of Dame Fashion; for, sad to relate, even in matters of the garden, the fickle jade will interfere, and the design which finds favor this year may be frowned upon the next.

Bulbs may be introduced with effect along the confines of grounds and in out-of-the-way places, just on the borderland of the cultivated and the uncultivated; in the shade of trees, along winding paths here and there, so introduced as not to mar the "natural" effect desired in such surroundings. In such places crocuses, lilies-of-the-valley, narcissi, snowflakes, scillas, trilliums, snowdrops, chionodoxas, hemerocallis, funkias, lilies, etc., bend in perfect harmony with their environments. An appropriate and very effective place for planting bulbs is on the lawn. Such bulbs as crocuses and scilla amoena, a very early-flowering variety, are preeminently adapted for this purpose. They look best when planted in irregular patches here and there, as if they came up naturally—a patch of the yellow in one place, the blue in another, the white in another, and again the purple. Chionodoxas, winter aconite, snowdrops, tritelas and bulbocodiums are useful for this method of planting and very appropriate. They may be planted with a dibber; or the sod can be

removed, the bulbs placed in position, and the sod replaced. They bloom early and mature before the grass needs cutting in the spring, so the lawn effect is not marred.

The following passage is valuable as calling attention to three things which must interest every lover of plants. They are first, the vandalism which is often met not only in towns and their outskirts, but also in the country when flowering shrubs overhang the fence. Who has not noticed some beautiful bush of lilac, for instance, almost ruined by some passer-by breaking down the branches in order to obtain a single spray? Secondly, the thoughtless way in which plants are uprooted by those who pick wild flowers. Thirdly, the necessity of teaching the young to value plants as objects of beauty and interest. There is time now, before we enter upon another flowering season, for persons living in districts not yet penetrated by its influence to ally themselves with the excellent society whose work is aluded to:

CHILDREN AS GARDENERS.....N. Y. EVENING SUN

A German botanist who visited this country last year was heard to exclaim indignantly: "You people are barbarians. You recognize neither the rights of the individual owner nor of the plants and shrubs." He was referring to the vandalism which he saw in one of the large factory towns, where a fruit tree which overhung a highway was so broken by the passers-by in their effort to obtain the half-ripe berries that it had to be cut down. Any dweller in the suburbs of the large cities, or in the more country districts reached by the network of trolley systems, might be inclined to echo his remark. Each knows what it is to have his favorite rose-bush uprooted by the clutch of greedy hands, a wistaria vine torn from its trellis, or a dogwood tree broken in the time of its snowy blooming. In almost every case such destruction is the work of childish hands incited more by the desire of possession than by real love of flowers.

In Germany the roads are shaded by fruit trees, and not a hand is raised for their spoliation. There the almond trees bloom unmolested. Who has not heard of the flowering English hedgerows and the road banks gay with the pink petals of the daisy? The same flowers have bloomed in the same spots for hundreds of years. In this country it is different. Indeed, the fear is growing that many of America's representative wild flowers will disappear if the children are not trained to love flowers as well as to treat them tenderly. According to flower lovers, children must be taught to love flowers so that the uprooting of a plant to obtain a single wild flower will appear in their eyes a crime. This can be done,

they hold, by adding the practical application of the rules of floriculture to the study of botany in the schools. Though the idea is new in this country, it is having a rapid growth. The example which Germany and other foreign lands long ago set is being followed. France demands horticultural knowledge of her teachers and Russia has arbors in her school yards for botanical study.

Arbor Day was the first development of this movement. For some time an effort has been made to make it a day of peculiar significance to children. In most States, they are taught to plant trees with appropriate exercises. In some places the tree is wreathed and the children sing as they stand around it. In all cases they are taught to select trees suitable to the climate and are told interesting stories regarding the desirability of the selected specimens and the care needed for their preservation.

The Children's Flower Garden Society is another practical result of the idea. Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota are fostering this society with gratifying success. Flower Garden Leagues are springing up all over the country in fact. Their organizers have a double object in view, for through love of flowers they see a means of getting children interested in municipal work. Besides furnishing seeds for a mixed garden, the boys and girls in some places are asked to write to the Improvement League, telling the kinds of flowers they desire. Asters, pansies, mignonette and pinks are favorites, and after the children get the seeds they spend part of the "busy hour" in school making little paper boxes, according to kindergarten method, in which to keep them until planting time comes. Great preparations are made in the school grounds when that time arrives. Usually the boys make beds if necessary, dig the post holes and plant the posts. The girls plant the seeds and the children together weed the garden and tend the plants, watering them and training them until fall, when the coveted prize is given for the best school yard. This prize is frequently a picture for the school-room wall, and when it is presented with a speech by some distinguished citizen, the enthusiasm of the children knows no bounds.

This school work is only one feature of the flower garden fad. Noticing that the children who are most enthusiastic over the school grounds are those living in the slums, with little garden ground around their poor dwellings, the Improvement League offers seeds and prizes

for home gardens. As a result, every little spot of ground is utilized. Often a pretty garden springs up around some tumbled down tenement, old barns are transformed by vines, and the boys, who are frequently bootblacks and newsboys, carry water long distances to enliven their flowers. Many of these gardens would do honor to a richer home. When the prize garden is photographed, the whole neighborhood enjoys the distinction.

It is quite true that children take immense delight in even the ordinary operations of a garden, and are captivated by its surprises and beauties. May not those of maturer growth go beyond these ordinary operations and experiment in, say, hybridizing, producing richer colors by cultivation, securing double flowers from single ones by root pruning, manuring, and the like? Only those who have tried these operations know fully the immense interest which attaches to them. Here, now, is an experiment within the reach of everyone:

ELECTRICAL FLOWER GROWING.....WESTERN ELECTRICIAN.

A simple method of testing the influence of electricity on plant growth, and one readily accomplished, consists in burying plates of zinc and copper on either side of the plant or plants to be experimented upon, and connecting these plates by means of wires placed above ground. The current generated moves, during a portion of its circuit, through the earth and roots and thus adds to their vitality.

Static electricity has been utilized for the same results. Professor Lemström, a Russian, has carefully experimented for the purpose of finding the exact nature of the action of electricity in producing these results, and assumes that electricity "produces an augmentation of the energy to which is due the circulation of sap," and that the "more fertile the soil and the more vigorous the growth, the more satisfactory the results of electrical treatment." For example, he cites results of the treatment of beets and potatoes, with a harvested increase of 107.2 per cent. in the former, and 76.2 per cent. in the latter.

A very pretty and educational test may be made at a trifling expense, in the parlor or conservatory, by selecting two plants of the same kind, as nearly alike as possible in every way. A piece of thin copper a couple of inches square, and a similar piece of sheet zinc connected by a piece of copper wire a few inches in length is all that is required. Bury these two pieces of metal on either side of the roots, leaving the wire in the air. The chemical action in the soil will generate a feeble current between these, which in its route will pass through and around the roots and nourish them.

Educational Questions of the Day

A FORGOTTEN LESSON-BOOK*

The prevailing characteristic of childhood is a love of asking questions. You may call it a dawning spirit of inquiry, and encourage it; or you may call it plain inquisitiveness, and quench it; but it is always there, all the same, and the grown-up person who ignores it will never be a success in the nursery. Our grandparents were much too wise to ignore it; on the other hand they had no intention of encouraging it. One can imagine the predicament in which the logical grown-up person of those days consequently found himself. The child that was to be seen and not heard was yet the child who had an insatiable desire to ask questions. But our grandparents, happily, did not bother about logic. So while they treated inquisitiveness with a stern hand, they made the schoolroom free of that treasury of inspired curiosity, "The Child's Guide to Knowledge."

In the "Child's Guide" there was plenty of scope for imagination. We were told absolutely nothing about the wonderful "Guide," who asked questions without stopping for 460 pages, and then broke off as abruptly as he began. He was just "Q.," that was all we knew. But it was possible, if difficult, to invent the rest. I think it was the versatility of the fellow that perplexed us most. It was not easy to form a definite impression of any one who began by asking us the origin of the Universe, and ended by asking us the origin of the British lion as seen on copper coins. I remember the answer to that last question—you only got to it if you were a girl and had not been sent off to school by a cruel fate—and it ran as follows: "It was added afterward, probably to denote the magnanimous character of her hardy sons." What this meant I am sure we never asked; but then, I doubt if anybody could have explained some of the "Guide's" magnificent remarks.

There were days when the penciled piece we had to learn contained a glimmering of human feeling, that made us almost suspect "Q." of being one of those rare souls who understood us and our point of view. His definition of arithmetic went straight to our heart. "Arithmetic," he made us say, "was considered so

complex in the time of the Saxons in England, that it was said to be a study *too difficult for the mind of man.*" The italics, let it be added, were his, too; and they left us with the impression that the great "Q." had for once condescended to chuckle. But on the very same page we had to say that slates were used for "young persons to cipher on"; and the sudden change of mood was very depressing. As a rule, however it must be owned that "Q.'s" chief grace in our sight was his amazing agility in skipping from one subject to another. "What is castor oil?" was followed immediately by "Where is Nubia?" and this in turn led to "Which are the principal metals?" There was never any danger of our growing bored with any one subject in the "Child's Guide." From India rubber to cheese, from gloves to mahogany, from scissors to cats, it flitted inconsequently, questioning us untiringly and with an ingenuity that squeezed as much information into the question as into the answer.

It need not be supposed, however, that "The Child's Guide to Knowledge" contained nothing but what was useful or informing. It had its lighter moments, also, in which it told anecdotes that we loved to learn by heart, though I have no doubt that they lost some of their fire through being transmitted in a sing-song voice of lesson-time. "What great Emperor amused himself by making watches?" was a question to which we had to reply, "Charles the Fifth of Germany: he one day exclaimed, 'What an egregious fool I must have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together.'"

The Guide's indiscriminate use of adjectives is one of its chief charms. The answer to the question, "What bird furnishes the military plumes?" fairly bristles with adjectives. "That beautiful bird, the common cock of our farmyards," it runs; "the long streamy feathers of his neck and back, and the stiffer ones of his tail, are formed by industrious females into a variety of elegant shapes, according to regimental regulations."

This intense refinement of language sometimes has the rather unfortunate effect of

*From the Education Supplement of the London Academy.

obscuring the sense. I do not suppose we ever troubled in the schoolroom about the meaning of the answer to the inquiry, "How is eider down procured?" but to the maturer mind it is certainly a little cryptic: "They plunder the nests of these affectionate creatures, who pluck it from their own breasts to line them." After this, we are not sorry to find that ingenuity and elegance alike fail the resourceful "Q." on occasion, so that he is actually reduced to explaining iron as "a well-known metal." But he is his own inconsequent self once more when, with his customary alertness, he flits from iron to elms, and describes that "noble and majestic" tree as being used for all purposes which are to bear the extremes of wet and dry; such as waterworks, mills, pipes, pumps, and coffins." And with this characteristic sentence we will leave the "Q." of our forgotten lesson-book, lest we may incur reproach of being included among the "unfortunate writers" whom he describes on page 252 as being "often cruelly punished for merely expressing their opinion on divers matters."

TRAINING GIRLS FOR OCCUPATIONS*

Down on West Fourteenth street in New York some philanthropic people started last November a unique sort of school. They took about a hundred girls, fourteen or fifteen years old, who, when they left the public school, had to help support their families as cash girls or bundle tiers in department stores with no chance of ever learning a profitable trade, and are now training them to become competent dressmakers or milliners, skilled sewing-machine workers or makers of drygoods sample books. The course in most cases will last for one year, but girls who show ability for a higher grade of work will be given an extra year, while the exceptionally dull will study another year in order to become expert enough to take up their trade. Each girl is given a \$100 scholarship, which is paid in small weekly instalments.

At the head of each department is a college-trained supervisor, who visits stores and factories every week to keep thoroughly informed. In direct charge of the work under each of the supervisors is a trained trade worker taken from actual business life. Under the watchful guidance of these teachers—who are often given aid by the heads of business establishments—each student has to serve a month's apprenticeship during her course at some good shop, the forewomen of which report the

*World's Work.

deficiencies of the girls to the supervisors. Then the girls, when they return to the school at the end of the month, try to overcome these faults. Since November the work turned out by the school has brought \$400.

The girls study the industrial history of their trade by means of charts and lectures. They also learn the fundamental facts about the city and national governments. The English work centers about the correct use of trade terms and the idealization of labor in literature. The students work simple problems in arithmetic, write checks and receipts, and so on. Every girl learns to draw straight lines, to gauge distances, and copy flowers from nature. She also paints the flowers in water colors, and then learns, by conventionalizing them, how to make designs that apply to her trade. When she has made a design in the drawing-room she next gives it a practical test in the workshop. Every minute during the day is turned to practical advantage. At the lunch hour these embryo wage-earners dip into the mysteries of housekeeping, as every week five different girls wait on table, wash and put away the dishes. In the summer odd moments are spent in the flower beds in the back yard, where the girls learn how to make a window garden.

MORE AIR IN THE SCHOOL

The following plea for sanitary school buildings is made in the Outlook by Helen Richards, chairman of Committee of Public Schools of the Woman's Educational Association, and Director of Sanitary Chemistry of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

A sanitary school building, once the site is right, demands at least three things: Plumbing in a separate stack, or, if in the cellar, then a separate ventilating shaft which is always working; quick removal of used air as well as of used water. This cannot be done unless the construction permits. When windows are depended upon, they must reach the ceiling and not stop three feet below, leaving an inverted lake of hot, bad air to fluctuate back and forth, but not to be removed until it cools, which often does not take place during the day. With windows on two sides, even if at right angles instead of opposite, easily lowered at the top, this air will flow out as readily as water from the bottom of a basin with the plug removed. If any one of the mechanical systems of ventilation is installed, it must be in charge of some one who understands its working, who will not reverse shutters, valves, etc., and draw the outgoing air from the closet down into the class-rooms. The inlets must be so placed as not to cause a draft upon the teacher's head or the scholars' bodies, for swiftly moving air has the chilling effect of cold air.

With the tight walls and confined spaces of the

modern building, with the increased vitiation of the air due to better nutrition, more intense life, more dust, more soiled clothes, an increased quantity of fresh air is needed.

Let us have a twentieth-century schoolhouse, in which it will be possible to educate a twentieth-century child—in which a well-trained, refined man or woman will be willing to teach. Why should the newness or the difficulty of the problem daunt us? What a terrible waste, not only of municipal money, but of human energy, to keep on building impossible houses and then try to remodel them! Let us cut loose from tradition and have a schoolhouse in which the whole child may thrive—not only his mind, but his body. Not only give him clean air and washing facilities, but cheerful, uplifting surroundings and good food; for not the least of modern discoveries is that of the great influence of food on the bodily resistance to disease and on mental development. Therefore, lunch-rooms with all the facilities for food, both hot and cold, must be included in the twentieth-century schoolhouse. I believe the day is not far off when the town schools with two sessions will provide a noon lunch instead of sending the small children through wet, muddy streets to a home from which the mother may be absent to pick up as they may such food as they find. Even if the food is right, may it not be possible to utilize the noon hour to better advantage in teaching gardening, housekeeping, or in games?

KINDERGARTEN PETS

After some years of experimenting with many kinds of pets, writes Miss Hoxie of the New York Ethical Culture Schools to the Kindergarten Review, we have come to the conclusion that certain animals should be ruled out of our category. These are the creatures that need so much freedom, space, and air, that the least degree of confinement dwarfs and warps every part of their nature. The squirrel, for example, or a bird. Cats and dogs are sufficiently domesticated, but they are never to be wholly trusted not to make occasional use of teeth and nails when brought into contact with so large a group of children as in a kindergarten.

What animals, then, may we hope to keep with safety and profit? The kindergarten terrarium affords great possibilities in this direction. While the creatures which thrive in it may not be classed, strictly speaking, under the head of pets, they stimulate the same activities in children, though in a lesser degree, that are called forth by the care of more highly organized animals. We have in mind a delightful experience. The terrarium was an old one that had been cast aside, but it was roomy, and a little repairing rendered it quite presentable. We obtained a quantity of rich earth, made several excursions into the woods and fields in the autumn, and the result was an object of real esthetic value, for the plants and ferns kept fresh and green all winter. Roots of wild flowers were added in the spring, and hepaticas, anemones and violets bloomed in profusion. By sinking a small dish for water in earth of our terrarium, a variety of animal life could be accommodated. Land and water snails, turtles,

frogs, toads, and salamanders lived happily here. Temporary quarters were furnished by our terrarium for crickets, caterpillars, moths and butterflies, and a belated bat adopted it for his winter home. The turtles became quite tame; one little fellow learned to take flies and other small insects from our hands. The snails deposited eggs in great numbers, and the wood frogs occasionally regaled us with a song.

Advancing a little beyond these lower forms of life, such animals as the white rat and guinea pig answer our purpose in many ways. They are not sensitive to normal conditions. They are hardy, docile, easily trained, and may be handled freely by the children and allowed to run about the room.

Chickens will flourish in our rooms for a time, but, if we hope for the best results, they must have access to the earth and be allowed to run about in a small yard, otherwise they almost invariably become weak and dwarfed.

We believe that a hen, brooding her eggs, would be a desirable thing in the kindergarten. She might be a difficult animal to manage at times, but, if the teacher were thoroughly in earnest and willing to devote some time and attention, the result would amply repay all the inconvenience suffered; for thereby the children would come into contact with one of the wonderful life processes of this world.

Rabbits make inoffensive pets. They are easily cared for, and may be allowed much freedom. We have had several in our kindergarten. One little milk-white fellow in particular proved himself almost indispensable to our happiness. He would frisk about the room much as a young calf runs and jumps about a pasture in the springtime. He would climb, of his own accord, into the children's laps to be stroked and petted.

At the present time we have in our kindergarten a pair of Belgian hares, which were brought from the country when only a few weeks old. They are beautiful creatures, with very long ears, large brown eyes and soft, grayish-brown coats. They are fond of attention, and will lie with heads extended, flat on the floor, for an unlimited length of time if one will only stroke and pat them. A commodious house, containing several square feet of space, has been constructed for their use. It is composed mainly of wire netting. The floor is made in the form of a shallow, zinc-lined drawer, which may be rolled out whenever desirable. This arrangement of the drawer makes the care of the house comparatively easy, and renders perfect cleanliness possible.

Our favorite pets at present, however, are a pair of ring doves; and for beauty, cleanliness, comfort and companionship, they carry off the palm. They live in a house similar to that occupied by the hares, except that it is taller and contains a section of a small tree which furnishes the doves with a suitable perch. The door is left open almost constantly and the doves go in and out at will, often alighting upon the children's heads and shoulders and also upon their block houses, as if these objects were constructed especially for them to perch upon. These beautiful creatures are somewhat smaller than a pigeon. They are of a soft fawn color with a ring of black feathers encircling the neck. The ring doves multiply quite rapidly and are very interesting during the breeding season.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT IN FRANCE

The Social or University Settlement has not been successful in France. Young Frenchmen have visited English and American settlements and have attempted the creation of similar institutions in France. But, in order to succeed, they found it necessary to modify settlements founded on the American or English idea to the classical form of the *Universités populaires*.

Writing in the Outlook, André Siegfried explains the reasons for this modification:

The difficulty of making settlements in Paris (I do not say France in order not to indulge in exaggerated generalization) does not lie in the lack of eagerness of the average Parisian to study and to learn. On the contrary, I think that no population in the world has such a great desire to learn. You will never hear science more spoken about than in the discussions of the *Universités populaires*. It seems that the French workmen, having as a rule given up religious belief, have taken for their own the idea once flourishing in the time of Renan, that Science will be one day the master of the world, and that the scientist will be all-powerful. This love of knowledge is a broad and solid basis for the organization of universities or schools for the people. But Settlements are something else and something more.

The first and great obstacle met is that the working people of Paris (I mean here the people who live mostly in the *faubourgs*) are extraordinarily independent, and that their usual feeling toward the upper classes is one of distrust. They were in olden days under the influence and sometimes the domination of the richer classes and of the Roman Catholic Church. They have won liberty by hard fights, and they are now very particular about anything or anyone likely to influence them again. That is undoubtedly why any kind of patronage is now rather unpopular in Paris. People always fear some intrusion of a political, or religious, or even a moral kind.

This state of feeling obliges those who deal with popular universities or Social Settlements to be extremely careful. They must avoid even the appearance of any political, religious, or even moral propaganda. If you want to have a political meeting, do it openly. I should say the same thing of religious work. But you will lose entirely the confidence of the average Parisian workman if you come to the *Universités populaires* with the least ulterior motive, or even the appearance of such a motive.

Another characteristic of the workman in Paris is that he does not admit any hierarchy of classes. The English, for instance, have never lost their traditional respect for the noble and the rich. That fact gives a great power to the upper classes, and they would be wrong not to use it. In Paris such a kind of influence may be real with the lower

middle class, but with the workingmen it is utterly non-existent. When members of society have to come into contact with the working people, they must try, on the contrary, to make them forget that they are of another social level. The Parisians are usually such good talkers and so quick-witted that it is rather easy to talk with them as you would do with friends. This attitude of equality is certainly the best.

If the residents want to win a good reputation in the quarter they have chosen, they have to live exactly as the people around them. If they indulge in, I do not say luxurious, but simply comfortable rooms, it will be known, and some will feel jealous or judge it unsuitable. If, having noticed that state of feeling, you oblige the residents to live in poor rooms, in the outlying parts of Paris, you will find most likely some trouble in recruiting people to live the life of apostles or missionaries.

A MODEL FRENCH PRISON

At a cost of \$2,000,000 the French Government has built a model short-term prison, which is the largest of the cellular, or separate confinement, type in the world. It is at Fresnes, about eight miles from Paris, and its five huge rectangular blocks, together with the exercise grounds, warden's quarters and gardens, cover half a square mile. It is a star-shaped construction, consisting of three large halls of stone, built parallel to one another and connected by a bisecting gallery. Between the halls are the exercise yards, each containing sixty compartments, for even in exercise the prisoners are not permitted to see one another. Above each set of compartments is a bridge, from which the warden or guard watches the prisoners and is himself watched by his superiors. The following description of the prison is taken from the New York Tribune:

The cells are 13 by 8 feet and 9 feet 9 inches in height. Fixed to the wall, against which it folds when not in use, is an iron bedstead. Besides, there is a table fixed to the floor and a chair attached to the wall by a chain. Each cell is lighted by electricity and provided with running water. In each there is a large window of non-transparent glass, which admits plenty of light, but allows no view of the earth. It can be opened at the top, permitting the prisoner to study the sky when he needs a change of view, and admitting all the air that is necessary to his comfort. The floors of the cell are of oak and the walls are enameled in white. Strange as it may seem, each cell is provided with an electric bell, by which the officer in charge may be summoned, nor is this unusual luxury abused.

The confinement is separate, almost solitary, and with the exception of the few employed in the kitchen and laundry, the prisoners never see one another. They do not leave their cells for any purpose with face or head uncovered. When they go out for exercise or to receive visitors in the little cell-like parlors, of which there are six on the ground floor of each hall, they wear a hood of white mesh. The hood is pointed, and comes down over the shoulders, suggesting nothing so much as a hangman's cap.

The most interesting building within the *Fresnes* inclosure is the chapel-school, with its 252 sittings, separate and covered. From these boxes the prisoners can see the priest or lecturer and nothing more. Attendance on religious service is not obligatory, and, though there is room in the chapel for only one-sixth of the number of prisoners, the capacity has been found ample.

In the last year an interesting experiment has been conducted by the Paris Society for Lecturing in Prisons. Lecturers are sent at frequent intervals, and such prisoners as desire may attend. The evil of drunkenness is a favorite topic, and the authorities believe that the lectures have had some influence on the diminution of crime, which in France has been marked of late. Such a lecture, with the audience peering out of separate boxes through four-inch openings, is indeed a strange sight.

Fresnes has developed a most advanced system of working its prisoners. The working day covers eleven hours, and the occupations are varied and lucrative. The earnings are divided between the prisoner and the State, according to the number of terms the prisoner has served. A first-term man gets four-tenths of his earnings, of which two-tenths can be spent in the canteen. The remainder is held for him until his term ends. The State takes the remaining six-tenths. When a prisoner comes back for a second term the State's share is seven-tenths. An additional tenth goes to the State in each succeeding term, and an old offender gets but one-tenth of his earnings.

At the canteen the prisoner can buy almost anything he desires, from articles of wardrobe to soap, at reasonable rates. Tobacco is about the only article barred. Wine—limited to a half-pint a day—can be purchased, as well as marmalade, cheese of all kinds, butter and other luxuries.

CLAIMS OF THE EMPLOYEE

The Massachusetts Legislature authorized the formation of a commission to investigate the relation of employers and employees. Carroll D. Wright was chairman of the commission. A general invitation was given to present information or opinions to the commission. The many topics bearing on the adjustment of the labor problem were discussed: arbitration, industrial courts, compulsory investigation, profit-sharing, industrial partnerships, the employment of the unemployed, etc.

Mr. B. L. Bridgman, writing of this commission in the *Outlook*, states that a listener at these hearings could not but see that there

is coming up into the consciousness of the labor leaders what may be called Labor's solution of the labor problem. No one speaker had the scheme clearly in mind, but parts of it were in the mind of one speaker and other parts in that of another, and the evident conclusion to which these parts point is extremely interesting and important.

It is that industry itself will be owned and managed by the men who are employed in it. The idea was presented at the hearing to the extent of supposing that the men combined to borrow the money for their business. The organization of workmen would control the business; some of them would be set apart for agents, secretaries, overseers, and so on through the list of administrative officers; the others would work in the factories and shops; all would be on the same footing; the administrative officers would take the place of the present employers, the owners, the salaried employees of high grade, and so on; dividends would go to the combination, there would be no high salaries to pay, and the employees would be their own employers, reaping their own profits and managing their own business, and standing on an equality with one another.

Carroll D. Wright, in *Collier's Weekly*, summarizes the claims of employers and employees. Unfortunately, we are able here to give but such of the employee's claims as bear on Mr. Bridgman's statement:

That by thorough organization they will secure to themselves the principal results of production—that is, after capital has received a reasonable return for its use, the cost of materials, taxes, expenses, etc., and a reasonable compensation for management and skill, the rest shall go to labor.

Trades-unionists everywhere insist upon the recognition by employers of their unions. This means the recognition of the unions to the extent of a practical partnership between labor and capital, through collective bargaining and the trade agreement, under which the wage-worker has the right and the privilege of determining, in conference with the employers, the terms, conditions, wages, etc., of the contract.

Unionists are usually willing to resort to conciliation in the adjustment of differences as they arise, such conciliation to consist of committees representing each side, and with equal power. They are usually in favor of arbitration when all means of conciliation have been exhausted, but they are opposed to compulsory arbitration, so-called, and usually to compulsory investigation of the conditions attending a controversy. They do not object to, although they have little faith in, State boards of arbitration or other perfunctory legislative methods of adjusting difficulties.

Unionists and their friends have always claimed that, under machinery, they were entitled to a shorter working-day; that as the strain of labor increased under machinery, they were entitled to some benefit, not only through increased wages, but by a lessening of the hours of labor.

Unionists are in favor of a strict legislation relative to blacklisting. They claim that the blacklist is a rank injustice, and that wherever practised

there is a degradation of the man blacklisted, and an annoying and irritating influence upon those who are not; that it is a menace to the well-being of labor everywhere. On the other hand, they do not hesitate to use the boycott in enforcing their demands, on the ground that it is a legitimate war measure against men who are considered as strike-breakers, and thus traitors to the cause of labor.

Unionists are thoroughly opposed to the modern use of the injunction. While they recognize the necessity of the injunction in general, especially when nuisances are to be enjoined, they insist that during periods of labor strikes or other controversies no man or body of men should be enjoined to prevent the doing of something which, if done, would be punishable under the criminal code; that they should not be debarred by injunction from picketing or patrolling, so-called, or from representing to non-union men that they had better not enter the service of the employer involved in a strike. They recognize their duty to avoid physical violence or intimidation, but claim that if they indulge in this, only those men engaged should be dealt with under the law. They insist that if they violate the law, and are thus amenable to punishment under it, they should not be subject to fines and imprisonment for contempt of court under an injunction; and they are now claiming that all petitions for injunction should first be heard, either by a jury or otherwise, before they are subject to the process of contempt.

Unionists claim that they are not in favor of socialistic revolution; that under the present industrial system their affairs can be adjusted, their claims fairly met, and their condition made reasonably satisfactory. They are, as a rule, in favor of the extension of State control in certain directions, but they are not social democrats as distinguished from State socialists. They claim that the chief force which is extending State-socialist doctrines comes from employers, through trusts and combinations, and the aggregation of capital. They are, therefore, to some extent in favor of some regulation of fortunes and incomes, and the heavy taxation of incomes on some progressive principle. They are not particularly antagonistic to trusts and combinations as such, because they believe that the more thorough is the organization of capital, the more thorough must be the organization of labor, and that whatever remedy there may exist or be proposed for the regulation of great combinations, they, through their organizations, offer the surest methods.

Unionists, whenever they make public declaration, adhere to the right of a man, union or non-union, to employment; and claim that they endeavor by argument to show the non-union man the advantages to be gained by joining the union. In practise, however, it is often the case that they so treat the non-union man as to make his employment difficult. This practise is frequently the cause of the suspension of industry and the lockout of employees not parties to a pending difficulty.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

The Servant Problem is ably discussed by Miss Jane Addams in *Good Housekeeping*. Miss Addams makes no attempt to solve the problem which one woman has said ruins life,

but points out three lines along which adjustment is now proceeding with great difficulty and vexation of spirit owing to the lack of conscious co-operation on the part of intelligent housekeepers. The three lines of adjustment easily discernible are:

First, the preparation of constantly more food materials in factories and the organization of outside labor for work formerly performed by domestic employees.

Second, contemporaneous with the steady though gradual change from private to public industry in the work of preparing food, is the reaction toward decentralization and the making of at least smaller personal effects and house furnishings in the spirit of the arts and crafts movement.

Third, the attempt on the part of domestic employees themselves to force the issue, first by demanding shorter hours and constantly more free time.

The first and third lines of adjustment need not be enlarged upon.

It is possible that the second line, which was loosely designated as the arts and crafts motive, may afford help before conscious study does, the former having the advantage of appealing to the constructive instinct and to the old tradition of "beautifying the home." But even this impulse, although it grows rapidly, is almost subconscious in its effect upon the household problem. The writer recalls a town in central Illinois in which four families living in attractive houses on the most attractive residence street, have for months taken their meals at a boarding-house situated in the same block. These houses, in common with many others, were heated from a public steam plant and also furnished with electric light. The laundry work of the four families was "sent out," the cleaning done by the weekly visits of a former domestic, so that the time of the women was absolutely free after an hour's housework in the morning.

The writer was able to know something of the personal tastes and occupations of the women in two of the families. One family consisted of a man and his wife in the prime of life, and a grown-up daughter; the other, a man afflicted with rheumatism, a wife showing traces of invalidism, two grown-up daughters, and a son of twelve. All of the young ladies had been carefully educated, and one of them after her graduation from a good boarding school in a neighboring city had had two years in an art institute, where she had learned to paint extremely well. Her sister showed some skill as a wood carver. These girls were interested in many things—literature, philanthropy, music, golf, college athletics, an arts and crafts exhibit which was being planned in the town, and were able intelligently to discuss all of them with the passing visitor: but any talk concerning food values, a remote suggestion that a carefully selected diet might be better for a rheumatic patient than the somewhat hit-or-miss menu of the boarding-house table, where the southern training of the cook struggled with the New England traditions of the landlady, were met with a silence so absolute that the visitor felt that she had been guilty of an impertinence. Yet there was no reason why these girls of cultivated minds and many interests could not have been interested

in foods and food preparation if some proper foundation had been laid for any such interest. The three young ladies discussed an art exhibit in the visitor's hearing, laying the artistic productions upon the disused dining-room table. A suggestion that the same art and craft interest might be extended to the preparation of charming and successful breakfasts for the family, that it would be interesting to discuss the length of time and amount of skill embodied in a meal, that the little electric stoves were "great fun," was finally received with favor because of an incidental reference to the training table at college. The athletic suggestion formed the basis for a long conversation upon the simple kindergarten principle "of proceeding from the known to the unknown."

Afterwards one of the college women remarked: "Perhaps the little girls who are growing up now will care for that sort of thing. I don't believe we ever can."

Women who are reviving handicrafts on the broadest educational and artistic lines gladly avail themselves of labor-saving devices in the drudgery of housekeeping, and would be the first to assent to the fine formulation made by Miss Caroline Hunt that—Work which meets universal needs, or any work that is liable to lapse into drudgery, is best done by machinery on a large scale, and with all possible labor-saving devices; work which meets special needs and which man loves to do is best done by hand and on a small scale.

A SINGLE TAX COMMUNITY

In 1896 five men paying each a membership fee of two hundred dollars started a single tax colony at Fairhope, Alabama. The five families have increased to sixty-five, with numerous summer visitors from Mobile and winter visitors from the north. The community runs its wharf, steamer and waterworks, and has not a penny of interest-bearing debt on a foot of mortgaged land.

The association at its inception started with the determination of either developing its colony without these customary adjuncts of prosperity or else going down in the attempt. By the terms of its constitution, the association cannot contract any interest-bearing debt, and the terms of its contract prevent any occupant of the land from putting a mortgage on his holding. So that, although a number of industries are now located at Fairhope, two lines of business are conspicuous by their absence—there is no real estate office and no money lender.

There are no railroad facilities in this region. All communication is with Mobile by boat. A wharf was therefore immediately necessary, but the Fairhoppers had no money. How they obtained the wharf is told in the New York Herald:

No wealthy single taxpayer offered to build a wharf. In the emergency Mr. Bellangee, financial agent of the colony, suggested the application of the Guernsey market house plan. This is a scheme famous in all economic histories, but so far as known no one else has ever sought to reproduce the ingenious idea by which the Guernsey islanders built their market house.

Wharf certificates were printed and issued by the Fairhope Association, stating on their face that they were good for a certain amount of wharf fees on the completion of the wharf. Having no money the association offered to pay this scrip for labor. Enough men were found willing to accept this scrip to furnish the labor required. Storekeepers of the colony, to whom the scrip would be the same as money upon the completion of the wharf, took it on its face value, so that it was good for groceries and other commodities to the workmen. With this scrip-paid labor no wonder that Fairhopeans regard their simple scheme as something of an economic solution. Besides paying for itself and paying the wharfinger's salary, the wharf has yielded enough to provide excellent public warehouses and facilities for handling freight.

Encouraged by the success of the pier, the association adopted a similar plan, differing only in some details, for the construction of a windmill and tank which supplies free water to the village. There was at first a small water fee, but this has been discontinued. Distributing pipes are one of the plans for the near future. Lighting and telephone systems will come soon after. The colony gets these things slowly, but after it gets them it owns them, and without any debt.

The distinctive feature of the colony's policy is of course its system of land tenure. The association owns 1,200 acres of land, including the village site, on the beach, and back to farm lands in the rear.

Not a foot of this land has been or will be sold. Holdings are rented on a 99-year lease. This eliminates land speculation from the first, there being no inducement to rent and hold land from which there is no opportunity to make a profit by selling when values have increased. A man who has improved his land may sell his improvements for anything he can get—the association has nothing to do with that—but he does not sell the land.

The association simply changes tenants. The rents are based on the advantages of location, and range from twenty cents an acre per year for farm lands in the rear to \$25 for business lots in the center of the village.

Dissatisfaction and complaints have arisen at times, but the association has been able to meet them in such a way that the colony has grown, instead of going to pieces. From the rentals the association pays first all taxes of all tenants, except those on moneys and credits. The remainder is applied to the expense of conducting the colony and to furnish better roads, schools and all sorts of public service than the colony would otherwise get. So that, while each pays according to the advantages which he commands, each enjoys the benefits of the whole rental.

The prime advantage of Fairhope at present for the poor man seeking a home is that he has to pay nothing down for his land. This, combined with other advantages, has so influenced the land market in the vicinity that Mobile land speculators carefully steer their customers clear of Fairhope.

C h o i c e ✨ ✨ V e r s e

THE TEMPLE IN THE FIELD. MILDRED I. McNEAL. LIPPINCOTT'S

How often, worshipping, have I
From toil, desire, and care
Gone far aloof,
Under the blue and solemn roof
Men call the sky.
The very air
Was sweet sometimes with promises,
And a divine content,
Passing from flower and field,
Taught me again to yield
My spirit, doubting, spent,
To Heaven's clear way, and try
The summons calling from I knew not where.

The rose, at coming of the sun,
Lifts an adoring face.
There is for her
No sharp distrust of time, no stir
Of joys soon done.
And shall the faith I praise
Be then a shadowy, fairy thing,
Spun of a wish? Much more
Am I than any rose.
For me there doth unclose
A distant shining door,
Whereto my hopes may run
Past the last narrow bound of time and space.

THE ROMAN WAY.....ARTHUR COLTON.....HARPER'S I.

Having such sadness then we turned aside
From the straight road and Roman Way that goes
Too straightly upward, on what breathless snows
Its measured lines austerity described:
"Captain, too stern this granite road!" we cried,
And "For whose right in militant array
Are led the sons of men the Roman Way?"
But the slow avalanche alone replied.

And so we turned aside: and day by day
Men passed us with set faces to the road,
And crying, "The Eternal City!" went their way,
While in the pleasant valley we abode,
With all its dewy herbage and the fleet
Running of water brooks with silken feet.

II.

Then in the main of living we were glad
Of that resolve which took us from the Way,
Seeing how softly bade adieu each day
And in what gentleness the moon was clad;
Then ashen age came on us, sullen, sad,
Stealthy and slow, and passed and passed again
The onward faces of swift journeying men,
Keen with the life of some large Iliad.

Now—for our heads are stricken, our lives are
As flowers sodden in the winter rain—
We, who alive are dead—and whether far
Beyond the snows are blissful births of pain,
Or Rome, or Caesar, we know not,—we say,
There is one way of life, *The Roman Way*.

THE THREADBARE THEME...ARTHUR STRINGER...THE BOOKMAN

'Tis love they've fluted, luted, sung;
'Tis unto Love they've crept and clung;
And e'er round Love new garlands hung.

'Tis Love, Love, Love, the livelong day,
Until it seems quite thumb'd away,
The old worn string whereon they play.

Some long ago are dead and cold,
Earth, sun and stars are growing old,
But still the tale is far from told.

Nor shall it e'er be told, in truth,
While April knows not Autumn's ruth,
While Youth looks in the eyes of Youth.

Nor shall the string once hang outworn,
Since Life itself of Love is born,
And as Life wanes, must sing its morn.

THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD.. JOSEPHINE P. PEABODY.. SCRIBNER'S

The little Road says Go:
The little House says Stay.
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek, and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show.

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay
When the little Road says, Go.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. M. H. POYNTER.. CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

The gentle breeze bears sorrow in its sighing,
Low-voiced with sadness is the distant sea;
Even in summer's prime all life seems dying,
Because I drift apart from life with thee.

Our ways divide. The coming of the morrow
Shall see the song-birds and the sunshine flown.
I, in the Eden of our love, in sorrow,
Shall stand among the withered flowers—alone.

How can I bear each day the well-known faces?
Thy face will absent be; all life grows sore.
How can I seek the old familiar places,
Knowing thy feet will tread the paths no more?

The summer sun can bring to me no gladness,
Dark clouds are gathering o'er the golden days;
My heart feels but the coming night of sadness,
For we have reached the parting of the ways.

HER BIRTHDAY.....MARY FARRAH.....LEISURE HOUR

Because it is the day when she was born
 The birds have caroled love-songs since the morn;
 The Spring has spread for her its cloth of gold
 And silver, and where'er my Lady goes
 The breeze bears kisses from the new-blown rose,
 And all the flowers for her their sweets unfold.

And I alone no tribute at her feet
 Can lay, no gift of price have I to greet
 So fair, so dear a day; I cannot bring
 The world's renown, or deed of laureled fame,
 Her praise to win, nor even to her name
 My morning love-song like the birds can sing.

My heart was all my wealth; for joy or woe
 I gave it to my Lady long ago:
 But I may take it back, and with new store
 Of love grown strong with every passing day,
 I'll send it her again, and I will pray
 "Beloved! keep my heart for evermore!"

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT?...KATHARINE LEE BATES....CENTURY

I

What is the spirit? Nay,
 We know not—star in clay.

We know not, yet we trust,
 The dream within the dust.

We trust not, yet we hark
 The song within the dark.

II

These few bewildered days
 Ask little blame or praise.

All mortal deeds go by
 As cloudlets down the sky.

We are our longing. Thus
 Let Love remember us.

III.

We know not whither beat
 Its wings, nor what defeat

Death's mighty muffling glooms
 May cast on fluttering plumes,

Or if it be success—
 That folded quietness.

IV.

When like a flaming scroll
 Earth shrivels, if the soul

Should those fierce heats outwear,
 What of ourselves were there?

A longing bruised and dim,
 A seed of seraphim.

THE SEA WIND.....ARTHUR KETCHUM.....ATLANTIC

Winnow me through with thy keen, clean breath,
 Wind with the tang of the sea!
 Speed through the closing gates of the day,
 Find me and fold me; have thy way
 And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—
 Gray sky of this sullen day!
 Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
 Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back,
 Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
 Halyards and straining spars;
 Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast
 While the last lights die in the yellow west
 Under the first white stars;

Batter the closed doors of my heart
 And set my spirit free!
 For I stifle here in this crowded place,
 Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
 Wind with the tang of the sea!

THE GYPSY MAID.....WILL H. OGILVIE.....MACMILLAN'S

There's a gypsy and a rover
 And a queen of all desire,
 And she tramps the wide world over
 With a step no time can tire;
 But at night she plays the lover
 By her blazing gypsy fire;
 And when she kneels beside us,
 With her witching words to guide us,
 Though the mocking world may chide us
 We shall labor in her hire,
 Splashing color on the canvas, striking music on
 the lyre!

For her dreamful eyes and tender
 Watch us lovingly and long,
 Lest a careless line offend her
 Or a heedless hand go wrong
 In the picture's perfect splendor
 Or the setting of the song;
 And those warm and watchful glances
 Bring our hearts the golden fancies
 That were struck at elfin dances
 On a bluebell for a gong,
 Where the faïres faced their partners in the woods,
 a thousand strong!

We can bring no gift to give her
 That shall bribe her or disarm,
 That shall purchase fame forever
 Or defend from failure's harm,
 Save the moonbeams, there shall never
 Any silver cross her palm;
 Yet that maid shall lift the bars for us
 And horse the ruby cars for us
 And rob the steepes and stars for us
 With sweep of gypsy arm,
 Just to give the sketch its glamor and the simple
 verse its charm!

But if we, with fortune laden,
 Should be careless in our pride;
 If we set that gypsy maiden
 And her golden gifts aside,
 We shall share no moonlit Aiden
 With a laureled laughing bride;
 Ere the shades of night are rifted,
 Ere the stars have dream-land drifted,
 We shall find the tent is lifted
 And the gypsy fire has died,
 And no more we'll meet our maiden in the wan
 gray world and wide!

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

THE COMMON COLD

There is no doubt, according to the London Hospital, that the ordinary nasal catarrh is a specific infectious disease. What we observe among domestic animals affords ample evidence of this. It is a familiar fact that a horse that has been wintered out, on being brought into a stable with others, is most likely to develop a cold. The coachman will say it is because the unaccustomed warmth of the stable makes him "nesh." However, disinfection of the stable before bringing animals from grass is a true preventive of the symptoms of catarrh. What occurs among domestic animals we observe, too, among ourselves. Some source of infection must be present before it is possible to catch a cold. There are places where colds are unknown. The universal experience of Arctic and Antarctic explorers is that so long as the members of the expedition are in the polar regions they remain free from colds, but on return to the mainland or to settlements inhabited by those who are in frequent communication with the mainland, they nearly always at once suffer severe colds. The same is said to be true of the men in the observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis though they live in clouds. Colds they never take, because there are no colds to catch, until the moment they descend to inhabited regions, then they catch severe ones directly. For over two centuries the classical St. Kilda cold has not ceased to interest learned men. On this remote and rocky island of the Western Hebrides, where some 100 inhabitants dwell, colds are unknown except after the arrival of a ship from the mainland, when all the inhabitants are seized with colds, even to the babe at the breast. Afterward they seem to become to some extent immune, for many escape until the following year. The inhabitants affirm that those colds which are brought by boats from the large ports, Glasgow and Liverpool, are more severe than those brought from the Hebrides.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN BLOOD PRESSURE

Thorough research upon the blood pressure in human beings has been undertaken in Boston at the Massachusetts General Hospital. The subject has been studied for several years

in Europe, but it is only recently that the importance of blood-pressure observations, both in surgical and in medical cases, has begun to take a firm place in the theory of medicine. Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of the Harvard Medical School, is directing the new inquiry on the medical side. According to the New York Evening Post, Dr. Cabot's studies have rather lessened the importance of the "feel" of the pulse to the physician's finger, replacing that test with an exact method which tells more than the most skilful touch:

Variations of blood pressure indicate, somewhat as barometric changes mark the variations in the weather, the fluctuating conditions of the body. A "good circulation" is a condition of healthy activity and comfort, and this is to be had only through the maintenance of an adequate blood pressure. The conditions which govern blood pressure have been learned by such studies as are now going on. These conditions are primarily the pumping force of the heart; the elastic properties of the arteries, and their muscular fibers, whose action is controlled by the nerve station in the great bulb of the brain, called the vaso-motor center. Research has shown that the integrity of this last element is the most important of the three, and this discovery has had very striking results, to be presently mentioned, in the field of surgery.

For comprehension of the matter, a word should be added on the operation of the circulatory system. It is in brief a system of elastic tubes under the constant tension of the arterial elasticity, modified by the action of the muscular arterial fibers, as these are directed by the vaso-motor center, from which go out impulses which relax, contract, or maintain in any particular state of tension or laxness the muscular coat of the arteries. The elastic coat of the arteries is brought into play by the periodic on-flow of blood from the heart. Being elastic, the arteries expand under the pressure of this flow, and as the valves of the veins prevent a back-flow of the blood through the arteries, the elastic walls of the latter send forward in a fairly even flow through the capillaries, the blood received at each stroke of the heart-pump, between each stroke and the next.

The evidence pressure studies give of the action of drugs lies in the fact, chiefly, that fatigue of the vaso-motor center by the ordinary work of each day, and still more through the attacks of disease, tends to reduce the blood pressure and produce, at the best, a sense of weariness and fag. Here comes in an interesting bit of everyday therapeutics. Men, it is known, take readily to five o'clock tea. And the explanation as given by an English experimenter is that tea acts on the vaso-motor center as a stimulant, causes contraction of the arterial muscular coat, and restores the blood pressure to the normal from which fatigue tends to reduce it.

Imperfection of instruments has interfered with

the success of previous blood-pressure studies. The instrument used by Dr. Cabot is a new one designed to register both maximum and minimum pressures, from which the significant mean pressure may easily be calculated. In principle, it is an elastic tube, to be placed around the upper arm and inflated with air until the pulse cannot be felt by the finger below it. In this state the air in the tube-bandage is of the same tension, or pressure, as the maximum pressure of the blood in the compressed artery. From the tube-bandage a rubber tube connecting with a glass tube carries the pressure of the confined air to the base of a mercury column, whose height shows the pressure of the bandage air, and hence the maximum blood pressure in the artery. A scale marked in millimeters makes it possible to record the varying pressures in figures, which can later be plotted on a chart. Instruments of different types give different mean pressures. That used by Dr. Cabot gives an average mean pressure in health of rather less than 100 millimeters. In animal experiments, an absolute figure can be obtained by inserting the tube of the mercury column, or manometer, directly into an artery. In human studies, however, the absolute pressure is not essential. What is required is pressures measured by the same standard, and hence usable for comparison.

Observation of blood pressure is of great importance in surgery by showing the danger line in anesthesia, and thus gauging the patient's resistance during an operation.

THE UNFORTUNATE EPILEPTIC

The State of New York maintains at Sonyea the Craig Colony for Epileptics, modeled after the famous German colony at Bielefeld near Hanover. The colony was established in 1894 and is the only one of its kind in this country, though the State of Pennsylvania has recently appropriated a large sum of money for the establishment of a similar institution. All the work of the colony is performed by the patients. The cost last year per patient was only one hundred and fifty-two dollars.

The Craig Colony doctors are quoted by the New York Tribune as stating that one of the most singular of the many facts about epilepsy learned during the maintenance of the colony is that in rainy weather patients have more fits or seizures than in bright, sunny weather.

There is undoubtedly some poison in the system of an epileptic that is responsible in a large degree for his fits or seizures. There is poison in the sweat of such a person. Mice injected with it have died.

Craig Colony has demonstrated that work, and particularly outdoor work, is a great remedy for epilepsy. In 1902 the total number of seizures among men patients was fifteen thousand less than among women patients. This is ascribed to the fact that, while the men were employed in the open air, the

women worked indoors, where they had more opportunities to become morose and depressed.

By way of illustrating the good that is accomplished by the colony life, the doctors point to the cases of many who have been helped, and in some cases cured. One of the most noted cases is that of a man who had been a victim of the disease for eighteen years before going to the colony. He averaged 115 to 125 seizures a month, having had about twenty-five thousand in all. He was a member of the colony two and one-half years, and is now in business, and is said to be entirely cured. Another man patient, who had 258 seizures in one day, has now so improved that he averages a seizure once in three months, and is said to be on the road to absolute recovery.

Records carefully kept show that last year the total number of seizures at three o'clock in the morning was 3,628, the highest number reached at any hour in the day. The lowest number at a given hour among the same patients was at midnight, the total for the year at that hour reaching only 1,630.

Turning to an article in American Medicine on the Convulsion in Idiopathic Epilepsy by J. W. Wherry, M.D., we find the following interesting conception of the possible value of the convulsion:

However little we may know of epilepsy as a disease, much thought and investigation have led me to believe that the epileptic convulsion is not the dreadful, direful, calamitous thing it seems to be, but a physiologic process designed for the patient's relief, and which, when adequate, rescues him from the overwhelming effects of an intoxication that might otherwise result in death. The epileptic convulsion is a shield, a defense, a safeguard, against the pernicious effects of an intoxication known as epilepsy. It is not a part of the disease. It is not a part of the intoxication. It is nature's method of meeting the condition and averting impending danger, and status epilepticus is really an intoxication so deep and so profound that even repeated convulsions are inadequate and without avail. The convulsion is only a symptom in epilepsy, but it is so largely in evidence and occupies so much of the visual field that it has frequently been considered the disease itself and treatment been directed accordingly. The convulsion in epilepsy is a symptom; it is more than this—it is the patient's salvation. It is a physiologic process by means of which nature seeks to neutralize a poison which otherwise threatens life. In fighting all forms of intoxication or infection nature seeks either to neutralize, evict, or destroy, and the means by which these results are accomplished are physiologic. The secretion of certain antitoxic substances in the blood during the process of those diseases known as "self-limited" is not the result of infection, but a sword thrust at infection. It is not germ suicide, but physiologic germ destruction. Nature possesses a neutralizer for every toxin and an antidote for every infection, but in limited quantities, and the success with which she copes with her arch-enemy, disease, depends upon the amount and quantity of the toxin or the virulence of the infection. This is what is meant by immunity, and in most instances nature is all-sufficient and the danger is met and averted without our conscious knowledge; but there are times when

the struggle is unequal, and in seasons of such distress she needs assistance, not antagonism.

The epileptic convulsion bears the same relation to epilepsy as vomiting does to acute irritation of the stomach. They are both efforts to relieve. One ejects the deleterious product, the other neutralizes it. One is encouraged—but what can be said of the other?

HOSPITAL SHIPS

The New York Tribune, in describing the French and British hospital ships that cruise about the Grand Banks, drew attention to the humiliating fact that the American fishing fleet in the same waters is without any such humane auxiliary, and has to depend for the treatment of its sick and injured upon the ministrations of the medical services of its rivals.

The Newfoundland Medical Mission has been at work now some twelve years, and is splendidly organized and equipped. The mission is a branch of that which works among the British seamen and fisher folk, and its extension to Newfoundland has been of immense benefit. To-day it maintains three hospitals—one on the "French Shore" and two on Labrador, each with a resident doctor, a trained English nurse, a staff of local assistants, and a stout steam launch for the conveyance of patients. In addition, there is a fine modern yacht; the *Strathcona*, a steamer of 600 tons, built by Lord Strathcona, and presented by him to the mission. In this ship the superintendent, Dr. Grenfell, cruises every season from the Grand Banks to Hudson Bay, treating all who come to him for aid, regardless of race or class or condition, the same rule prevailing in all the other branches of the mission.

The ship and the hospitals have the latest devices in medical science, including the X-ray apparatus. They are lighted by electricity, and are as well kept as much more pretentious institutions. The Newfoundland fishermen, working from their own coast and Labrador, and only a day's run seaward, do not need a hospital ship so much as they do a kindred institution on shore, and that is why these three buildings have been erected. Fully twenty thousand Newfoundland men are engaged in the fishery on the banks and Labrador every season, and until the mission was established they had no medical aid whatever.

The hospital service for the French fishermen was established in 1899 by the *Société des Œuvres de Mer*. This association fitted out a fine schooner, the *St. Pierre*, of *St. Malo*, and dispatched her to the Grand Banks. She had the misfortune to be driven on the Newfoundland coast and completely wrecked on her first voyage, with the loss of four men, but she was speedily replaced by another of the same name. In 1900 this ship was again in commission, but in 1901 she was replaced with a steamer, the *St. François d'Assise*, a fine ship of 720 tons, 300 horse-power and ten knots speed, besides a full sail plan, so that coal could be economized whenever possible. In the construction and arrangement of this ship everything that experience and ingenuity could suggest was provided for the sick and injured fishermen who were to be treated on her, she being an ideal naval hospital. She has a spacious ante-chamber, with hot-water

bath for the ailing and for castaways; a consulting room, a pharmacy, a library, an operating room, a surgery for dressing wounds, a disinfecting chamber, and the hospital proper. This has beds for thirty-six persons, while the ship's company is twenty-seven more, including two physicians, four male nurses, and a priest to minister to the spiritual needs of this floating parish.

There are about eight thousand Frenchmen engaged on the Grand Rapids every summer, and last season this ship made six cruises, among them five to the outer banks and one to the inner which face the Newfoundland "French shore." During the six months of her work she communicated with 509 French fishing vessels, had seventy-four sick persons as in-patients, and treated 437 lighter cases. Besides this, she rescued twenty-one persons who were adrift in their dories and came within sight of her; twenty-six were transferred to her by other vessels which had picked them up, and she took off the sinking hull of the French schooner *Navarraise* eighteen others in imminent danger of death. All of these she conveyed to *St. Pierre-Miquelon*, where the marine authorities looked after their needs, the ship carrying stores of clothing to properly clothe such unfortunates as she might find adrift.

On one occasion last year she brought in fifteen men stricken with typhoid fever—the crew of a French vessel in which the disease had raged unrestrainedly. The craft was waterlogged and helpless when the yacht sighted her, the crew having been too ill to attend to her navigation. She was set on fire after the stricken sufferers had been removed from her, and soon vanished below the waves. The crew, several of whom were dangerously ill, recovered in time, except one, who died from weakness. All would have perished but for the hospital ship. Another time she rescued the crew of eight men from a crippled lumber bark, landing them at *St. Mary's*, on the south coast of Newfoundland. Besides this she distributed 11,000 letters among the French fishing fleet, and her kindly offices were freely availed of by the fishermen of other nationalities trawling on the banks.

In the course of her peregrinations during weather that was sometimes calm, but more often "dirty," she carried on her work every day, her life boat visiting crafts which showed a distress signal, when it was too rough for their dories to reach her. At other times she had to send back in her boats men who had come to her in dories, as these were crushed by the seas against her sides. The extraordinary incidents identified with these dories exhibit in a somber light the difficulties and dangers of the life led by these codfishers of all nationalities. Every year there are scores of victims swallowed up by the impenetrable fogs and insatiable seas, as the little skiffs are abroad upon the waters and the pall of fog shuts down and blots out their vessels, leaving the dorymen helpless castaways, without food or water. Usually death is their fate, but if they escape that, it is oftentimes only at the expense of frost-bitten feet and arms, which have to be amputated, after entailing agonies beside which death itself is almost preferable. French fishermen are among the worst sufferers from these causes, as they often wear sabots with wisps of straw within, and no stockings, instead of being well shod with stout woolen socks and strong rubber knee boots, as are the American and Newfoundland fishermen who frequent the Grand Banks.

The Sketch Book

Character in Outline

FREE!.....BENJAMIN ROSENBLATT.....OUTLOOK

The cold, blank winter day breaks ghastly on the plains of northern Russia. Gloomily onward stretch the wild, snow-covered steppes of frozen Siberia; not a tree, not a bush, in sight; and the winds rise, blowing with fury and whirling heaps of snow round and round in the air. On the frozen ground two men are lying huddled together, trying to hide themselves from the blast, struggling against the deadly frost which creeps upon them, slowly paralyzing their limbs.

They escaped from the party of exiles. How they were hunted! How, like wild beasts, they were pursued! But the merciless work in the cold, subterranean mines of Siberia stood before them. Thinking of it, they ran, breathlessly ran, leaving their pursuers behind. . . . And now they lie on the snow, with knees bruised and bleeding, with hands scarred and swollen, staring wildly before them on the raw, cold morning breaking in the east.

On their faces, which show intelligence and resolution, is visible the impression of the tyrannic government which persecutes them as political "criminals." Their features are pinched, the teeth set close together, and a steady fire burns in their eyes which tells of mortal hatred to those despots who stifle every voice that is raised against their unjust rule. Their long kaftans are tied with ropes around the waist, and their faces are muffled in ragged shawls to protect them from the smarting wind. They had no time to provide themselves with proper clothing; in the dead of night they were suddenly caught and transported—but they escaped, and now they are free! All alone on the wild plains, free! How good! and how warm! . . . They feel the cold no longer. . . . Their features relax, grow softer, and their eyes become glassy, slowly filling with tears, as dim thoughts of home and native scenes pass faintly through the brain. . . . Their eyes close, they embrace each other closer and closer, feeling so warm. . . . And around them the dreary steppes stretch endlessly on and on to meet a leaden sky that hangs gloomily overhead. The bitter morning breaks on the infinite solitude, and the snow, falling, falling, falling, snugly covers the

sleeping pair, making them warmer and warmer.

AT ARMS WITH MORPHEUS.....S. H. PETERS.....AINSLEE'S

I never could quite understand how Tom Hopkins came to make that blunder, for he had been through a whole term at a medical college—before he inherited his aunt's fortune—and had been considered strong in therapeutics.

We had been making a call together that evening, and afterward Tom ran up to my rooms for a pipe and a chat before going on to his own luxurious apartments. I had stepped into the other room for a moment when I heard Tom sing out:

"Oh, Billy, I'm going to take about four grains of quinine, if you don't mind—I'm feeling all blue and shivery. Guess I'm taking cold."

"All right," I called back. "The bottle is on the second shelf. Take it in a spoonful of that elixir of eucalyptus. It knocks the bitter out."

After I came back we sat by the fire and got our briars going. In about eight minutes Tom sank back into a gentle collapse.

I went straight to the medicine cabinet and looked.

"You unmitigated hayseed!" I growled. "See what money will do for a man's brains!"

There stood the morphine bottle with the stopper out just as Tom had left it.

I routed out another young M.D. who roomed on the floor above, and sent him for old Dr. Gales, two squares away. Tom Hopkins has too much money to be attended by rising young practitioners alone.

When Gales came we put Tom through as expensive a course of treatment as the resources of the profession permit. After the more drastic remedies we gave him citrate of caffeine in frequent doses and strong coffee, and walked him up and down the floor between two of us. Old Gales pinched him and slapped his face and worked hard for the big check he could see in the distance. The young M.D. from the next floor gave Tom a most hearty, rousing kick, and then apologized to me.

"Couldn't help it," he said. "I never kicked a millionaire before in my life. I may never have another opportunity."

"Now," said Dr. Gales, after a couple of hours, "he'll do. But keep him awake for another hour. You can do that by talking to him and shaking him up occasionally. When his pulse and respiration are normal, then let him sleep. I'll leave him with you now."

I was left alone with Tom, whom we had laid on a couch. He lay very still, and his eyes were half closed. I began my work of keeping him awake.

"Well, old man," I said, "you've had a narrow squeak, but we've pulled you through. When you were attending lectures, Tom, didn't any of the professors ever casually remark that m-o-r-p-h-i-a never spells "quinia," especially in four-grain doses? But I won't pile it up on you until you get on your feet. But you ought to have been a druggist, Tom, you're splendidly qualified to fill prescriptions."

Tom looked at me with a faint and foolish smile.

"B'ly," he murmured, "I feel jus' like a hum'n bird flyin' around a jolly lot of most 'shpensive roses. Don' bozzer me. Goin' sleep now."

And he went to sleep in two seconds. I shook him by the shoulder.

"Now, Tom," I said severely, "this won't do. The big doctor said you must stay awake for at least an hour. Open your eyes. You're not entirely safe yet, you know. Wake up."

Tom Hopkins weighs one hundred and ninety-eight. He gave me another somnolent grin, and fell into deeper slumber. I would have made him move about, but I might as well have tried to make Cleopatra's needle waltz around the room with me. Tom's breathing became stertorous, and that, in connection with morphia poisoning, means danger.

Then I began to think. I could not rouse his body; I must strive to excite his mind. "Make him angry," was an idea that suggested itself. "Good!" I thought, "but how?" There was not a joint in Tom's armor. Dear old fellow, he was good-nature itself, and a gallant gentleman, fine and true and clean as sunlight. He came from somewhere down South, where they still have ideals and a code. New York had charmed but had not spoiled him. He had that old-fashioned, chivalrous reverence for women, that—Eureka!—there was my idea! I worked the thing up for a minute or two in my imagination. I chuckled to myself at the thought of springing a thing like that on old

Tom Hopkins. Then I took him by the shoulder and shook him till his ears flopped. He opened his eyes lazily. I assumed an expression of scorn and contempt, and pointed my finger within two inches of his nose.

"Listen to me, Hopkins," I said, in cutting and distinct tones, "you and I have been good friends, but I want you to understand that in the future my doors are closed against any man who acts as much like a scoundrel as you have."

Tom looked the least bit interested.

"What's the matter, Billy?" he muttered composedly, "don't your clothes fit you?"

"If I were in your place," I went on, "which, thank God, I am not, I think I would be afraid to close my eyes. How about that girl you left waiting for you down among those lonesome Southern pines—the girl that you've forgotten since you came into your confounded money? Oh, I know what I'm talking about. While you were a poor medical student she was good enough for you. But now, since you are a millionaire, it's different. I wonder what she thinks of the performances of that peculiar class of people which she has been taught to worship—the Southern gentleman? I'm sorry, Hopkins, that I was forced to speak about these matters, but you've covered it up so well and played your part so nicely that I would have sworn you were above such unmanly tricks."

Poor Tom. I could scarcely keep from laughing outright to see him struggling against the effects of the opiate. He was distinctly angry, and I didn't blame him. Tom had a Southern temper. His eyes were open now, and they showed a gleam or two of fire. But the drug still clouded his mind and bound his tongue.

"C-c-confound you," he stammered, "I'll smash you."

He tried to rise from the couch. With all his size he was very weak now. I thrust him back with one arm. He lay there glaring like a lion in a trap.

"That will hold you for a while, you old looney," I said to myself. I got up and lit my pipe, for I was needing a smoke. I walked around a bit, congratulating myself on my brilliant idea.

I heard a snore. I looked around. Tom was asleep again. I walked over and punched him on the jaw. He looked at me as pleasant and ungrudging as an idiot. I chewed my pipe and gave it to him hard.

"I want you to recover yourself and get out of my rooms as soon as you can," I said insult-

ingly. "I've told you what I think of you. If you have any honor or honesty left you will think twice before you attempt again to associate with gentlemen. She's a poor girl, isn't she?" I sneered. "Somewhat too plain and unfashionable for us since we got our money. Be ashamed to walk on Fifth Avenue with her, wouldn't you? Hopkins, you are forty-seven times worse than a cad. Who cares for your money? I don't. I'll bet that girl don't. Perhaps if you didn't have it you'd be more of a man. As it is, you've made a cur of yourself, and"—I thought that quite dramatic—"perhaps broken a faithful heart." (Old Tom Hopkins breaking a faithful heart!) "Let me be rid of you as soon as possible."

I turned my back on Tom and winked at myself in a mirror. I heard him moving, and I turned again quickly. I didn't want a hundred and ninety-eight pounds falling on me from the rear. But Tom had only turned partly over, and laid one arm across his face. He spoke a few words rather more distinctly than before.

"I couldn't have—talked this—way to you, Billy, even if I'd heard people—lyin' 'bout you. But jus' soon's I can s—stand up—I'll break your neck—don' f'get it."

I did feel a little ashamed then. But it was to save Tom. In the morning, when I explained it, we would have a good laugh over it together.

In about twenty minutes Tom dropped into a sound, easy slumber. I felt his pulse, listened to his respiration, and let him sleep. Everything was normal, and Tom was safe. I went into the other room and tumbled into bed.

I found Tom up and dressed when I awoke the next morning. He was entirely himself again with the exception of shaky nerves and a tongue like a white oak chip.

"What an idiot I was," he said, thoughtfully. "I remember thinking that quinine bottle looked queer while I was taking the dose. Have much trouble in bringing me 'round?"

I told him no. His memory seemed bad about the entire affair. I concluded that he had no recollection of my efforts to keep him awake, and decided not to enlighten him. Some other time, I thought, when he was feeling better, we would have some fun over it.

When Tom was ready to go he stopped, with the door open, and shook my hand.

"Much obliged old fellow," he said quietly, "for taking so much trouble with me—and for what you said. I'm going down now to telegraph to the little girl."

THE PRIMORDIAL INSTINCT ROBERT V. CARR OUTING

When danger threatens, it invariably sends out fearsome forerunners. We call these forerunners presentments. We have various other names for them too, but in reality it is the primordial instinct of self-preservation, an instinct handed down to us from the shadowy past, when man lived close to nature. The man of the Stone Age slept, as it were, with his instincts awake. To all appearances he sleeps at the mouth of his cave, when suddenly he leaps to his feet, weapon in hand, glaring fearfully about him. An animal has approached the danger line, and the primordial instinct has sent in its alarm call to the sleeper.

An old prospector had been telling various tales and finally drifted into a discussion of presentments.

"Several years ago," said he, plucking a brand from the camp fire and lighting his pipe, "several years ago I was prospecting along the divide between Rapid Creek and Spring Creek. I was pretty much interested, and the afternoon was gone before I knew it. Just as the sun went down I started for my cabin about ten miles away. It was a warm summer night and there was no moon, and I had quite a time finding a trail through the timber. I fell over logs, crashed into quaken asp and thrashed through underbrush, until I finally made up my mind to camp for the night. Accordingly I felt around on the ground, found some dry pine needles, and in a moment had a blazing fire. Piling some pitch pine on the fire I went to sleep. How long I slept I do not know. I had been dreaming of some one calling me from a great distance, when suddenly I awoke and found myself on my feet, facing the darkness. When I turned toward what was left of the fire, just a few glowing embers, I was conscious of a feeling of relief, just as though I had passed through some great danger. I built up the fire and remained awake and watchful until it was light enough to see.

"Then I walked down the cañon, and, coming across a spring, knelt down to drink. It was then I discovered that I had had a visitor during the night. His tracks were plentiful about the mud of the spring. Doubtless the mountain lion—for it was a lion—had come very close to me while I was asleep. The fire being almost out, the brute was considering jumping on me when I sprang to my feet and gave him the scare of his life."

For just one moment the old prospector had thrown off the husk of civilization and stood watchful and alert, even as the Stone-Age man

sprang from his fitful slumber to face the danger that threatened him from the darkness, a danger with glowing eyes and cruel teeth.

AWAKENING.....LONDON ACADEMY

The village children made our audience. They stared open-mouthed at the yacht that lay alongside the primitive quay, chattering in their unknown tongue, while we asked ourselves the question—shall we start to-night? The wind was adverse, and there was a mile of narrow channel through which we must quant, or tow, before we reached the mere. From the far end of the mere, which was indeed an inland sea, a river adventured into the land, seeking its way seawards, and touching the skirts of many villages as it flowed. Even if we reached the mere, would there be time to tack the length of it so as to find the egress by that river before nightfall?

While we debated a barge laden with peat slowly passed us. It was one of those family affairs owned by the man who had brought his wife to this roving home years before; the children born to them had grown up amphibians.

House and home glided away from us, the man and an elder daughter quanting, the wife at the tiller, and two children on the towing path straining at the line. Idly we watched them pass, and still waited, for what was time to us? As well be here as anywhere; here where the sun idealized the red roofs, and the water mirrored the reflection of the windmill's still sails. Why proceed? Why awaken from the dream? Perhaps we should have there stayed the night, but a little wind sprang up, blowing towards the mere, just favoring us enough to fill the sails. We left the village and moved on like some great, white bird flapping lazily in the void. The faces of the children became blurred; we were alone in the flat green lands, home of solitary storks and whirling watermills.

The breeze favored us no longer when we passed out into the mere: then began the attempt to make the passage against a head wind.

In long tacks from side to side patiently we strove to progress, but it was so draggingly that the sun was gone before the spire that marked the far spot where the river nosed through the reeds, seemed nearer than the trees we had left behind. Darkness found us still groping our way, in long tacks, towards the spire.

The moon came up, and still we sailed on through the night, noiselessly, for there was no sound but the vicious tugging of the ropes on the pulleys, and the flapping of the sails as we tacked; nothing to be seen but stars and moon, and tantalizing lights ahead. Silently we sailed on, the captain at the tiller, the mate clinging to the shrouds, and peering out into the darkness.

Although no word was spoken, what they knew communicated itself to us: we had lost our bearings; their keen eyes, even, were unable to distinguish among the twinkling lights those that marked the entrance to the river.

Some whispered words, a peering into the darkness, an assent, and we dropped anchor to wait for the morning.

We were not far from the shore, for I could see dimly, strange shapes, that might be human habitations, and might be the portentous creations that come in dreams—amorphous shapes, uncanny and unrealized, that start fears of the strange and the unknown.

Was it land that we saw, or only a dream country that would pass away with the light? As I lay in my bunk and listened to the wash of the waves against the sides of the vessel, I saw again those mysterious shapes, and they kept with me through the night in dreams.

Rumbling and shouts overhead awakened me. The cabin was bright with morning, and when I went on deck, lo! in the clear light of a summer dawn all that had seemed mysterious and fearful had become plain and alluringly simple,

We were close to the shore. The shapes of the night were—a farmstead, a haystack, and an outlying barn. A peasant was working in the field, the smoke went up from the farmstead chimney, and yonder was the river widening into the land, a handspan below the green meadows.

The wind filled our sails, the sun sparkled on the water, as we glided into the river, and swept onwards to the village. There against the quay was the family barge, already beginning to unload her peat. Slow and ungainly, but an old traveler in those waters, she had gone straight to her haven, knowing the course, while we—

And yet we had experienced what they had missed; to us had been given the joy of awakening, of learning once more how illusory are foolish night fears in the new birth of day.

R a n d o m R e a d i n g :

M i n i a t u r e E s s a y s o n L i f e

"STRENUOUS LIFE"....GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L....INDEPENDENT

There can be no doubt that a spirit of violence is just now abroad in the world, and is manifesting itself especially in the treatment of the weaker races. Jingoism is its international phase. It presents a strange and disappointing contrast to the spirit of philanthropy, international amity and peace which seemed to be prevailing two or three generations ago, perhaps partly as a reaction of sentiment after the Napoleonic wars. It is difficult to fix upon the cause of this sudden recrudescence. It may be the prevalence of physical theories of evolution by survival of the fittest, the fittest being taken to mean the strongest—which it does not, so far as the human race is concerned. It may be the loosening, under the erosive influence of science and criticism, of belief in Christianity and the Christian brotherhood of man. "I am sick," said a politician the other day, "of this turning of the other cheek business." He probably did not think whence his words were taken, but he gave expression to a feeling not confined to himself. It does not seem certain that, in the present temper of the British people, the abolition of slavery would be carried. Emancipation was mainly the work of the evangelical party and closely connected with their religion. It is not for an English writer to speak to Americans about the matter of the Philippines. But no one who reads American newspapers can fail to have come across language at variance not only with Christian principle, but with what has hitherto been deemed ordinary morality. "Anyhow we'll do it," has been the tone.

Now, is there not some reason to fear that President Roosevelt, with his great influence upon opinion, may be indirectly and unconsciously flattering this spirit by his constant preaching of a "strenuous life" and denunciation of what he designates as weakness. By strenuous life he no doubt means something noble and heroic—the life, in a word, of a valiant Rough Rider. By weaklings we may assume that he means people whose character is weak and contemptible. But men of a nature inferior to his may be apt to fancy that submission to moral restraints is weak, and that strenuousness is shown in hustling your

neighbor, and, if he demurs, treating him with the water cure or burning his farm.

Some men have been detailed by nature as Rough Riders. Let us acknowledge their services and pay them the honor due. But the mass of us are destined to a life not "strenuous," but devoted to the quiet earning of our bread and performance of our social duties. We are not a herd of animals crowding each other, but a co-operative community of men.

After all, in the history of civilization, have not the greatest effects been produced by men whom President Roosevelt, had he come across them personally, might have been apt to class among weaklings and deem unworthy of his notice? What affinity to the Rough Rider have the leaders of science, literature and religion, who assuredly have done as much as the warrior to promote and direct the progress of mankind? Nay, the Founder of Christendom, who for so many ages has been casting the world in his own mold—would he, to the outward observer, have appeared "strenuous"—would he not have appeared weak?

The literary prophet of strenuousness is Carlyle. I yield to nobody in recognition of the brilliancy of his literary genius and the new life which it gave to the writing of history, though his hero worship exceeds all measures of reason, and the moral paradoxes of his later works, especially of his Frederick the Great, are astounding in themselves and are clearly at variance with the teachings of Sartor Resartus. Nor would I fail to acknowledge the good which he did in rebuking the excesses and the self-complacency of democracy, extravagantly cynical as his rebukes are, for it is not true that the thirty millions are mostly fools, that they have no power of self-guidance, and can be kept right only by despotic rule. But since the publication of Carlyle's papers by a too faithful friend, the inner man has been laid open to us; we see much that is not only interesting, but fine; yet we surely also see plainly enough that we should hardly have been following genuine strength any more than we should have been following deliberate wisdom in surrendering ourselves to the teaching of Carlyle.

CONSECRATED TO CRIME...AGNES REPPLIER...ATLANTIC

"The breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there,
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration."—*Fra Lippo Lippi*.

Not long ago I saw these lines quoted to show the blessedness of sanctuary; quoted with a serious sentimentality which left no room for their more startling significance. The writer drew a parallel between the ruffian sheltered by his church and the soldier sheltered by his flag, forgiven much wrong-doing for the sake of the standard under which he has served and suffered. But Mr. Browning's murderer has not served the church. He is unforgiven, and, let us hope, eventually hanged. In the interval, however, he poses as a hero to the children, and as an object of lively interest to the pious and Mass-going Florentines. A lean monk praying on the altar-steps would have awakened no sentiment in their hearts; yet even the frequency, the cheapness of crime failed to rob it of its luster. It was not without reason that Plutarch preferred to write of wicked men. He had the pardonable desire of an author to be read.

In these less vivid days we are seldom brought into such picturesque contact with assassins. The majesty of the law is strenuously exerted to shield them from open adulation. We have grown sensitive, too, and prone to consider our own safety, which we call the welfare of the public. Some of us believe that criminals are madmen, or sick men, who should be doctored rather than punished. On the whole, our emotions are too complex for the straightforward enjoyment with which our robust ancestors contemplated—and often committed—deeds of violence. Murder is to us no longer as

—"a dish of tea,
And treason, bread and butter."

We have ceased to stomach such sharp condiments.

Yet something of the old glamour, the glamour with which the Serpent beguiled Eve, still hangs about historic sins, making them—as Plutarch knew—more attractive than historic virtues. Places consecrated to the memory of crime have so keen an interest that travelers search for them painstakingly, and are often both grieved and indignant because some blood-soaked hovel has not been carefully preserved by the ungrateful community which harbored—and hanged—the wretch who lived in it. I met once in Edinburgh a disappointed tourist—a woman and an American—who had

spent a long day searching in vain for the house in which Burk and Hare committed their ghastly murders, and for the still more hideous habitation of Major Weir and his sister. She had wandered for hours through the most offensive slums that Great Britain has to show; she had seen and heard and smelt everything that was disagreeable; she had made endless inquiries, and had been regarded as a troublesome lunatic; and all that she might look upon the dilapidated walls behind which had been committed evils too vile for telling. And this in Edinburgh, the city of great and somber tragedies, where Mary Stuart held her court, and Montrose rode to the scaffold. With so many dark pages in her chronicles, one has scant need to burrow for ignoble guilt.

There are deeds, however, that have so colored history, stained it so redly and so imperishably, that their seal is set upon the abodes that witnessed them, and all other associations grow dim and trivial by comparison. The murder of a Douglas or of a Guise by his sovereign is the apotheosis of crime, the zenith of horror. As long as the stones of Stirling or of Blois shall hold together, that horror shall be their dower. The walls shriek their tale. They make a splendid and harmonious background for the tragedy that gives them life. They are fitting guardians of their fame.

LIGHTEARTEDNESS.....LONDON SPECTATOR

Light-heartedness is a graceful quality—a grace, perhaps, rather than a quality—the only substitute for good fortune, the only impregnable shield against fate, the most generally powerful of all charms. Most of us began life equipped with this gift; is it too much to say that most of us have lost it? Lightness of heart does not come of want of sympathy. A man who cannot feel the sorrows of his friends is usually well able to complain of his own. Children are light-hearted, not because they are incapable of sorrow, but because they are incapable of care. They have not enough experience to enable them to look forward. They do not yet believe that the thing which has been is that which shall be. If they turn their eyes away from the present, they look into an imaginary world, not into the future, that future in whose lap lies the salve for most sorrows, together with an inexhaustible supply of fresh fears. Among grown-up people lightness of heart does not seem to have much to do with circumstances, though it is commoner in some classes than in others. Poverty does not

preclude a light heart, neither will wealth ensure one. The English poor are, we think, inexplicably light-hearted. How few are saddened by the thought of old age or the fear of the workhouse; how bravely in illness they approach the brink of ruin? The outside observer wonders to see physical suffering so patiently borne, but forgets the mental suffering which the gradual eating-up of savings would cause in what we rather offensively call "a better class." Of course, this good quality has its natural defect. The English poor are almost criminally improvident, but we believe firmly—and that in the face of all appearance to the contrary—that they are less sordid than any other populace. Continentals of the same social level are supposed to have more gaiety and more poetry in their composition. This, we hold, is a superficial judgment, originating with that superficial person, the English cosmopolitan. It is a significant fact that in parts of Italy there are no singing birds—the spring landscape is silent in the morning—because the poetical peasantry have eaten them all. How extremely good-natured is the chaff of the London streets, how cheerful the acceptance of small discomforts and annoyances. One of the most striking features of a busy Continental thoroughfare is the number of persons in it who appear to the visitor to be in a violent passion about nothing which he can make out. To shift the social scene from the bottom of the ladder to the top, the beanstalk country, where the leisured classes belong, and into which working-folk love to climb, is celebrated for its light hearts. Have not Carlyle and Matthew Arnold declared their charm before the world? How much of it is due to the long-continued happy circumstances which engender sweet dispositions, and how much to good manners, it is hard to say. When the art of life has been studied seriously for many generations, it is not easy to tell how much is, properly speaking, natural, and how much is the outcome of training and fashion. We are inclined to think that those who make their living—provided it is a fairly good one—in the sweat of their brow, have lighter hearts than those who make it in the sweat of their brain. The high spirits which seem to be enjoyed by domestic servants—to judge by the sounds which come up-stairs—are a case in point. Dusting, scrubbing and plate-cleaning seem to weigh on the heart far less than doctoring, journalism, or the study of law or theology. Too often spirits are broken by overwork or by disappointment in the wild struggle to succeed which goes on

among professional people. Certainly in the literary world light hearts are generally lost early; yet the light-hearted man of letters, though he is rare, is the most attractive of all light-hearted men. He knows how to express the music that is in his mind, and is like a composer who is also an executant.

CRAMPED LIVES..A. E. MANNING FOSTER..LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW

The law of sacrifice has always appealed successfully to the imagination of mankind. In the history of the Christian Church, as in the moral history of mankind, the ideal of the voluntary sacrifice of one being for another, or of some part of human nature for another, has been always apparent. It has produced the supreme sufferers, those heroic souls who wrought, endured and died that the race might profit by their pain. It is an ideal which the world can understand and, in its own way, appreciate. Side by side with it has existed another and more human ideal which represents moral effort not as a sacrifice but as a harmonious development of all the parts of human nature in just proportion to each other. It is the more subtle of the two and the less easily understood. "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee" is a precept which appeals by its very simplicity, its directness. It is the drastic method which the world understands. The priest and the monk are the natural fulfillment of this ascetic ideal, and it is a recognition of this fact that accounts for their power over the heart and conscience of mankind.

In the opposite camp are those who realize that, in a world where we must needs make the most of things, no theory or system which requires of them the sacrifice of any part of their experience can have any real claim upon their allegiance. To such as these the priest stands as a type of the cramped life. So, likewise, though in lesser degree, stand the soldier, the sailor, the doctor, the lawyer—all who voluntarily or through force of circumstance cut themselves off from the main stream of life to pursue their course in narrower channels. From this point of view, in fact, it would seem that we are all leading cramped lives except those of us who are doing nothing in particular. It is a maintainable position, and no doubt the true idea of "aristocracy" lies just there. We ought to be doing nothing in particular—that is to say, no one thing to the exclusion of everything else. Who knows what we are missing of the things that matter while we are so busy about our small affairs?

But there is another kind of cramped life which owes its condition not to any mere material fact, but to a state of mind. It has nothing to do with the necessary limitations imposed by a man's profession or calling. It is an inherent deficiency in his own character. The priest, the soldier, the doctor, the lawyer, each may have his private interests, his enthusiasms, his passions which yield him that quickened sense of life and so redeem it from mere professionalism. But the man in question has no such colored moments. He lacks a certain disposition of mind—the power of absorbing the elements in the intellectual life about him. He has no sense of the beauty and compass of human feeling. He fails to recognize the inner poetry of things. To him Chippendale was a carpenter and Louis Quinze a king. He has no splendid vices or heroic virtues. The collective life pressing equally on every part of every one of us has reduced him to the level of a colorless, uninteresting existence. He has never learnt to withdraw his thoughts from the mere machinery of life and to fix them upon the spectacle of the great facts of men's existence which no machinery affects, "on the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations and the entire world of nature," on "the operations of the elements and the appearances of the visible universe, on storm and sunshine, on the revolutions of the seasons, on cold and heat, on loss of friends and kindred, on injuries and resentments, on gratitude and hope, on fear and sorrow."

Of Coleridge it was said that from his youth he "hungered for eternity," and certainly Coleridge, in spite of his dejection, with his warm, poetic joy in everything beautiful, might serve as an almost perfect example of those who lead the fuller life. What he said by way of "A Tombless Epitaph" is true of himself:

Sickness, 'tis true
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintained
The citadel unconquered, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.

O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher, condemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love.

Such an attitude as here expressed is impossible to the character we are considering. He has no such sharp and joyful sense of life. He passes his days in a mean world where there is neither ecstasy nor sorrow. He breaks through

no bounds, but moves, ever a mediocrity, in a bloodless routine, and misses his one chance in the life of the spirit and intellect.

AMERICAN WOMEN THROUGH ENGLISH EYES...BLACK AND WHITE

The self-consciousness of American women in these days is noticeable. Seldom have I met one—and I have met a good many—who has not been ready to analyze the type "American woman," and to throw all the light of which she is capable on her psychological workings. Sometimes it is a clear and penetrating light, but often it is more than a little misty. To me this self-consciousness is rather repellent. The practicality of the American girl is admirable, and her knowledge of the world astonishing. Yet we must in justice admire the plain-spokenness of American women. It is well to call a spade a spade, and to let the fresh air into unnecessarily mysterious corners.

There is a sort of blatancy, however, in the way many Americans speak of their girls and their education that sometimes grates on British reserve of feeling. We English like our girls to be tall and healthy and well-developed, but we still have the grace to appear to allot to physical training a secondary importance to mental and moral training. The Americans seem to be unblushing materialists in their instincts. "Physical culture" is their passion and constant topic. This constant taking stock of themselves and their points, physical and mental, seems to have a subtly vulgarizing effect on their minds. I have met with singularly little "sweet simplicity of being," such as one often sees in English girls (not in the smart set), out of Mary Wilkins' books, and these deal mostly with a humble and secluded class in the American community.

With all their culture and smartness there is often in American women, as in women of other nationalities, a strange limitation in point of humor. An American mother that I knew was constantly extolling the charms of her obviously plain but unaccountably fascinating daughter. She kept me supplied with a sort of history of Julie's real or imaginary conquests. This culminated at one date in a letter I received from New York City giving news of her marriage. "Julie's choice," wrote the appreciative parent, "is in every way satisfactory. Mr. George W. Harrison is a blond, and fond of nature!" This striking antithesis lingers in my recollection, and I have often given a thought to the domestic felicity of the blond and wondered if he has fair opportunities of indulging his taste for nature!

V a n i t y ✂ ✂ F a i r

F a d s ✂ F o i b l e s ✂ a n d ✂ F a s h i o n s

HOW THE KING VISITS.....LONDON ANSWERS

Although King Edward dispenses with as much pomp and circumstance as is possible when he is honoring any of his subjects with a country-house visit, certain special arrangements have, of course, to be made for his reception on such occasions. The successful carrying out of these entails, as may be imagined, a good deal of anxiety on the part of the host and hostess concerned. For example, the servants have to be carefully trained in the niceties of court etiquette, while the rooms set apart for the accommodation of the illustrious guest have to be refurnished throughout. It is important, too, that such rooms should be in a position to insure a certain amount of privacy for their distinguished occupants. On this account the suite in question is usually contained in a separate wing altogether, and is capable of being entered and left without passing through corridors used by ordinary members of the house party.

This house party has to be most carefully chosen, for on its composition depends in great measure the success of the royal visit. With a view to insuring that everyone's presence shall be thoroughly acceptable, a list of those it is proposed to invite is first submitted to His Majesty's private secretary. This official, Lord Knollys, goes through it very carefully, and then returns it with the intimation either that it may stand or that it must be altered in certain particulars.

When King Edward pays a country-house visit, he is met at the local station by his host. Anything in the nature of a demonstration or address of welcome from the municipal authorities is discountenanced on such occasions. Indeed, beyond laying down a strip of red carpet on the platform, no special preparations are made for His Majesty's reception. His arrival, in fact, is practically as unostentatious as is that of any private gentleman spending a week end in the country.

On arrival (which is generally timed for about six o'clock in the evening) at the house he is honoring with his presence, the King usually retires immediately to his private apartments, and does not meet the remainder of the house party until a few minutes before dinner

hour. As a rule this is fixed at nine o'clock, in accordance with the custom obtaining at Buckingham Palace and Windsor. The meal usually lasts for about two hours, and is marked by a certain degree of ceremony. Royal servants, for example (who come from London for the purpose), serve His Majesty with each dish, and stand behind his chair till he rises. While he chats pretty freely with all the members of the company, it is a serious breach of etiquette for anyone to address a remark to him direct. With this exception, a general conversation is kept up throughout the meal.

As soon as the ladies have withdrawn, coffee and cigarettes are handed round. There is no undue lingering over these, and in about ten minutes or so the gentlemen return to the drawing-room. The remainder of the evening is then passed with music, theatricals, or "bridge," and about midnight His Majesty retires. He is not seen again by his host and hostess until half-past ten or eleven o'clock the next morning, as he always breakfasts alone.

The manner in which the interval between breakfast and luncheon is passed depends, of course, on the season of the year. Whenever possible, King Edward likes to spend the morning in the open air. If his visit is not fixed at a time when grouse or pheasants may conveniently be annihilated, he usually goes for a midday spin in a motor, accompanied by his host and hostess and one or two principal guests.

Luncheon is at two o'clock, or a little later, and is rather an elaborate meal. On its conclusion His Majesty snatches an hour to attend to his correspondence. In connection with this matter it may be mentioned that, even when in the depths of the country, and although his absence from London may be of only a couple of days' duration, King Edward's letters are brought him every morning by a special messenger.

At tea, which in most country houses nowadays is served in the entrance hall (or, if the weather is fine, out of doors on the lawn), the King greets any of the guests he has not seen earlier in the day. Occasionally the opportunity is taken at this meal to present to him some local celebrity, such as the Lord Lieutenant or High Sheriff of the county, or perhaps

the Bishop of the diocese. Very often, however, such individuals are invited to a dinner party instead.

It is, of course, impossible to state the expense to which a subject is put on account of a visit from his sovereign. That it is considerable, however, is certain, for although excessive display in the direction of table decorations, etc., is very properly discountenanced, a certain abnormal outlay is necessary. For one thing, all the servants have to be supplied with new liveries. Sometimes the whole house is re-decorated throughout, while the suite occupied by His Majesty may be specially furnished for the occasion.

URE OF THEIR CHARM.....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

The oddity, not to say the ugliness of some of the costumes or accessories to costume, that have been invented for the use of the woman who automobiles ought to be enough to prevent pretty women from ever indulging in the sport of motoring—if anything could deter a woman who is possessed to taste a pleasure or follow a fashion, says *L'Illustration*.

To bury, to disguise, an often exquisite figure in the folds of an ungraceful dust coat, to disfigure one's self in heavy, vulgar fur garments, sometimes even to venture on a cloak of stiff, malodorous leather—these things no longer call for comment. But one is moved to marvel at the articles of apparel that costumers have been bold enough to contrive as a protection from wind and sunburn. One could almost believe that usefulness and beauty were mutually exclusive, as, with rare exceptions, the inventors have escaped from the commonplace only to fall into the ugly.

A number of automobile devotees disdain these complicated and barbarous machines, and content themselves with fastening around their caps a more or less opaque veil, loosely draped. The face is thus concealed entirely; at the same time it is not made grotesque, and it is completely protected against the inclemencies of the weather.

If the English journalists are to be believed, the English "chauffeuse" scorns these extreme styles, and consents, much against her will, to conceal her features and disfigure herself. Instead, she wears only a veil, which leaves her face quite visible.

THE HAT IN MEXICO.....MODERN MEXICO

Among all well-bred people great attention is paid to the hat of the masculine visitor. That emblem of grandeeship, as Richard Ford

called it, is taken at once and carefully placed on a chair quite as if it were a person. It must be treated with respect. A table is also a proper place for it, but a chair is better.

Especially is the top hat distinguished in etiquette; it implies that the wearer is a real *señor*, a true *caballero*, and it is honored with careful treatment. See that it is allowed to repose on a chair safe from casual knocks or jars. In common parlance, the top hat is "*una chistera*," a facetious word, and "speaking seriously, it is "*un sombrero de copa*" or "*de copa alta*." It is an emblem of social rank, and lawyers often wear it from morning till night.

The *sombrero de paja*, or straw hat, may be of many degrees of fineness. Sometimes it has a gold or silver cord, and is worn by well-to-do *rancheros* or great *hacendados* on proper occasions. Women on horseback in the country, and formerly in the city, wore handsome *sombreros*. The *sombrero* of felt, with its ornaments, may cost anywhere from \$10 to \$1,000. It is the gala hat for horseback on days of fiestas, and in the country regions is affected by the prosperous. Remember that the hat, in any form, is something to respect. It is taken off as a sign of regard and deference, or of mere courtesy.

The *sombrero calañés* is the Andalusian hat of low crown and broad brim, the hat of the bullfighter on the street, where he receives the homage of the admiring populace, especially of the small boy. It has its epochs of coming into quite general use, and is far more picturesque than the staid and prim derby. The latter hat is much affected by the city youth of Mexico, but it is foreign, alien, and an exotic. It is ridiculous worn on horseback under the ardent sun of Mexico or Andalusia.

In old times, Mexicans, as well as Spaniards of social rank, wore the cocked hat, immortalized in Alarcón's story of the *Sombrero de Tres Picos*. The three-cornered hat, properly speaking, affected by people in times ago, was called the "*sombrero de tres candiles*."

Boys of the lower classes wear cheap straw *sombreros* to school, and the marvel is that they ever distinguish them, as they are as much alike as peas in a pod.

But to return to our mutton, so to say, the hat, as a symbol of grandeeship. It is nowadays the tall hat, the "topper," the silk hat, stovepipe, or what you will. "*Gobernadores*" wear it, senators, and deputies and lawyers, of course, though in Mexican cities the younger lawyers affect jaunty straw hats in warm weather, and often derbys.

The grandees of Spain of the first class have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of their sovereign, and the other day the young King Alfonso, receiving a party of noblemen of high degree who approached him uncovered, said, after a moment, "Cover yourselves, señors," which is the ancient etiquette. Thus the hat plays in Spanish tradition and actual life a ceremonial part differing from usage in Anglo-Saxon countries.

THE SOCIETY WOMAN. MARY CADWALADER JONES. HARPER'S WEEKLY

As proof is gradually evolved from conflicting statements I must begin by trying to refute the popular opinion as to the ideals of women who are in society. If they were what common report and belief would make them, there would be but little reason for this or any other article concerning such frivolous and harmful creatures.

They are supposed to be a selfish, vain and silly lot, who begin their day by sipping chocolate in bed at noon, and end it at a ball about four the next morning. Milliners die of overwork to gratify the ambition of these butterflies to be more gorgeously and variously dressed than others of their set; coachmen die of exposure from waiting in the cold while their mistresses dance or gossip for hours; they are supposed to have no patience with the rest of the world, no interest in the perpetual struggle of their fellow-creatures, no sympathy with suffering, no compassion for failure. Their husbands are kept at work like slaves, early and late, that they may enjoy a perpetual holiday in laborious idleness. Newspapers print columns about their entertainments, their jewels, their clothes, their supposed occupations, while most of the scandals in any community are promptly laid to the score of men and women who are immediately called "society leaders," in order that a moral may be more sharply pointed.

Unfortunately this misconception is as old as society itself; the fashionable woman was berated and abused before the days of Juvenal, and in this country the "society women" of New York are supposed to be, above all others, frivolous and selfish.

There are, of course, silly and useless and vulgar people in society, just as there are scheming hypocrites in religious organizations, but, on the whole, these latter are chiefly made up of respectable people, and so is the social world.

As a matter of fact, any woman who is at all prominent in society has no easy time of it,

and needs not only energy and decision of character, but very definite ideals, which are by no means incompatible with fashionable life. She may go out and entertain a great deal, and yet be an excellent housekeeper and bring up her children creditably, as her own fashionable mother did before her. Indeed, her home is probably governed with exceptional efficiency, which is the fulfilment of one important ideal.

As charity is always largely dependent upon what the public is pleased to call the leisure class, it represents in most cases a considerable share in the life of a society woman. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely any philanthropic movement, either in public or private charity, which has not been organized and supported by men and women having every claim to be considered fashionable. Each woman has one or more charities in which she is personally interested, and this does not mean that she occasionally sends a check toward their maintenance, but that she gives her own time and attention, sometimes several hours out of each week. To give one instance out of many, twice a week several girls and married women meet at the rooms of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, and there work for two or three hours sorting and packing newspapers and periodicals for the inmates of many charitable institutions—and very dirty and fatiguing work it is. Then, many women regularly visit the wards of the different hospitals, and report systematically as to their condition, to some recognized authority. All this patient and continuous effort means in most cases devotion to an ideal, and that a high one.

The rich woman has her full share of responsibility, which she rarely shirks. Her daily mail is something appalling; requests and demands are made on her, from all over the country, by people she has never known, for objects of which she has never heard. Many of these requests are simply impudent, but others are worthy of being investigated, and most rich women employ at least one secretary or almoner, whose business it is to inquire into all deserving cases, whether near at hand or distant, and to report as to the best way of relieving them. The moral of all this is that one should not conclude because a woman appears at a large luncheon in a smart frock, and then goes to a "bridge" party, that her existence is useless, and only pleasure-seeking. She may have spent her whole morning in downright hard work of one sort or another, and her ideals are none the less present to her than if she were always talking about them.

T r e a s u r e ✧ T r o v e : O l d ✧ F a v o r i t e s ✧ R e c a l l e d

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.....OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train.
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side.
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran,
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

CHORUS FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON...ALGERNON CHAS. SWINBURNE

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;]
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
He sows and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

OH! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING.....CHARLES KINGSLEY

Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist streaming
Over river and mead and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God!

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK..... WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveler slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars at various heights;
And one coy primrose to that rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own;
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fiber true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
And God upholds them all;
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP THOMAS MOORE

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting, cried, from his dream awake,
"O, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake and a meteor bright,
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

A LOVER'S SONG..... ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? In our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang,
Ringing through the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride,
Who have won her favor!
O Maud were sure of heaven
If lowliness could save her.

I knew the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And the little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

THE BIRTH-BOND..... DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Have you not noted, in some family
Where two were born of a first marriage-bed,
How still they own their gracious bond, though
fed

And nursed on the forgotten breast and knee?
How to their father's children they shall be
In act and thought of one good-will: but each
Shall for the other have, in silence speech,
And in a word complete community?

Even so, when first I saw you, seem'd it, Love,
That among souls allied to mine was yet
One nearer kindred than life hinted of.
O born with me somewhere that men forget,
And though in years of sight and sound unmet,
Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough.

Literary Thought and Opinion

THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN LETTERS. G. E. WOODBERRY. HARPER'S

The South has from the beginning contained in the mass a peculiar people. The special traits of its literary history are not wholly explained by the statements, so often made, that there colonial conditions of life continued until the social dissolution brought about by the Civil War, and that colonial conditions, as has been seen, did not in the North result in original literature. Much that was favorable to literary development existed in the South from the formation of the Union onward. The aspects of natural scenery there, picturesque, luxuriant, novel, with features of woodland and mountain, of lowland and upland, of river and coast, of rice and cotton culture, of swamp, bayou, and sand, of a bird and flower world of marvelous brilliancy and music, of an atmosphere and climate clothing the night and day and the seasons of the stars in new garments of sensibility and suggestion—all this was like a new theme and school to the poet who should chance to be born there.

The human history of the States, too, with its racial features of mingled Gallic and Scotch strains in the blood of the country, with its adventurous conquest of the land beyond the mountains and about the mouths of the Mississippi, with its border traditions, was both various and exciting to the imagination, hardly less than was the open air of the plains or the fascination of the Golden Gate in the West. The historical culture of the past gave a starting point; for education, books, travel, were to be found in a leisure class who were the masters of the land. The power of nature, the power of race, and the power of the transmitted civilization of older times were not lacking. There was even a radiating center. Virginia, in what was its great age, offered fair hope of true leadership in the supreme functions of national life. The group of the Revolution, which has made the State illustrious in history, lasted far on into the next age; and was distinguished not only by individual force, but by an enlightenment and generosity of mind of the happiest promise. Jefferson, in particular, who was the one great dreamer ever born in this land, was well fitted to be not only the fountainhead of a Declaration and of a University, but of a literature; or if not the

fountainhead, he at least held the rod to smite the rock. It is perhaps forgotten that, in the fall of 1776, Jefferson, in association with four other Virginia gentlemen, proposed a general system of law in which one measure was for the diffusion of knowledge among the people.

What was it that sterilized the fresh strength of the young nation in its fairest poetic region? The commonplace is to say that it was the institution of slavery; and however far the analysis be pressed, it does not really escape from this answer, from the repeated burden of all lands and climates that genius, the higher life of man, withers in the air of social tyranny. Slavery is a mutual bond; to a true and impartial eye the masters are also caught and bound in the same chains with the slaves. Certain it is that literature in any proper sense ceased even to be hoped for, and ceased also to be regarded as a necessary element of high social life.

It is curious to observe that what the South afforded to general literature, in the main, was given into the hands of strangers. There was an interesting plantation life in Virginia on great estates, pre-Revolutionary, and not dissimilar in certain aspects to the life of the great Tory houses of the North, and of these latter no trace in literature survives; but the Virginian record was written by Thackeray's imagination. There was in the South of later days the great theme of slavery itself, a varied and mighty theme even before the Civil War gave it epical range; in those days it was still only a story of individual human lives; but it was written in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the one book by which the old South survives in literature for better or worse. Characteristic Southern scenery added more to Whittier's verse than to that of any poet of its own soil. It will also, perhaps, be regarded as curious, though not the less true, to observe that such literature as the South produced by native writers is so intimately connected with the national life that the closeness of its relation thereto is, broadly speaking, the measure of its vitality. This is plainly the case in so far as the intellectual vigor of the South was confined to legal and political channels, and found its chief outlet in the national councils through argument and oratory; and this is the chief part of the matter.

But it is also true of such a writer of the imagination as Simms, the most distinguished prose author of the South and typical of its middle period, who found his best themes in national episodes; and it is true of Poe, the sole writer of the first rank, whose popularity and appeal were always in the midstream of contemporary national production, who lived in the national literary market-places, and entered into his fame by prevailing with the readers of the magazines and books of the national public. The colonial dependence of the South in literary matters was not on Europe, but on the North; its literature took up a provincial relation thereto; its authors emigrated, mentally and often bodily, thither; in other words, Southern literature does not exist, in any of its forms, political, fictional or poetic, except in relation to the national idea, either as its product or as the result of reaction from it. The nation was the parent of all the higher activity of the mind of the South, fostered, sustained, and prospered it, even when that activity was directed against itself. There is nothing exceptional in this, for it belongs to the nature of literature to flourish where the social life of the community is largest, most vital and culminative.

A LITTLE LEARNING ATLANTIC

At the present day, when the accurate study of our own language is so greatly extolled, it is amusing to see the blunders into which some would-be purists fall, not from ignorance, exactly, but from that little learning which we have known for two hundred years to be so dangerous. The trouble generally arises from people's eagerness to be schoolmasters in English when they should content themselves with being scholars. The result is that the amateur schoolmaster is abroad—very much abroad—and is most dogmatic when farthest from real knowledge. Some of these half-learned blunderers deserve to have their achievements specially noted.

What, for instance, induces a large number of popular writers, not only in newspapers and magazines, but in books, to make all their men, when talking to a woman, call her "madame"? None of the parties are French, nor is the scene laid in France. Why not "madam"? That word has the sanction of the very first writers for three hundred years. There is no more reason for writing "madame" in English prose, nor in poetry when the word has its ordinary accent, than for "ruine" or "charme."

Why do "society" magazines and newspaper advertisements always print "crêpe"?

The word has been thoroughly English for years upon years. Pope told us nearly two centuries ago

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

Dickens, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, makes most effective use of black crape in the delirious ravings of poor Lewsome. But there is no need to quote such authorities. The adopting of the French form instead of the English is entirely a fancy of milliners and society writers who take their inspiration from milliners, of the past few years.

Why have Americans such a passion for the form "around," almost wholly rejecting "round" as an adverb or preposition, and when they introduce it in writing—usually as a bit of dialect or a vulgarism—printing it "'round"? "Round" and "around" are in all respects equal in the very best writers. The first book of *Paradise Lost* shows this sufficiently. There is no reason for avoiding the shorter form; and most certainly no reason, if it is used, for prefixing an apostrophe in print.

All such fads come from imperfect knowledge of the best literature, an imperfection which is pretty certain to peep out elsewhere in the writings of those who follow them. One magazine which regularly treats its readers to "madame" and "crêpe," exhibits in its pages a really eminent literary man, an Englishman with an estate in "Norfolkshire." Why not "New Yorktown" or "Chicagoville"? Norfolk is not one of the "shires," as any Englishman will tell you. Oh that men—and women—would read more before they wrote! Perhaps they would not write so much!

LITTLE BOOKS: A BANE OR A BLESSING N. Y. TIMES

The inventor of the first series of small monographs on large subjects is responsible for much, and the publishers who have "exploited" the idea have still more to account for. English statesmen, foreign statesmen, famous Scots, and "leaders" of every movement known to history have crowded the library shelves devoted to biography; periods and epochs of history and literature, and innumerable series, dealing with all peoples and all subjects, are pouring from the press in never-ending succession. . . . It is through their very excellence that these series have done most harm. . . . Men who could have devoted their lives to a single great subject have spent valuable years in producing small books, honestly written and from full knowledge, but (often from the very limits of space which constitute the *raison d'être* of the

book) failing to make any real contribution to knowledge and occasionally producing for one series a work no better and no worse than some other equally capable writer has been simultaneously preparing for another series. . . . The question from one aspect is really a pecuniary one. Scholars are not rich men, and it is a very real temptation to write a small book which has a considerable market value, rather than a large one, which besides involving a substantial initial outlay and a large expenditure of time, may ultimately have to be printed at the author's risk. The public, we are told, will not buy large books. There is truth in the statement, but that unwillingness is partly the cause, and partly the result, of the publication of small ones. The general reader naturally hesitates to face the effort of beginning the study of several volumes, and when he is told that the whole sum of what it is really useful to know may be had in some 500 pages, the result of natural indolence is elevated to the position of a cardinal article of faith, and the author who has a long story to tell is involved in the condemnation of the writer who is merely long-winded. . . . It is not likely that either Mr. Morley's "Walpole" or Lord Rosebery's "Pitt" would have seen the light had not Messrs. Macmillan projected their "Twelve English Statesmen." Such books are not, as a rule (Mr. Morley is a distinguished exception), written by men who would naturally devote much time to historical research, and they are read by many to whom the shortest of short series would appeal in vain. For these no excuse is needed; they are a law unto themselves. Still another kind of book is in similar case and needs no apology. It sometimes happens that a subject on which something ought to be written is not suffi-

ciently wide or sufficiently important to merit a large work, and, if it is to find an audience at all, it is only through such a series. An excellent example of this kind of "little book" was published a year or two ago by a distinguished philosopher, who cannot be accused of having ignored the greater matters of the law in the way of contributions to contemporary thought. No satisfactory life of Thomas Reid, the founder of the Scottish philosophy was in existence till Professor Campbell Fraser, the editor of Berkeley and Locke, gave us a little volume of some 200 pages on the subject. . . . It could, of course, have appeared by itself, but a series supplies the only satisfactory mechanism by which a small book on such a subject could hope to meet with any measure of public attention. A large book would have been useless, and a single small volume would have failed to fulfil its purpose. With these and similar considerations in view, we should be sorry to condemn unreservedly the series of small books which form so very large a proportion of modern publications on important subjects. But it would be still more difficult to regard them wholly as a boon, and it seems as if their power for evil is likely to increase out of proportion to their power for good. They will continue to put fresh temptations in the path of the poverty-stricken scholar. They will continue to impress the public with the idea that, after all, art is not really long, and that time is not sufficiently fleeting to prevent the careful reader from mastering the history of Rome in four hours. Above all, they will continue to fill bookshelves and libraries, until the day comes when fashion again changes, and the small book reaches the vanishing point.

Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors

Stewart Edward White, whose stories of the forest have delighted so many, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1873. His boyhood was spent on the river among the rivermen. He used also to accompany his father on his long trips to the north woods, and thus early acquired a liking for the forest which he has so vividly described in his books. At the age of ten he went to California and spent four years in that State, taking long hunting trips

on horseback. Various parts of the West were visited during the following years, and material was there acquired for his first book—*A Study in Ornithology*. Graduating later from the University of Michigan, he left for the gold camps of the Black Hills and enjoyed the life of a prospector and hunter. It was in these regions that he gathered material for his books—*The Claim Jumpers*, and *The West-erners*. Finally, becoming tired of this life,

he came east and spent a year at the Columbia Law School. From Columbia Mr. White went to Chicago and entered a publishing house there. Then he went abroad, lived a year and a half in Paris, and returned in 1899 to this country and to the north woods, where he has resided ever since.

Mr. White has written numerous short stories which have appeared in various periodicals. He has also written five books: *The Claim Jumpers*, *The Westerners*, *The Blazed Trail*, *Conjuror's House*, and *The Forest*.

"The Blazed Trail," says Mr. White, "was nearly all written in a log cabin in the big wilderness forty miles north of Manistique. I used to get up at four in the morning, work until nine, and then put in the rest of the day on snowshoes in the woods. Many of its characters are drawn directly from life."

Above all, Mr. White in his writing sounds a healthy, vigorous note, the note of virility and power. He takes you away from hothouse sentimentality into the clean, fresh air of the great woods. He frees you from the ultra-modern inane society of the ordinary hero or heroine, and in its place offers you the companionship of real men and women. His is work of sanity and strength and restrained force. Little of court intrigue and swash breaking; little of pseudo-psychology and its attendant problems will you find: instead you will read a straightforward absorbing story based on fact and throbbing with life. Mr. White's stories cannot be too highly commended, for they honor not only Mr. White, but American literature as well.

The memorial statue to Shakespeare at Elsinore on the ancient ramparts of Kronborg Castle will be unveiled and dedicated before the end of the year to mark the three hundredth anniversary of Hamlet, which was originally produced in 1603. The statue is the work of a Danish sculptor, Louis Hasselrüs.

No more appropriate place could have been chosen for the work, for the grounds of the Castle witnessed the scene of Hamlet's meeting with his father's ghost. Statues of Shakespeare are found the world over. He is represented in Paris, Weimar, and in many American cities. The statue in Paris is a notable one. It is interesting to note that English artists and authors living in Paris have formed the project of erecting a statue to Victor Hugo in London. It is fitting that men of genius should be recognized in countries other than their own, for, after all, genius belongs to the

world, and the place of its birth is only an accident.

Following shortly after the announcement that the Hugo House in Paris has been transformed into a museum and turned over to the city authorities comes the news from London that the birthplace of Charles Dickens was sold at public auction to the Committee of the Town Council of Portsmouth, which has recommended that the corporation should use it for the purpose of a museum. Portsmouth, no less than Paris, is keenly solicitous of the memory of its illustrious dead, and is to be congratulated in this action, which pays homage to one of the great masters of English fiction.

There is, moreover, the establishment of another literary museum to be recorded. *A propos* of the centenary of Berlioz, the musician, there has been created in the home of his birth at Côte-Saint-André a museum of the souvenirs of his life. Among the chief objects to be seen there are a collection of lithographs by Fantin Latour, a manuscript of romances with guitar accompaniment composed during his youth, autographs, caricatures and other interesting souvenirs.

When Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith wrote Colonel Carter of Cartersville, he enriched American fiction by a very delightful story of delicate grace and rich literary flavor. The recent publication of Colonel Carter's Christmas by the same author is fully up to the standard of the former book, and is permeated with that witchery of Southern charm which won such a distinct vogue for its predecessor. Lovers of excitement will find no great tale of valor in its pages, but those who appreciate the far more subtle delineation of a simple, graceful life will find much to delight them here. With Theodore Fontane in Germany and René Bazin in France, Mr. Smith is a disciple of the simple life which, in spite of its simplicity, has its passions, even though they be not expressed in the ring of sword and the clash of great conflicts.

The recent death of Frederick Law Olmstead removes a famous landscape artist who stood alone in his profession. Not only was he the designer of Central Park and Riverside Drive in New York, of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, of the landscape features of the Colum

bian Exposition, and of park systems in Boston and other cities, but he was also a writer of distinction, and his Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England, and his published collection of descriptive letters of the South give him a claim to the literary memory of the country as well as to art.

A few years ago a number of Frenchmen, unduly excited by the prominence given to Ibsen and the other Norwegian dramatists, formed a society entitled *Les Latins*, whose object was to encourage the production of dramatic works by Latin authors in opposition to the influence of the North. Recently in Paris a protest has been called forth from many patriotic Frenchmen against the invasion of the works of foreign writers of fiction, chiefly English. As an example of the extent to which alien literature has invaded the republic, Mr. Henry D. Davray, writing in the London Academy, says:

Some daily papers and a great many periodicals devote occasional or regular articles to foreign literatures, and the greater part of their attention falls to the English. M. Augustin Filon, M. Ch. Legras, Madame Arvède Barine, in the *Journal des Débats*; M. Abel Chevalley, M. Izoulet and others in the *Temps*, give summaries of the literary movements in England. The monthly reviews pay particular attention to English matters; in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Tédor de Wyzewa, a learned and sound critic, frequently devotes his articles to British authors; in the *Revue de Paris*, we have M. Jusserand, M. André Chevrillon, Madame Duclaux (Mary Robinson), and others publishing essays and articles on Anglo-Saxon literature both of the present and of bygone periods; in the *Mercure de France* the present writer contributes to every number an account of the works which have appeared during the preceding month, but that does not preclude special articles by other contributors from appearing in the body of the review on subjects of any real importance.

The *Temps*, the *Débats*, the *Figaro*, the *Matin*, the *Journal*, the *Echo de Paris* and other newspapers have printed in their columns stories by Thomas Hardy, George Gissing, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Conan Doyle, Bret Harte, Marion Crawford and others. Those who protest against this so-called invasion should remember that French literature is read and enjoyed among the English-speaking peoples of the world to a far greater extent than English is at Paris. The exchange is beneficial to both countries. Happily in Paris the time is past when to the average Parisian the boundaries of the artistic world extend no further from his capital than the confines of *Saint Germaine*.

A "pale, melancholy-looking man" recently applied at the West London Police Court for funds from the poor box with which to print his poems. When questioned, he declared that he was a cook newly dismissed from one of the London hospitals. Aside from the pathetic aspect of the case, it immediately suggests two facts—that poetry as a lucrative trade is *nil* in these days of strenuous prose, and that poetry is an art that many believe they can successfully follow. Rhyme flows easily from many a pen, but poetry has long since lost its masters, and is to-day only an incomplete expression in the hands of untrained and crude versifiers.

The news comes from Paris that Gustave Larroumet, who succeeded Francesque Sarcey as dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, is dead. He was the perpetual secretary of the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*, and was the author of many critical works, among the most important being *Marivaux*, *La Comédie de Molière*, and *Racine*. In him French letters have lost a distinguished spirit.

October the fifth, last, was the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards, who exerted such a marked impression on the thought of his day, and who was a theologian, preacher and metaphysician of note. The bi-centennial was appropriately observed at Princeton University, of which he was at one time president, at Andover Theological Seminary, and at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The sermons of Edwards were long and dry, and, like other of his contemporaries, he was forever holding up the horrors of the lower world as an example for those whose life in this world did not conform to the strict religious life of the period. It is interesting to note that the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, to the number of 1,400, have all been more or less people of prominence in the history of the country.

The Northwestern University has established a course of fiction writing which is to include the teaching of how to write novelettes and magazine articles. Leaving aside the question if novel writing can be taught, it is more pertinent to ask—does novel writing have to be taught? Everybody writes novels to-day. The faculty of the university would have done better in instituting a course teaching how to read novels. In these days it is much harder to read a book than to write one.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.—John Fox, Jr. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

There is no finer portrayal of a boy's nature in all literature than in the first half of this book. There are few more appealing boys in all literature than Chad. Mr. Fox has produced an exquisite story for the first part of his book; a strong, virile one for the second part. Few tales bring the Civil War and its pathos before the reader as does this. This book will undoubtedly have many readers. And however many it may have, though it be many hundred thousands, it will deserve to have more.

The Maids of Paradise.—Robert W. Chambers. N. Y., Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Mr. Chambers has combined the historical and the detective novel in his latest offering. His hero is a secret service man in the French employ during the Franco-Prussian war, and his plot centers about the attempted theft of the crown jewels. The author has a fine background for his story, and he makes the most of it. This book is distinctly an advance over *Cardigan* and the *Maid-at-Arms*. It has a broader view, is more subtle and delicate in its sentiment, is better and finer in every way.

The Sherrods.—George Barr McCutcheon. N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. McCutcheon's new novel is the story of "two women and a man." This formula ought to give a comedy, but the man happens to be an artist and have the "artistic temperament," and the result is a tragedy, an unpleasant tragedy. There is plenty of clever character drawing in this book, the portrayal of Gene Crawley and Justine Sherrod being especially well done. One does not like to think that the hero, Jud Sherrod, is typical of human nature, though he exemplifies the frailty thereof and—the great lesson of the book—the vengeance of a lie.

The Fortunes of Fifi.—Molly Elliot Seawell. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This is a fine, sprightly story, as delicate as a bubble and as fragile. Its plot centers about a little out-of-the-way theater in Paris in the Napoleonic period; its heroine is a little waif of an actress, quite the most delightful, inconsequential heroine we have seen in a long time. Above all, with every chance to write of the fringe of society the author has kept her story pure and sweet. This is a delightful little tale, full of humor, not without pathos, and always entertaining.

The Adventures of Gerard.—A. Conan Doyle. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Sir Conan Doyle has given in his new book a series of accurate, delightful pictures of the Napoleonic wars. He has written many exciting incidents and adventures which thrill and would thrill more were it not for the unpleasant egotism of his hero. For

surely there are few heroes in all literature who possess the senile vanity and repelling vain-glory of Brigadier Gerard. At times his personality is such that it makes the adventures which he is supposed to narrate have the qualities of Baron Munchausen's.

The Castle of Twilight.—Margaret Horton Potter. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.

Twilight, and at times midnight, hovers over Margaret Horton Potter's story. The very chill and gloom of the old castle sinks into one's soul. It is a story of the days of adventure, but no stirring adventure permeates it. It aims rather at heart interest. This it has. But there is little humor, if any. Its one shaft of light is in the character of its heroine, Madam Eleanor, an exquisite fine example of ideal womanhood.

The Red Triangle.—Arthur Morrison. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

This is a story which strongly reminds one of some of Gaboriau's work, as well as of Conan Doyle's *The Sign of the Four*, being the investigations of a certain Martin Hewitt who treads in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes while probing crimes in which a red triangle figures. The volume is sufficiently thrilling for the most fastidious devotee to detective fiction. Two undoubted murders, one suicide or murder, as the case may be, and mysterious hypnotic influence, form the chief points of interest. Whether we enjoy the tale or not, we shall all agree that, be the conclusions true or false, it is time that "the practice of hypnotism should be restricted by law at least as closely as vivisection"—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Place and Power.—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Conrad Clayton, son of a wealthy English manufacturer, is as heartless as he believes himself to be soulless. In his hardness he refuses to a little boy poacher the mercy begged by an itinerant preacher, who thereupon predicts that Conrad will heap up riches but his firstborn will not gather them; that he will make a great name but the firstborn will not bear it. Setting place and power before him as his deity, he ultimately becomes a cabinet minister, but the prediction is ever before him. How it was fulfilled is told in the story. The volume is well worth reading, for it is full of delicate touches; its movement is stately and consistent, and, although it need not be called "a novel with a purpose," yet its lessons are evident and forcible. The work is of larger caliber than much of the fiction of this year.

The Long Night.—Stanley T. Weyman. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is a story of Geneva, full of action and color, and written in Mr. Weyman's best style. Freed from French history, the historical novel is apt to be more interesting than usual—a fact which Mr.

Weyman's book proves. All who have followed the author—and their name is legion—will be satisfied by this new offering from his pen.

A Doctor of Philosophy.—Cyrus Townsend Brady. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

There is a surprise for those who open this little book expecting to find one of Mr. Brady's stirring tales. There is little of adventure and fighting here. For Mr. Brady has written a problem novel. The story is strong, too strong for simple amusement's sake, and the treatment is excellent. This is an excellent piece of workmanship, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Brady will give us more of this type of work.

MS. in a Red Box.—Anon. N. Y., John Lane.

This novel takes its name from the fact that the manuscript was sent in anonymously to the publisher in a red box. It is a historical novel of a type recalling vaguely Lorna Doone, and deals with the Dutch invasion of the fen country in the seventeenth century. It is an interesting story rather well told, but in no way a startling piece of work.

A Deal in Wheat.—Frank Norris. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

This volume contains a number of Frank Norris's short stories which appeared in different periodicals and magazines. They are all strong, virile stories, and, with the exception of the first, have to do with frontier and western life. An interesting volume not unworthy to be compared to Bret Harte's or Kipling's at their best.

The Dominant Strain.—Anna Chapin Ray. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

This is a strong story with a moral. The moral is that even a little liquor is a dangerous thing—for a man who is weak. The story is well told and the characters well conceived. It is distinctly worth while.

The Wings of the Morning.—Louis Tracy. N. Y., E. J. Clode, Publisher.

This story starts with a shipwreck. From the opening page to the rescue of the sole survivors, man and woman, there is a continuous flow of excitement. The scene is laid on a small island in the China sea. The adventures have to do with the Malay head-hunters. The author is very ingenious, and he has given to his hero a power of acumen which at times recalls Sherlock Holmes. This story is full of intensity and interest.

The Promotion of the Admiral.—Morley Roberts. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Roberts has here collected some sea tales which have already appeared in a serial publication. The collection is well named *Sea Comedies*, for an air of humor runs through the whole, but occasionally the pathos of a sailor's life comes to the surface. The rough tone and the peculiar dialect are those of the Pacific Coast, and it is evident that the author knows whereof he writes. It may be questioned whether the book, with all its humor, will tempt our youth to follow a seafaring life—a point worthy of the attention of writers of sea stories at the present moment.

The Fighting Chance.—Gertrude Lynch. N. Y., The Smart Set Pub. Co. \$1.25.

The Fighting Chance is a clever, dramatic tale. The interest centers in an *ingenue* of lively character, who sets out to entangle an elderly statesman into marriage for the sake of the position which he can give her. She succumbs, however, to the force of true love for a very fine specimen of young manhood. Matters are complicated by a married woman who is infatuated with an office-worn secretary of the statesman. Here are all the materials for a melodramatic intrigue, and Miss Lynch has made the best of the situation. There is abundance of sprightly action, the interest is unflagging, and the climax is artistically perfect.

A Master Hand.—Richard Dallas. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

A lawyer of high standing in an important city (New York) it is called in the story) killed his friend rather than to have a crime disclosed which they had committed together. He becomes the counsel for the defense of a degenerate who is arrested for the murder, secures a disagreement of the jury, and, during the interval before the new trial, is hunted down by a clever detective. The story is cleverly told, and the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence is made a very strong point in the plot. Perhaps we ought rather to say that the inability of untrained minds to weigh circumstantial evidence accurately is the "moral" of the tale. It will be seen from this short sketch that the volume is one of far more vital interest than the majority of detective stories.

The Light That Failed.—Rudyard Kipling. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is a new edition of Kipling's famous story, its publication doubtless being induced by the fact that a stage version of the story is to be seen this winter. The illustrations are photographs of scenes from the play.

The Vulgarians.—Edgar Fawcett. N. Y., The Smart Set Pub. Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Fawcett has told a good story of a Western family of fabulous wealth who invade the sacred precincts of New York society. Brought up in an obscure Western town, their *gaucherie* excites the astonishment of the metropolitan models of perfection, but they are saved and guarded by a very charming widow who, out of fidelity to the memory of her deceased husband, incurs the anger of her brother by refusing the attentions of a money-hunting English peer. Under her gentle training, the Westerners develop into very lovable characters, and the climax is all that it ought to be. The novel is never commonplace, but always lively; its drift is decidedly inspiring; its tone always elevating; and it forms a thoroughly pleasing tale of the plutocratic section of American life.

The Red-Keggers.—Eugene Thwing. N. Y., The Book-Lover Press. \$1.50.

Red-Keg is the center of a lumbering and farming community in Michigan. Mr. Thwing has told in an admirable manner the story of life among its people. The drunken shanty men, the dangers of the roll-way, the school life, the pure-minded

maidens, the noble work of the missionary, the criminality of the moonshiners, the vigilance of the secret-service men, and the delicacy of the love romance, all combine to produce a story of more than ordinary merit. That the story-teller is a man of strong powers is evidenced by the unceasing movement, the richness of incident, and the vivid descriptions.

The Yellow Crayon.—E. Phillips Oppenheim. N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Oppenheim has left the Balkan region of his Traitors and brought political intrigue to New York and London. The Yellow Crayon is the badge of a secret society of European nobles, with some of lowlier position, who are banded together to defeat the schemes of socialists and anarchists. The supreme head is a well-known emperor. From the first page to the last the movement is thrilling, the mechanism of the plot is admirably contrived, and the players in the game are pitted against each other with skill, every one relying upon his own cunning. While not so dashing as the Traitors, the Yellow Crayon is cleverer in many ways. It will repay reading.

Eleanor Dayton.—Nathaniel Stephenson. N. Y., John Lane.

In spite of certain deficiencies in technique, this novel is an interesting one. The scene of the story vacillates between America and France. The time is that period of the Civil War in this country and the reign of the second Empire at Paris. Eleanor Dayton is typical of her countrywomen, and the story of her life in both countries is replete with interest.

Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand.—Gertrude Atherton. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

This is the clever story of a woman who engages herself to four suitors and plays them off one against the other. What she undertook as a joke becomes in time a serious matter in regard to one suitor whom she ends by marrying. Newport is the scene of the story. The situations are cleverly conceived and the dialogue is good. All in all, it is a good story of society life, and one guaranteed to please by its humor.

Stories of Authors' Love.—Clara A. Laughlin. Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 2 vols. \$3.00 net.

Love is the great leveler of life. It is also the great reagent which is the test to character. There are original and fascinating views of great authors in this book. Tennyson, Charlotte Bronte, Ruskin, Poe, Balzac, Dante, Michael Angelo, Thoreau, Irving, Browning, Keats, and a dozen others are treated in a biographic, romantic manner. Whatever caviling there may be in regard to this book, it must be admitted that it is full of interest, and that it is written with grace and charm. These two volumes make delightful reading.

The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson.—John Kelman, Jr., M. A. N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

This work is a reverent and enthusiastic search for the principles which molded and the spirit which

actuated the many-sided author. Its writer sinks his own personality as a Free Kirk minister; he uses no arbitrary standards of creed or dogma which demand acquiescence in formulas; but he allows Stevenson to disclose from his own writings the breadth, the quality and the strength of that tie which bound his soul to its Creator and connected his finite actions with eternal ideals. As a study of Stevenson the volume is unique, instructive and valuable.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Musicians—Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors.—Elbert Hubbard. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In these two volumes Elbert Hubbard has drawn interesting pen pictures of many famous in the world of music and letters. They do not seek to be critical estimates, but rather appreciations, and as such they answer their purpose. The author's philosophy finds ample exposition in these pages. The illustrations and typographical appearance of the books leave nothing to be desired.

Traveling in the Holy Land through the Stereoscope.—A Tour Personally Conducted. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D.D. N. Y., Underwood & Underwood.

For those who cannot undertake the long journey to the Holy Land, the aid of this interesting little volume, the stereoscope and stereoscopic photographs which accompany it, prove the most satisfactory substitute, for here one may view that interesting place with the same pleasure and satisfaction as if one were actually there. By these views is gained a genuine experience of location in one hundred definite places in Palestine. The emotions acquired by looking at these pictures are of the same kind as those experienced by the traveler in Palestine. Unlike the ordinary photograph, there is a depth of perspective and a true proportion of foreground and background that are really marvelous.

The book is written in the familiar style of the guide who is pointing out the objects of interest on the spot. A map indicates the standpoints taken, and the order in which they should be observed.

The educational advantages of such a work are obvious. When one may thus walk from his library into the world at large in such a realistic and personal way, there need no longer be excuse for a lack of knowledge of the old world and its historic and interesting places.

The Buckeye Doctor.—William W. Pennell, M.D. N. Y., The Grafton Press. \$1.50.

The author calls this "a tale for physicians and for physicians' patients." As the category includes the majority of human beings in civilized countries, this second title is a good one for the book. The story relates the experiences of a young doctor—with college training and a proper "degree"—who desired to found a practice in an Ohio village, some thirty years ago, in the face of the opposition of two old-time practitioners. It is an excellent picture of village life and superstition, of cliquism and ignorance. There is a good deal of humor at times, but the story becomes tragically interesting, when the young man is arrested for body-

snatching through the scheming of his enemies. A love story there also is, and all ends satisfactorily.

Memoirs of George Ellers.—Lord Monson & G. Leveson Gower. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

George Ellers was an officer in the 12th Regiment of British Infantry during the last decade of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth. He was a relative of the Monson family, in whose possession these memoirs have been preserved. To any one who desires to know somewhat of the social life of an English gentleman in those days, the story, intended by Captain Ellers for his nephew, is full of interest. The narrative, even after the writer enters the army and is sent to India on active service, contains little that is either military or political. It is simply a record of daily life amidst the environments in which his birth, connections and position placed him. Some incidents in which he was brought in contact with Colonel Wellesley, afterward the famous Duke of Wellington, are especially noteworthy.

Central Europe.—Joseph Partsch, Ph.D. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

This is one of Appleton's World Series, which in twelve volumes will deal with the Regions of the World. Each volume is the work of an author who is specially equipped for his task, and certainly the choice of the writer of the work before us, a professor of geography in the University of Breslau, is peculiarly happy. Dr. Partsch has evidently an eminently logical mind, trained to see the connection and bearing of minutest details in a vast unity. He regards Central Europe in the light of its geographical position on the globe, of its physiography, of its races of people, of its economic conditions, of its natural and artificial means of communication and national defense, as a whole; and is thus able to present such an aspect of its importance in a world scheme as cannot fail to impress the reader, whether he be student of geography, commerce or politics. One cannot easily speak too highly of such a work as this.

The American Advance.—Edmund J. Carpenter. N. Y., John Lane. \$2.50.

A second title to this work is *A Study of Territorial Expansion*; and such it is. The various chapters deal with the Louisiana Purchase, the Cession of the Floridas, the Annexation of Texas, The Mexican Cession, Oregon, The Gadsden Purchase, Alaska, Hawaii, and the territories acquired in consequence of the Spanish-American War. Mr. Carpenter has brought to the study of his subject a careful and judicious spirit which, while thoroughly patriotic, is capable of dealing impartially with the various questions. He gives abundance of authorities for his statements, and his style is simple and readable. The general reader will find all he needs for a clear understanding of this portion of his country's history, while the special student can use the volume as a groundwork for fuller investigation.

The Papal Monarchy.—William Barry, D.D. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Professor Barry's history of the Papal Monarchy

extends from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII (590-1303) and covers one of the most interesting periods in the history of the Church. It is written with brevity, clearness and accuracy of outline, and while making no pretension to do more than open a large subject, it adequately serves as a general introduction to the more voluminous volumes of other classical historians. As a concise, unbiased history it can be recommended to students of history.

Danish Life in Town and Country.—Jessie Brochner. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.

This is one of the more recent in Putnam's excellent series of *Our European Neighbors*. The Danish people, their government, religion, education, society, art, and town and country life are all adequately portrayed and described. The book worthily presents a nation which, though small, has much to attract in its curious customs and life.

Winter India.—Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. N. Y., The Century Co. \$2.00.

This is one of the most entertaining books of travel that has appeared in recent years. The inexplicable incongruities of Indian life are charmingly and faithfully presented by the author. The great cities of India—Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Delhi, Lahore and Bombay—are described with much interest, and their aspect and life during the winter months are far different from the sights presented to the average summer tourist. Good illustrations lend a special charm to a very enjoyable volume.

Pipes of Pan No. II—From the Green Book of the Bards.—Bliss Carman. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.00.

There is a swing and lilt to these verses that lift them out of the commonplace and which entitles them to serious consideration. The Word in the Beginning is of considerable lyric charm and merit, and stamps the author as a poet of breadth and understanding. Mr. Carman in this and previous works has won for himself an established position among American versifiers.

My Woodland Intimates.—Effie Bignell. N. Y., The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.00.

In these stories of outdoor life the author has shown keen sympathy and close friendship for the little animal friends of her grove. Much charm and interest are attached to these little natural studies, and they will appeal to all who are swayed by simple thoughts and quiet experiences.

Pictorial Composition.—H. R. Poore. N. Y., The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.

This is a useful handbook for students and lovers of art. It makes plain the principles of composition, which is one of the most essential features of art. These principles are illustrated by reproductions of standard works of art. There is also an interesting discussion of the esthetics of composition, as its principles are applied to well-known paintings and simple rules, for the critical judgment of pictures are defused. For teachers and students of drawing this work is rich in interest.

Among the November Magazines

President Eliot, of Harvard, is always interesting, especially so when he writes on educational topics. To the current number of the Atlantic he contributes a suggestive essay on The School. In it he makes a strong plea for the inculcation of social sentiments in our schools. These sentiments he classes as follows:

Now, the sentiments which American schools ought to cherish and inculcate are family love, respect for law and public order, love of freedom, and reverence for truth and righteousness. Incidentally, but incessantly, they ought also to teach the doctrine that we are all members one of another. Fortunately, this last doctrine can be amply and forcibly illustrated by the experience of every household. The immediate dependence of one household on many others, and of one community upon many others, has really become formidable during the last century; since every individual has become dependent on many other people—mostly strangers—for the most absolute necessities of life. It is high time that a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country. There is not a religion, or a religious denomination, in the world which does not recognize these sentiments, or which objects to any of them; and religious differences should not be allowed to prevent the teaching of these primary principles to all the children in the land.

Of hardly less interest is Leslie Stephen's reminiscent paper on Journalism. Other papers of serious interest are: The Battle of Gray's Pasture, by George L. Teeple; Trasimene, by Arthur Colton; Economic Conditions for Future Defense, by Brooks Adams; The Problem of the American Historian, by William Garrott Brown; A Crime against Beauty, by Arlo Bates; A Great Municipal Reform, by Burton J. Hendrick; Walt Whitman as an Editor, by Charles M. Skinner; On Growing Old, by Norman Hapgood; and Juvenile Literature (so-called), by John Preston True.

The principal stories of the number are as follows: The Story of the Queen, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; A Woman's Fancy, by Alice M. Ewell; and The Boy Who Lived at the Bottom of the Well, by Edwin Biorkman.

Students of sociology will read with interest James M. Buckley's paper on The Present Epidemic of Crime, in the Century for this month. It is true that an appalling epidemic of crime

exists in the United States. The author notes some of its startling phases as follows:

Among the evidences of this epidemic is the recent rapid increase of juvenile and youthful crimes, and of crimes of premeditation and ingenuity committed by persons under or but little over what is called legal age. Moreover, these crimes among the young are by no means confined to the so-called lower classes. It occasions only momentary surprise to read that a scion of one of the best families is guilty of some heinous offense against law and morals. Indeed, the number of crimes committed by the highly educated is an alarming feature of the situation. The list of defaulting bookkeepers, bank-tellers, clerks, and college graduates constantly lengthens, reflecting a lurid light upon the theories of those who attempt to account for the origin of all sin, vice, and crime by ignorance. Those who attribute all crime to intemperance are also silenced, since many prevalent crimes are incompatible with that vice, for they require the keenest intellects, the most concentrated attention. It is noteworthy, also, that representatives of the clerical, the legal, and the medical professions are furnishing an increasing number of crimes of dishonesty, violence, and pollution of domestic life.

Life "On the Floor," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, gives a view of the New York Stock Exchange from within. Florentine Villas is a charming description of the villa-clad hills of the city by the Arno. Fable and Woodmyth, by Ernest Thompson Seton; Fighting the Hudson, by H. Addington Bruce; Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family, with an introduction by Miss Baxter; and A World's Congress of Lions, by Henry Fairfield Osborn, complete the serious contributions to the number.

The Marrying of Susan Clegg, by Anne Warner; The Little Canoe, by Henry Wallace Phillips; The Missing Exequator, by Benjamin H. Ridgely; and The Summer of St. Martin, by S. Weir Mitchell, are the most prominent contributions in fiction. The color pictures of the number are very artistic.

The nineteenth century has many achievements to its credit, but it set forth more problems for this century to solve than it has ever itself succeeded in mastering. In Harper's for November, Professor Simon Newcomb writes on The New Problems of the Universe. According to him this century must combine the specialties of the last:

We all know that the nineteenth century was

marked by a separation of the sciences into a vast number of specialties, to the subdivisions of which one could see no end. But the great work of the twentieth century will be to combine many of these specialties. The physical philosopher of the present time is directing his thought to the demonstration of the unity of creation. Astronomical and physical researches are now being united in a way which is bringing the infinitely great and the infinitely small into one field of knowledge. Ten years ago the atoms of matter, of which it takes millions of millions to make a drop of water, were the minutest objects with which science could imagine itself to be concerned. Now, a body of experimentalists, prominent among whom stand Professors J. J. Thompson, Becquerel, and Roentgen, have demonstrated the existence of objects so minute that they find their way among and between the atoms of matter as rain-drops do among the buildings of a city. More wonderful yet, it seems likely, although it has not been demonstrated, that these little things, called "corpuscles," play an important part in what is going on among the stars. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that there do exist in the universe emanations of some sort, producing visible effects, the investigation of which the nineteenth century has had to bequeath to the twentieth.

The Ten Temples of Abydos, by W. M. Flanders Petrie; Winter in the Country, by Edward S. Martin; American Epigrams, by Brander Matthews; London from a 'Bus-Top, by Sydney Brooks; A City of Leisure, by Otto von Gottberg; The Scientist and the Food Problem, by Ray Stannard Baker; and Champlain, by Henry Loomis Nelson, are all subjects of interest.

In fiction the beginning of a new novel by Mary Johnston, entitled *Sir Mortimer*, deserves special note. A number of good short stories are contributed by Maarten Maartens, Mary R. S. Andrews, Philip Verrill Mighels, Alice MacGowan, Margaret Deland, Marie Van Vorst, Charles A. Eastman, and Brand Whitlock.

In these days of organized labor and the constant struggle between it and capital, the question of labor unions is one of vital interest. William Z. Ripley, writing in *The World's Work* for November, shows how these organizations have outstripped the English ones, the causes of their increase, how they have followed trust organization, and their future. His paper is entitled *The Labor Union Conquest of the United States*. Mr. Ripley finds the causes of increased unionization as follows:

The principal causes of this remarkable growth in trades-unionism are apparent. The most immediate ones are, of course, the great era of prosperity which has blessed the United States since 1897; the spread of the so-called combination idea in industry; the success of the anthracite coal strike; and, finally, the natural acceleration of the labor movement, which, like any other, tends to spread

more rapidly in proportion to its age and renown. Of these four causes, the first two are temporary, the third is local, while the fourth may be permanent or not, according to the wisdom and moderation of the policies adopted by the unions themselves.

The Post Office and the People, by M. G. Cuniff, shows the inefficiency of this important branch of the Government. Mr. Cuniff's article is forcible and strong, and it is bound to evoke no end of discussion. If what he says be true, then it is high time that something be done, and that quickly. We can afford no such stigma upon our national government.

His Majesty, Jekyll-and-Hyde, by Henry Thompson, gives an explanation of the personal character and the peculiar position of the Sultan of Turkey. John S. Sargent, by Charles H. Caffin; *The Russian Absorption of Asia*, by Charles W. Barnaby; *The Industrial Arts in America*, by Louis Rhead; *The Corn Growers*, by T. N. Carver; *The Country Merchant Come to Town*, by Isaac F. Marcasson; *The Rural School Awakening*, by M. L. Brittain, a timely article on *What the Macedonian Trouble is*, and *The March of Events* will all find appreciative readers, as the subjects discussed are many and varied.

The National Lobby at Washington, by the editors of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, is the most important feature of the magazine this month. It deals with the scandals recently disclosed in the Federal Government, and the fault is found to lie primarily with the campaign contribution. Of what does the Lobby consist, how is it constituted, and what does it accomplish? The editors answer as follows:

The Washington Lobby differs from the Lobbies in many of the State capitols. The sordid passing of \$50 bills is a thing unknown. "They do things differently" in Washington, though the results accomplished are quite as satisfactory to the Great Interests which pay for them. The Washington Lobby comprises for the most part official representatives of Capital and Labor. The millionaire is his own agent. So is the head of each national labor organization. Here they wage the unceasing war between money and muscle—each striving to overreach the other—one using the coercive power of money, the other the coercive power of votes. There are a few men hanging around the Marble Room of the Senate and flocking through the corridors of the House of Representatives. But they are not handling money. They are merely delivering messages or getting information for their employers. They are in no sense lobbyists, in the general acceptance of the term as laid down by Webster.

As a matter of fact the Congress of the United

States is its own Lobby. In nine cases out of ten the lobbyist sits in the Senate with his State behind him, or in the House of Representatives with his district and his Senator behind him. Also in nine cases out of ten the Senatorial or Representative lobbyist acts and speaks for some great corporation which is seeking some vast special privilege which is antagonistic to the public interest and to which it has no moral right.

Of almost equal interest is Tammany's New Leader, by Walter L. Hawley, in the same number. Give Them a Chance, by Maud Ballington Booth; On the Taquamenon, by William Davenport Hulbert; E. H. Sothern, by Justin Huntly McCarthy; and The International Dramatic Exchange, by F. Elderkin Fyles, are likewise interesting.

Denis Dent, by Ernest W. Hornung; and The Adventurer in Spain, by S. R. Crockett, are still continued. A number of good short stories also add to the attractiveness of the issue.

In view of the present troubles in the East, The Turk as a Soldier, by Fritz Morris in the current Cosmopolitan, is of timely interest. The article shows the work of preparing the Turk for his ultimate fight against expulsion from Europe. The Appareling of a Pretty Woman, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, will appeal to those who love feminine grace. Adventures On the Ice-Floes, by P. T. McGrath; The Ethics of the Subordinate, by Thomas R. Slicer; Jerusalem as It is To-day, by Dulany Hunter; Henry Hudson, by Thomas A. Janvier; Japan's Wonderful Progress, by Count Hirokichi Mutsu; and The Story of the World's Largest Corporation, by James H. Bridge, are articles which will appeal.

The Food of the Gods, by Herbert George Wells; Sydney Grammont's Model, by Edward Clark Marsh; Kowhai Blossom, by Arthur H. Adams; and The Statelier Mansion, by Kate M. Cleary, are representative of the fiction interest. The Captains of Industry for the month are Sir William Van Horne and Matthew Chaloner Durfee Borden.

McClure's for November is replete with good things. The Wonders of Radium, by Cleveland Moffett; The Trust's New Tool—The Labor Boss, by Ray Stannard Baker; and New York: Good Government in Danger, by Lincoln Steffens, are important contributions. It is interesting to note what Mr. Steffens has to say of New York:

For New York has a good government, or, to be more precise, it has a good administration. It is not a question there of turning the rascals out and putting the honest men into their places. The

honest men are in, and this election is to decide whether they are to be kept in, which is a very different matter. Any people is capable of rising in wrath to overthrow bad rulers. Philadelphia has done that in its day. New York has done it several times. With fresh and present outrages to avenge, particular villains to punish and the mob sense of common anger to excite, it is an emotional gratification to go out with the crowd and "smash something." This is nothing but revolt, and even monarchies have uprisings to the credit of their subjects. But revolt is not reform, and one revolutionary administration is not good government. That we free Americans are capable of such assertions of our sovereign power, we have proven; our lynchers are demonstrating it every day. That we can go forth singly also, and, without passion, with nothing but mild approval and dull duty to impel us, vote intelligently to sustain a fairly good municipal government, remains to be shown. And that is what New York has the chance to show; New York, the leading exponent of the great American anti-bad government movement for good government.

A Strenuous Courtship, by E. W. Fowler; Breath of the North, by Norman Duncan; A Rush Order for Lamps, by E. W. Hulbert; and The Supreme Test, by Grace S. Richmond, represent the fiction of the issue.

The November Metropolitan is fully up to the standard of its previous numbers, and one which is high in magazine work. There are so many articles of interest in the current number that it is difficult to pick out the most important. However, The Story of the Cod and His Foes, by Broughton Brandenburg; Paul Helleu and His Art, by Fitz Roy Carrington; and Making a New Play for Sarah Bernhardt, by W. de Wagstaffe, seem especially worthy of note. Stories by S. L. Bensusan, W. A. Fraser, Gene Stratton-Porter, Rebecca Harding Davis, Guy Wetmore Carryl, and William Hamilton Osborne attest to the high fiction standard set by the magazine. The Queen's Quair, by Maurice Hewlett, is still continued.

Outing for the month appears with its interesting articles of sport, travel and adventure. The Golf Links of Paris, by Vance Thompson, is of especial interest. Frontiering in an Automobile, by Philip Delaney; Wing Shots at Sea, by Charles Frederick Holder; Quail in Painted Covers, by Edwin Sandys; On the Happy Nutting Grounds, by Clarence Deming; In the Cape Sable Wilderness, by Herbert K. Job; and Antelope Hunting Thirty Years Ago and Today, by George Bird Grinnell, will appeal to the sportsman. Among several good stories, The Silent Places, by Stewart Edward White, is worthy of special note.

The current *Everybody's* is characterized by good articles and stories. Among the former may be cited John Alexander Dowie, by I. K. Friedman; *Reform That Reforms*, by Alfred Hodder; *Successful Men Who are Not Rich*, by Francis Bellamy; *The Good Bacteria*, by Eugene Wood; and *World-old Handicrafts*, by Andrew Appleton. Among the latter, contributions by William R. Lighton O. Henry Edna Kenton, Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, Allen French, and Alfred Henry Lewis, are worthy of note. This magazine continues to show increased improvement each month, and its ultimate success is assured.

David S. Barry contributes an interesting paper to the current *Pearson's*, entitled, *The Electoral Commission*. *The Marvels of Fruit Breeding*, by Marcus Woodward; *Life in Metals*, by A. Sarat Kumar Ghosh; and *James, Cardinal Gibbons*, by William P. Symin, are likewise of interest. Stories by K. and Hesketh Prichard, Cyrus Townsend Brady, James Workman, and Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin will be sure to interest.

Among the special articles in the November *Criterion* are *The White House*, by Daisy F. Ayres; *Thomas Carlyle*, by General James Grant Wilson; *The Building of the Balkan States*, by Charles Johnston; and *The Old Mott House*, by Minna Irving. In fiction,

Julia T. Bishop, Helen Frances Huntington, Miriam Cruikshank, Clara T. Hicks, and Harriet Prescott Spofford contribute short stories of merit.

The long story in Lippincott's for this month is *A House Divided*, by Ella Middleton Tybout. The interesting series of literary criticism by George Moore entitled *Avowals*, still continues and deals this month principally with Tolstoy. Maude Howe likewise contributes an interesting paper on *A Royal Interview with Italy's Queen*. Good and readable short stories are contributed by Jean D. Hallowell, Francis Howard Williams, Ralph Henry Barbour, Eleanor L. Stuart and Clinton Dangerfield.

Among the many interesting features of *The Woman's Home Companion* for November, *The Progressive Work of the Jews in the United States*, by the Rev. Dr. F. de Sola Mendes is of special note. Another article of interest is *My Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, by Gibson William Harris. In fiction *The Farm of the Dagger*, by Ellen Philipotts, is still continued. A number of short stories, poems and those household features that distinguish this magazine complete the number. The issue is well rounded and varied in its appeal. It should prove interesting to the housewife and to her husband as well.

Magazine Reference List for November, 1903

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

American Sculptors and Their Art.... Chautauquan
Dramatists' Wives..... Everybody's
Helleu and His Art, Paul..... Metropolitan
Hope's Pastel Portraits, Mrs. Adrians C. Pearson's
Industrial Arts in America, The..... World's Work
International Dramatic Exchange, The..... Leslie's
Making a New Play for Sarah Bernhardt
..... Metropolitan
Making of the City, The..... Chautauquan
Sargent, John S..... World's Work
Sothorn, E. H..... Leslie's
World-Old Handicrafts..... Everybody's

Biographical and Reminiscent

Borden, Matthew Chaloner Durfee.... Cosmopolitan
Carlyle, Thomas..... Criterion
Champlain..... Harper's
Dowie, John Alexander..... Everybody's

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines

*Fitz Gerald, Edward..... Blackwood's
James, Cardinal Gibbons..... Pearson's
*Salisbury, Lord..... Blackwood's
Successful Men Who Are Not Rich.... Everybody's
Tammany's New Leader..... Leslie's
Van Horne, Sir William..... Cosmopolitan
Whitman as an Editor, Walt..... Atlantic
Zeisberger, David, Hero of the American Black
Forest..... Chautauquan

Educational Topics

Beautifying of School Grounds, The.. Chautauquan
Nature Study..... Chautauquan
Rural School Awakening, The..... World's Work
School, The..... Atlantic
Three Hundred Years of Irish Education. Donahoe's

Essays and Miscellany

*About Cuckoos..... Gentleman's
American Epigrams..... Harper's
Apparel of a Pretty Woman, The.. Cosmopolitan
As the Padres Built..... Munsey's
*Changes in Housekeeping..... Chambers's

Cranberry Pickers on Cape Cod.....Donahoe's
 Crime Against Beauty, A.....Atlantic
 *England of the Paston Letters, The...Gentleman's
 Fable and Woodmyth.....Century
 *Gout the Nemesis.....Gentleman's
 Growing Old, On.....Atlantic
 *Historical Flowers.....Leisure Hour
 *How to Furnish a Little Cottage....Leisure Hour
 *Humiliation.....Blackwood's
 *Jane Austin's Novels.....Gentleman's
 Journalism.....Atlantic
 Juvenile Literature (So-called).....Atlantic
 Kipling's, "The Five Nations," Mr...World's Work
 *Literary Highway, A.....Gentleman's
 Old Mott House, The.....Criterion
 Ten Temples of Abydos, The.....Harper's
 Thackeray's Friendship With an American
 Family.....Century
 White House, The.....Criterion

Historical and Political

Alaska and the Klondike.....Chautauquan
 America's Tribute to Lafayette.....Munsey's
 Battle of Gray's Pasture, The.....Atlantic
 Building of the Balkan States, The.....Criterion
 Electoral Commission, The.....Pearson's
 *Famous Disused Roads.....Chambers's
 *Footprints of "The Fifteen".....Chambers's
 Great Municipal Reform, A.....Atlantic
 His Majesty Jekyll-and-Hyde.....World's Work
 Japan's Wonderful Progress.....Cosmopolitan
 National Lobby at Washington, The.....Leslie's
 New York: Good Government in Danger, McClure's
 Post-Office and the People, The.....World's Work
 Problem of the American Historian, The...Atlantic
 *Rise and Fall of "The Great Frenchman".....Chambers's

Royal Interview with Italy's Queen...Lippincott's
 Russian Absorption of Asia, The....World's Work
 Turk as a Soldier, The.....Cosmopolitan
 *What I Saw in Macedonia.....Blackwood's
 What the Macedonian Trouble is....World's Work

Religious and Philosophical

Foremost Jews of To-Day, The.....Munsey's
 Jerusalem As It Is To-Day.....Cosmopolitan
 Personal Memories of Bishop Cheverus .Donahoe's
 Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary Work
Donahoe's

Scientific and Industrial

*Claws the Wings of Birds, The.....Knowledge
 Corn Growers, The.....World's Work
 Country Merchant Comes to Town, The
World's Work
 *Cycles of Eclipses.....Knowledge
 *Dark Stars.....Chambers's
 Fighting the Hudson.....Century
 *Glass-Trade in Bohemia, The.....Chambers's
 Good Bacteria, The.....Everybody's
 Holding the Mirror Up to Nature.....Pearson's
 Life in Metals.....Pearson's
 *Man's Place in the Universe.....Knowledge
 Marvels of Fruit-Breeding, The.....Pearson's
 *Mechanical Products of Nature....Leisure Hour
 New Problems of the Universe, The.....Harper's
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 *Planet of Romance.....Gentleman's
 *Radium.....Knowledge
 *Rearing Chickens With an Incubator Chambers's
 *Recipes That Are Gold-Mines.....Chambers's

Scientist and the Food Problem, The.....Harper's
 Story of the World's Largest Corporation, The
Cosmopolitan
 *Sun as Photographed on the K-Line, The
Knowledge
 Where Science is Allied to Commerce..Chautauquan
 Wonders of Radium, The.....McClure's

Sociologic and Economic

Economic Conditions for Future Defense..Atlantic
 Ethics of the Subordinate, The.....Cosmopolitan
 *Fiscal Crisis, The.....Blackwood's
 Give Them a Chance.....Leslie's
 In the Depths.....Leisure Hour
 Laborer's Hire, The.....Leslie's
 Labor Union Conquest of the United States, The
World's Work
 *Menace of Ethiopianism, The.....Chambers's
 Negro, The.....Chautauquan
 Present Epidemic of Crime, The.....Century
 Reform That Reforms.....Everybody's
 Trust's New Tool, The—The Labor Boss..McClure's

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

A Driving Trip.....Outing
 Adventures on the Ice-Floes.....Cosmopolitan
 American Golf in 1903.....Munsey's
 Antelope Hunting Thirty Years Ago and To-Day

.....Outing
 Cape Sable Wilderness, In the.....Outing
 City of Leisure, A.....Harper's
 *Crocodile Hunting in Jamaica.....Chambers's
 *Cromarty Firth, On the.....Badminton
 *Depths, In the.....Leisure Hour
 *Driving the Modest Motor.....Badminton
 *Falkirk, Past and Present.....Leisure Hour
 Fish and Fishermen.....Leisure Hour
 Florentine Villas.....Century
 Following the Voyageurs.....Donahoe's
 Frontiering in an Automobile.....Outing
 Golf Links of Paris, The.....Outing
 *Hunting Costume.....Badminton
 *Irish Salmon-River, An.....Blackwood's
 *Lady's Day Among Turkish Peasants, A

.....Badminton
 *Lake Menzaleh, On.....Badminton
 Land of Feuds, The.....Munsey's
 London From a 'Bus-Top.....Harper's
 *Malay Deer-Drive, A.....Blackwood's
 Man Behind the Machine, The.....Everybody's
 My First Grizzly Bear.....Outing
 Old-Time Michigan Squirrel Shoot, An....Outing
 On the Happy Nutting Grounds.....Outing
 *Past Cricket Season, The.....Badminton
 *Present and Future of Amateur Football, The
Badminton
 Quail in Painted Covers.....Outing
 *Racing World and its Inhabitants, The..Badminton
 *Scutari, In.....Chambers's
 *St. Audries.....Badminton
 Story of the Cod and His Foes, The...Metropolitan
 Taquamenon, On the.....Leslie's
 *Tirerrill and Drumahair.....Knowledge
 Trasimene.....Atlantic
 *Tyninghame Two Centuries of a Scotch Estate
Chambers's
 *Wild Goose and its Chase, The.....Badminton
 Wing Shots at Sea.....Outing
 Winter in the Country.....Harper's
 *Witchery of the Great Sahara, The...Leisure Hour
 World's Congress of Lions, A.....Century

I n ✂ ✂ D i a l e c t : S e l e c t i o n s o f C h a r a c t e r V e r s e

A RAIN SONG.....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION PARENTAL GRATITUDE.....WASHINGTON STAR

Sich a rainy season
A-comin' by-an'-by;
But Sun will play de hide-an'-seek
Yander, in de sky.

Lily'l look so lonesome—
Violet hide his eye;
But de skies will do yo' weepin',
So, honey, don't you cry!

W'en de rain is over,
Violet dress in blue;
Red Rose say: "I sweet terday—
An' here's a kiss fer you!"

CHANT BY A TRAINED SINGER BALTIMORE NEWS

A sol-ger stoo-oo-oo-d at the gyarden ga-a-ate
And ba-a-ad his lo-o-o-ove goodby-y-y,
He was going to war, and he could not wai-ai-ait,
And that was the re-ea-eason why-y-y;
He tie-ie-ie-ied his knapsack on his ba-a-ack
And went right into fi-i-ine,
And this song rung in the maiden's ear,
In his tenor voi-oi-oi-oice so fi-i-i-ine:

Refrain (sub rosa tremolioso)—

"Oh! love me-e-e love, and I'll love you
Where the cannon roars so-o-o-o loud—
If I come back, perha-a-aps I'll be
Encompassed in a shrou-ou-oud;
For thee-ee-ee, my love, I go to war,
My country cannot wai-ai-ait—
When I return will I mee-ee-eet you hyea-ea-ear
At this dea-ear o-o-o-o-o-old gyarden ga-a-ate?"

He went awa-a-ay with the regiment
To the crewl battle ground,
Where the crippled and maimed and the wow-ow-
ownded ones
Lay de-e-e-y-y-ing upon the grou-ound;
When the shrapnel shell and the minner ba-a-all
Pierced him through his thee-robber bee-reast,
He hee-er'd this song from a distance come
To lull him awa-a-a-ay to re-e-e-st:

Refrain (tremolioso tamale spaghetti)—

"Oh! war, so cruel is mee-ee-y fate,
With thy ringing in my ea-ears!
I've swabbed the fence po-o-ost by the ga-a-ate
In large and bri-i-iny tears;
My love, he's gone to the crewl war
And left me in my pain—
Oh! say, have they chucked him in a ditch,
Or will he co-o-ome ho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ome
agai-ai-ain!"

If it warn't fur Bill, my oldest son,
I dunno what I'd have ever done.
Savin' up cash was easy 'nuff.
What puzzled me was to spend the stuff.
When you've lived in a plain, old-fashioned way
You can't be a sport in jes' one day.
The coin would have laid there in the till
Like lead, if it hadn't have been for Bill.

Of course, it wouldn't have done for me
To bet on hosses where folks could see,
Nor talk in slang, nor stay out at night;
An' I never could tie my necktie right;
But Bill, he was quick to understand,
An' he took the enterprise right in hand.
We was jes' plain folks. We'd have been so still,
No doubt, if it hadn't have been for Bill.

It's a comfort to sit on the new back stoop
An' look at my fancy chicken coop,
An' the painted barn with the weather vane
And the other tokens of worldly gain.
I've labored faithful to let folks see
That money's no object at all to me,
But envious people would doubt it still,
I'm sure, if it hadn't have been for Bill.

DOWN TO THE CROSSROADS STORE ... H. E. ROOD ... HARPER'S

You can talk about yer Congressmen,
An' Senators and such,
Debatin' daown t' Washin'tun
In a way to beat the Dutch;
Wavin' their arms wild in the air,
And stampin' on th' floor—
But the place where things gits settled is
Daown to the Crossroads store.

We gather there 'most every night
When all the work is through,
An' sorter glance the kentry o'er,
Takin' a bird's-eye view
Of politics, diplomacy,
Religion, crops; and soar
To patriotic heights—you bet!—
Daown to the Crossroads store.

Sometimes our argymints grow hot,
An' Beekin Drown rips out
Here's a shot acrost your bows,
Whilst I stan's an' tells ye civil
O' the properest thing in scows.

Ye may jaw, you loony lubber,
'Bout your bronze yachts trig an' tight,
An' your little tom-fool raters
As what gives a chump delight.

But heave to, my poor lan'lubber!
It's God's truth, 'twixt you an' me,
Ye knows nothin' about vessels,
An' still less about the sea.

Honest, when it comes to business,
An' the combers 'round ye flow,
There ain't nothin' like a dory,
Ridin' out a 'tarnal blow.

If so be ye pulls to wind'ard
With a blizzard 'gin your back,
An' a hundred thousan' hell dogs
Prothin', growlin' in your track,

It's the dev'lish, duckin' dory
Buried in the flyin' foam
As what fills a man with ginger,
An' what makes him feel to home.

So the properest bo't, you lubber—
If ye're pleased, or if ye ain't—
Is the one that saves a sinner
From becomin' of a saint.

An' I 'lows the ablest critter
In a screechin', slewin' breeze
Is the bouncin', buckin' dory,
Tricky broncho o' the seas!

OL' MAMMY COON. PAULINE F. CAMP. BOSTON EVE TRANSCRIPT

Ol' Mammy Coon am huntin' in de darkness ob de
bresh,
Huntin' fo' a li'l one dat she los'.
So shut yo' eyes, ma baby,
Or she see dem shinin' maybe,
An' she t'ink dat yo' belong to her, ob korse

Dat li'l coon, he sof' as silk, an' brown as butternut,
Eyes like stars a-twinklin' in de night.
How she tell de diff'ence 'tween yo',
W'en in de dusk she's seen yo',
Less yo' shut yo' eyes an' draw de latch string tight?

But if dey shut, ma baby, den yo' need n't be afeard.
Mammy Coon, she hab to let yo' be.
She lonesome 'thout her sonny,
But she 'bliged to trabble, honey,
'Case I 'low dis li'l coon belong to me!

LONGING. THOMAS ALFRED ANDERSON. LIPPINCOTT'S

Keep a thinkin', dear, o' you,
An' a wishin' thru an' thru
You wuz here; seems to be
Sort o' lonesome like fer me,
Al'ays somethin' out o' whack.
Mandy, when you comin' back?

Mornin', evenin', jes' th' same,
'Pears like I can hear your name
Whispered softly in my ears
Till I find the big, hot tears,
Down my face have made a track.
Mandy, when you comin' back?

Mandy, ain't they times when you
Git to feelin' kinda blue,
Tired, restless, long to be
Back again at home with me,
Where there's nothin' 'at you lack?
Mandy, when you comin' back?

POETIC TASTE. ROY FARRELL GREENE. NEW YORK TIMES

I've allers been a lover of good poetry, the sort
That kinder glides an' slips along the way one thinks
it ort

T' do. I never 'preciate the hit-an'-miss in rhyme,
I want the line's last word t' match the one above
each time.

Some folks don't seem t' realize how verses should
be writ,
They string long lines t' shorter ones that never
rhyme a bit!

With Romeo an' Juliet I won't be fooled, yer see,
Fer lots o' Shakespeare's writin' isn't poetry t' me.

I hev respect fer any man who, when he's makin'
rhymes,
Takes one good word an' matches it a half a dozen
times,
But plague take any feller who at writin's such a
dunce

He can't his talents utilize t' rhyme a word jes once!
The folks can rave who want to of King Lear an' of
Macbeth,

But all their eulogizin' 'pears t' be a waste of breath.
They're mighty purty stories, I can genius in 'em see,
But like lot's o' Shakespeare's writin' they ain't
poetry t' me!

I'd rather take fer poetry the smooth an' glidin'
kind

I've got my scrapbooks filled with. Them are poems,
t' my mind!

The kind that comes when Nathan Smith goes
courtin' of the Muse,
The which are allers printed in The Jonesville
Weekly News.

Nate Smith's no "Bard of Avon," an' he ain't no
lauryate,
But he's writ a lot o' poems that are nothin' less 'n
great.

The critics won't be apt with this conclusion t'
agree,
Since lots o' Shakespeare's writin' isn't poetry t' me!

ADVICE. PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR. OUTLOOK

Ef a fren' comes mou'nin'
'Bout his awful case.

You know you don' jine him
Wid a gloomy face,

But you wrassle wid him,
Try to take him in;

Dough hit cracks yo' feachuhs,
Law! you smile lak sin.

Ain' you good ez he is?
Don' you pine to def;

Tek a little trouble,
Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef de chillun pestahs

An' de baby's bad,

Ef yo' wife gits narvous

An' you's gittin' mad,

Des you grab yo' bootstraps,

Hol' yo' body down,

Stop a-t'inkin' cusswo'ds,

Chase away de frown.

Knock de haid o' worry

Twel dey ain' non lef'—

Tek a little trouble,

Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Wit and Humor of the Press

He—"And at last they agreed to marry." She—"Yes, and it was the last thing they agreed on."—*Denver Republican*.

—Wife—"What do you think of my picture?" Husband—"It will do. Evidently a snapshot, my dear." "Why?" "Your mouth is shut."—*Ex.*

—"The expedition endured the extremest hardship." "Yes; I understand they were locked in the ice during two lecture seasons."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—"A magnate—"Is he very rich?" "Rich? Why, he's so rich he daren't look twice at a girl for fear she'll bring a breach of promise suit."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

—"Evidence of an eye witness—Guest—"Why do you believe in second sight, major?" Major Darby (in an impressive whisper)—"Because I fell in love at first sight."—*Punch*.

—"Not wasting time—"What's the matter with Fred?" asks one workman. "'E's got a splinter in his 'and," says another. "Why don't 'e pull it out?" "Wot! In his dinner hour! Not likely!"—*Tit-Bits*.

—"Won't you have another biscuit?" asked the hostess. "No, thank you," she replied; "really I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," said little Robbie, eagerly; "you've ate seven. I've been counting."—*Town and Country*.

—"Judge—"You say you got that black eye as the result of a blow by the defendant?" Prosecuting witness—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Tell me the circumstances under which he struck you?" Prosecuting witness—"This man met me as I was coming along Calvert street whistling 'Hiawatha,' and—" Judge—"That'll do. The prisoner is dismissed."—*Baltimore American*.

—"Tommy Tucker had been hurt while performing the act he called flipping a freight train.

"Will he get well, doctor?" distractedly asked Mrs. Tucker; "is he out of danger?" "He will get well, madam," replied the surgeon, "but I can't say that he is out of danger. He will probably do the same thing again the first chance he has."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—"Catching up: "I suppose a fellow ought to have a good deal of money saved up before he thinks of marrying." "Nonsense! I didn't have a cent when I started, and I'm getting along fine now." "That so? Installment plan?" "Yes; and we've only been married and keeping house for a year, and I've got the engagement ring all paid for now."—*Philadelphia Press*.

—"No, Mr. Spoonamore, I never could be happy with a man of your habits." "My habits, Miss Pimmie! What do you know of my habits, may I ask?" "You haven't been in this room more than half an hour, and in that time you have sat on my sofa pillows, leaned your back against my rocking-chair tidy, and put your feet on my embroidered foot-stool."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A LITTLE BOY'S ILL LUCK.

"Come on. What are you waiting for?" inquired one little boy of another.

"Mamma won't let me go."

"She won't? My mamma lets me go most everywhere. Yours is awful strict, ain't she?"

"Yes; she used to be the principal of a seminary."

"Was she?"

"Yes. I guess pop didn't think about the trouble he was makin' for me when he married a school teacher."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

—"Teacher—"Johnny, you may define the first person." Johnny—"Adam."—*Town and Country*.

—"Didn't you have a pleasant voyage?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied Miss Greatblood, "except for the vulgar trade winds we encountered."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

—"Smith—"Brown is certainly doing his duty as a parent." Jones—"How's that?" Smith—"He's trying his best to bring up his children the way he should have gone."—*Chicago Daily News*.

—"Professor—"Suppose you were engaged in the autopsy of a subject and it gave signs of life, what would you do?" Student—"I think I should—change the subject, sir."—*Town and Country*.

REVERSION TO TYPE.

To a certain school in New York City one morning came two new pupils brothers, who were so nearly alike that one could not be told from the other. The teacher asked them the following questions, and received the following replies:

Teacher—"What is your name?"

First Little Boy—"Ikey Fierstein."

Teacher—"What is your name?"

Second Little Boy—"Jakey Fierstein."

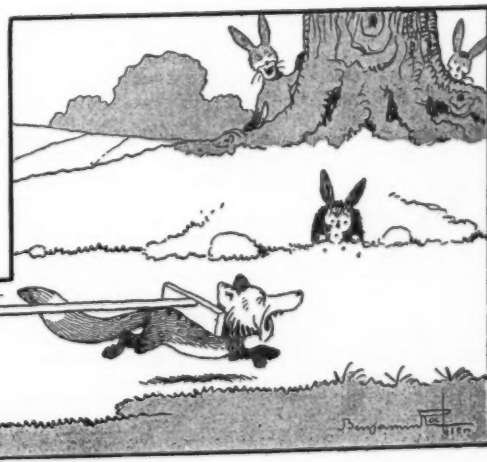
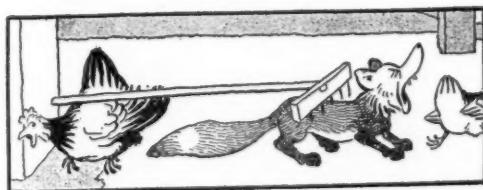
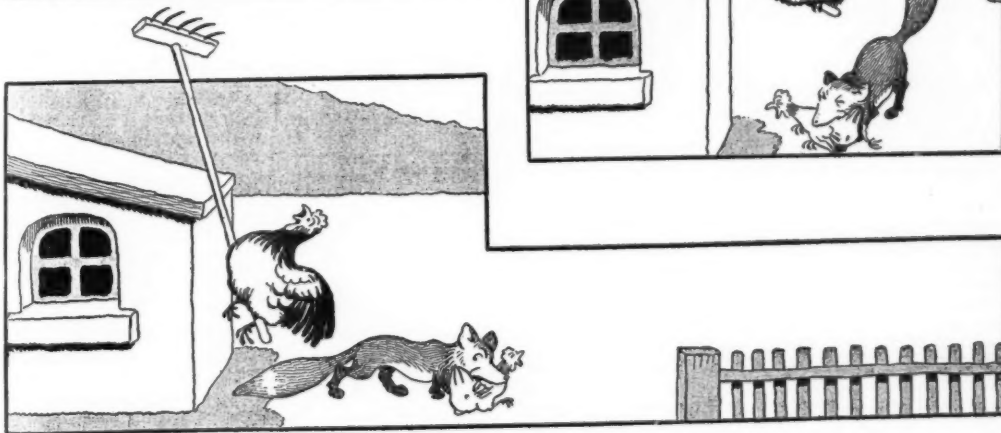
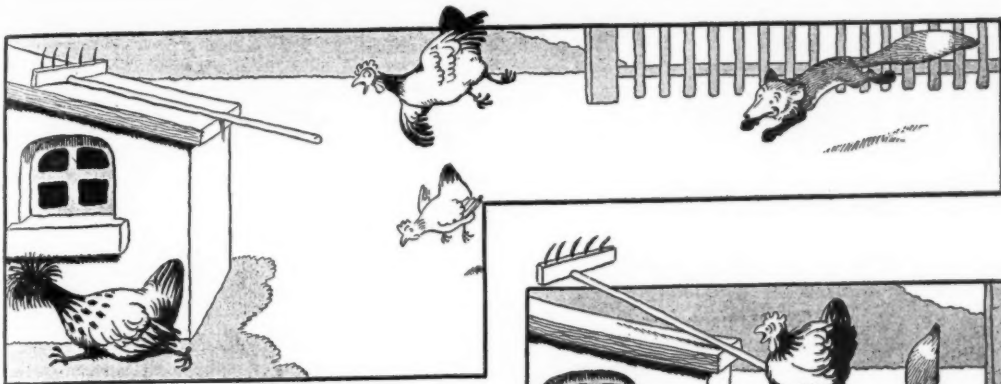
Teacher—"Are you twins?"

Both Little Boys in One Voice—"No, ma'am, we're Jews."—*Short Stories*.

—"First Boy—"Do yer want ter go to heaven when yer die, like de Sunday-school ma'am tells



HE WHISPERED! WE LISTENED—AND EVERYONE IN THE AUDIENCE CEASED TO REJOICE, AND WE SIGHED FOR THE SOUND OF A STRENUOUS GUN TO COMPETE WITH HIS STRENUOUS VOICE.—JUDY



THE RAKE.—JOURNAL AMUSANT.



"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, SIR?"—PUNCH.

yer?" Second Boy—"Nit! Dere's no fun goin' ter places where a woman wants yer ter go."—*Judge*.

—And it swallowed the hook—"So you caught a catfish that weighed thirty-eight pounds." "Hook and all, that wuz its weight." "Hook and all?" "Yep; the hook I wuz using weighed thirty-seven pounds."—*Indianapolis Sun*.

—Medium (at spiritualistic séance)—"Is Mr. Keezicks present? His deceased wife wishes to communicate with him." Mr. Keezicks (in an agitated voice)—"Tell her I'd rather not. I'm married again."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—The Visitor—"Why are you here, my misguided friend?" The Prisoner—"I'm the victim of the unlucky number, thirteen." The Visitor—"Indeed; how's that?" The Prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."—*Sporting Times*.

—A Useful Attaché—"Why should I give this man a position?" said the Sultan of Turkey. "Because he may be very useful in an emergency," answered the grand vizier; "he knows how to say 'We apologize' in every modern language."—*Washington Star*.

HIS RIGHT TO STRIKE.

Said an indignant mother to her young son, "Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?"

Dick, indignant in his turn, exclaimed, "What did she want to cheat for, then?"

"How did she cheat?" asked mamma, more mildly.

"Why," exclaimed Dick, "we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it up herself."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

—"Excuse me, sir. I seem to have met you before. Are you not a relative of Mr. Dan Briggs?" "No, madam. I am Mr. Dan Briggs himself." "Ah, then that explains the remarkable resemblance!"—*Punch*.

—"You can't exactly git ter heaven in a automobile," said Brother Dickey, "but, jedgin' by de way dey pitchin' folks over de hilltops, dey kin give you a good start on de upward road!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

—"What is your idea of experience?" asked the very young man. "Experience," replied the sage from Sageville, "is the result of wanting every-

thing you can't get and getting everything you don't want."—*Chicago Daily News*.

—"Let us have peace," said the English invader. "Can you not see that the white strangers love the Redmen?" "Ah, yes," replied the intelligent Indian, "they love the very ground we walk upon."—*Philadelphia Press*.

SEVERELY LOGICAL.

A story illustrative of the severe logic of some juvenile minds is related by a reader of the Sun, who got it from a friend, a woman of family, one member of the latter being a four-year-old daughter. One day this observant miss saw a lame man on the street and asked her mother what made him walk so queer. The mother told her it was because one leg was shorter than the other.

"Well," she said, "there is a little girl around the corner who is that way."

After a few minutes' meditation she remarked: "Mamma, wasn't it funny that God didn't give the two long legs to the man and the two short ones to the girl?"—*Baltimore Sun*.

—"Fine, wasn't it?" exclaimed Citiman, after the trombone soloist had finished his star performance; "that was really clever, eh?" "Oh, shucks," replied the Milpitas country cousin; "he didn't fool me a little bit. That was one o' them trick horns. He didn't really swell it."—*Ex*.

—Husband—"Where did you get that sideboard?" Wife—"At an auction, for \$100." Husband—"Awful! I could have bought the same thing for \$50." Wife—"Well, I wasn't going to let that woman across the way outbid me."—*Brooklyn Life*.

—"You haven't held public office very long, have you?" asked the stranger. "What makes you think so?" returned the new incumbent. "I see you're working just as though you expected your salary to be cut off if you didn't earn it."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

—"I haven't quite determined," said the Charles street father, "whether to have my daughter's voice cultivated here or abroad. What would you suggest?" "Oh!" said the obliging neighbor, "abroad by all means"—and that's where it all started.—*Baltimore News*.

—Angeline Murphy—"Hold on, dere, Jimmy Kelly! Yer needn't read me no more items out'n dat newspaper 'bout soda-fountains explodin' an' manglin' de customers, an' girls gittin' poisoned by ptomaines in ice cream. If yer dead broke, jest say so, like a man, an' I'll t'ink jest as much uv yer."—*Judge*.

—Cholly Horse—"How are you getting long with your suit for Miss Roxley's hand?" Percy Vere—"Oh! I'm making progress." Cholly Horse—"I thought her father kicked you out every time you called." Percy Vere—"Yes, but he doesn't kick me quite as hard as he used to."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

—Visitor—"Your son seems to be a very quiet sort of chap." Farmer—"Comparatively speaking, he has always been so. He has hed his share of fights, has took part in four er five lynchin's, has been out with th' boys several times at charivaris, but he's been, as I said, comparatively quiet and law-abidin'. He's never been t' college nowhere."—*Baltimore American*.

—Nephew (who takes his uncle from the country into a restaurant)—"Look, uncle, I press this



I. A BEAUTY —

button and order dinner!" Uncle—"Well, what then?" Nephew—"Then you press the button and pay the bill."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

THE IRISH OF IT.

An English landowner out unusually early one morning for a walk on his estate, in turning a corner came suddenly upon an Irishman whom he knew as an inveterate poacher. This is the conversation that took place between them:

"Good morning, Pat."



II. AND SHE HAS MONEY, TOO —



III. BUT—SHE DOESN'T LOOK AT ME.—FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER.

"Good marnin', yer haner. An' phwat brings yer haner out so airly this marnin'?"

"I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Och, be jabers, Oi'm jest walkin' around to see if Oi can't git a breakfast fer me appetite."—*Til Bits*.

GENIUS AND HOUSEKEEPING.

"I must ask you to keep the children perfectly quiet this morning, my dear," said the author: "I must write a couple of Christmas poems, two love lyrics, and an ode for Thanksgiving."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the wife: "the Christmas poems will fill the bill for coal, the Thanksgiving ode will square the grocery bill, and the dear little lyrics will buy a whole can of lard! What a dear, thoughtful old genius you are!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"You shall never leave this house until you pay what you owe me," shouted the irate landlord.

"All right," said the boarder: "just put that in writing and I'll sign it."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

"In the musician's eye there was a gleam of joy. "Is it possible," asked one of the by-standers, "you can take any pleasure in hearing a girl play 'Hiawatha'?" "Yes," he answered through his set teeth. "She is murdering it!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Gladys—" "If Mrs. Playfair is so happy with her husband, why is she getting a divorce?" "Elsie—" "Because she dreads the facts of their prosaic agreement coming out in the society papers. It would be such a scandal, you know."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Yes, we went all over the Continent, but papa really only enjoyed himself in Venice." "Ah, yes, no wonder! The gondolas, St. Marks, the—" "Oh, it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the windows."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

"The curtain goes up at 8.15, so we'll be just in time." "But, if we have a box, it really seems a shame to be so punctual."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"What do you understand by 'holy orders'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "The ten commandments, ma'am," promptly answered the fair-haired little boy with the innocent blue eyes.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

1025. Fifty years ago Cobb's Sequel was one of the text-books in our Common Schools. Under the title of "He Never Smiled Again" was an explanation stating that one of the kings of England (one of the Williams, I think) had a son whom he dearly loved. This young prince being sent by the king to the Continent on some special mission, was lost in the channel by the capsizing of the vessel he sailed in. Thereafter the king was so depressed that it was said of him that he never smiled again during his lifetime, even though "He heard the Minstrel sing." Then followed a poem of five or six stanzas, the first of which runs thus:

"The barque that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on,
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept his son?
He lived, for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
Why comes not death to those that mourn?
He never smiled again."

Can you tell which king this poem refers to, the author of the poem, and give the remaining stanzas?

—J. H., Johnstown, Pa.

1026. Can you, through Open Questions, tell me where I can obtain the words and music of an old song, entitled "An Ode on Science," which contained the following lines:

The morning sun shines from the east,
And spreads its glories to the west;
All nature with its beams are blessed,
Where'er its radiant light appears.

—J. N. Martin, Galion, La.

1027. Would you be so kind as to tell me through the columns of CURRENT LITERATURE who wrote the poem entitled "Van Bibber's Leap," and where I can get it? The poem recites the story of Van Bibber leaping over a precipice into a river to escape from the Indians.

—L. E. Bennett, Morgantown, W. Va.

1028. Is there not a paper called "The Nationalist," advocating ideas similar to those of "Looking Backward," and, if so, will you kindly tell me where it is published?—G. W. O., Rahway, N. J.

1029. Can you tell me where I can find the poem two verses of which I enclose? There is a sequel to it and I should like to procure that also.

"Whv, Phoebe, have you come so soon?
Where are your berries, child?
You surely haven't sold them all!
You had a basket piled."

"O mother, as I climbed the stile,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon a nail,
And so I tumbled down."

—C. D. Woodman, Weaverville, Cal.

1030. Can you give me some information concerning Siegfried, hero of the *Nibelungen Lied*—W. F. M., New York.

[Siegfried was a young warrior of peerless strength and beauty invulnerable except in one spot, between his shoulders. He vanquished the Nibelungs and carried away their immense hoards of gold and precious stones. He wooed and won Kriemhild, the sister of Günther, King of Burgundy, but was treacherously killed by Hagan. Siegfried had a cape which rendered him invisible, the gift of the dwarf Alberich, and his sword, called Balmung, was forged by Wieland, blacksmith of the Teutonic gods.]

1031. Where was the original site of the Boar's Head Tavern?—C. A. G., Chicago, Ill.

[This tavern, immortalized by Shakespeare, stood in Eastcheap (London), on the site of the present statue of William IV. It was the cognizance of the Gordons, who adopted it because one of their progenitors slew, in the forest of Huntley, a wild boar, the terror of the Merse (1093).]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

1019. The quotation "No man should be pronounced happy before his death and his final obsequies," is attributed to Solon, a Greek philosopher.
—Dr. W. M. Burton, Plum Bayou, Ark.

1020. The Moneyless Man was written by Henry T. Stanton, a Kentucky poet. I shall be glad to furnish a copy of it, if the querist will write me to that effect.—John Wilson Townsend, 304 South Lime St., Lexington, Ky.

1021. John S. Dwight's poem on rest is as follows:

REST.

Rest isn't quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest.

G. W. O., Rahway, N. J.





MRS. EDITH WHARTON